



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

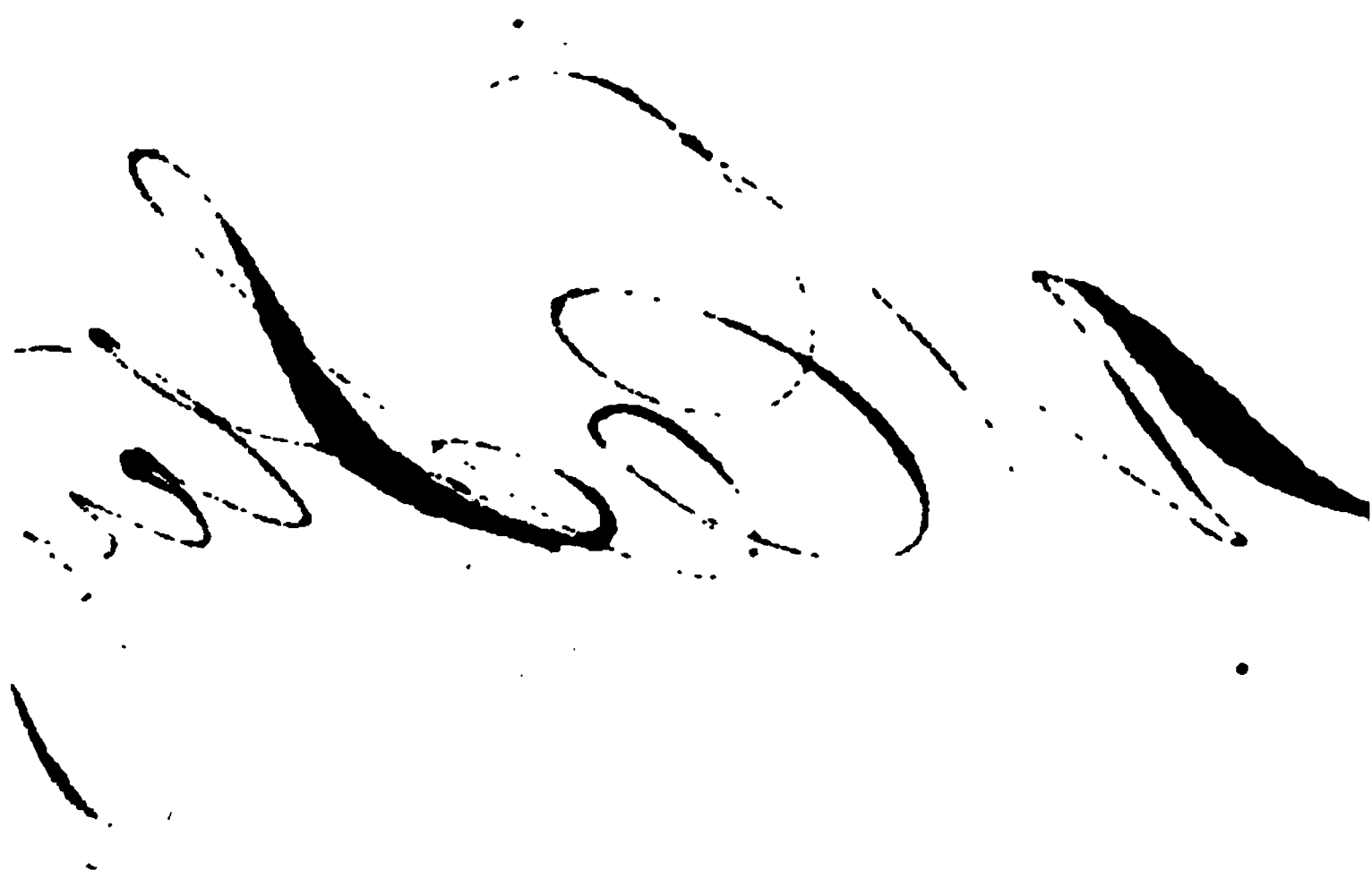
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

M. E. Sterne

Morris E. Sterne.
— * * * * *



...

SHAKSPEARE.

WINTER'S TALE.

MACBETH.

KING JOHN.

RICHARD II.

HENRY IV. FIRST PART.

HENRY IV. SECOND PART.

VOL. III.



U. S.

P L A Y S

W

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

IN

SIX VOLUMES

NEW YORK

1870

1870

NEW YORK

1870

Harpers' Fine Edition—Numerous Steel Engravings.

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
WITH
THE CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
DR. JOHNSON, G. STEEVENS, AND OTHERS.
REVISED BY
ISAAC REED, ESQ.

Time, which is continually washing away the discolored fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakspeare.—*Dr. Johnson's Preface.*

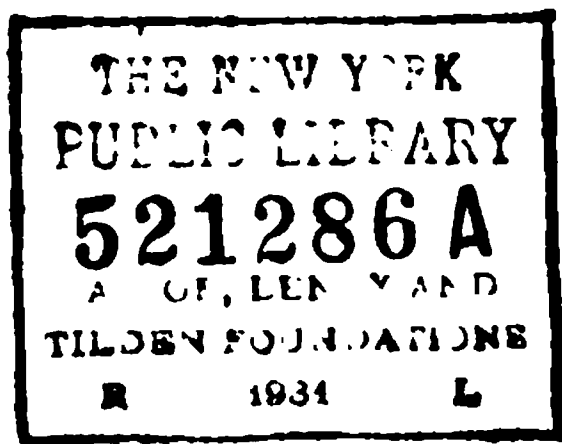
IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

NEW-YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, CLIFF-STREET.

1839.



ARJUNAN
JUN. 10
1970

BEQUEST
ESTATE OF SETTLE BLUME STEPHEN
JUNE 10, 1970

WINTER'S TALE.

OBSERVATIONS.

WINTER'S TALE.]—This play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, country tale,

Our sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild.

This was necessary to observe, in mere justice to the play ; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit ; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection.

WARBURTON.

At Stationers' Hall, May 22, 1594, Edward White entered " A booke entitled *A Wynter Nyght's Pastime.*"

STEEVENS.

The story of this play is taken from *The Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene.

JOHNSON.

In this novel, the King of Sicilia, whom Shakespeare names

Leontes, is called	Egistus.
Polixenes, K. of Bohemia	Pandosto.
Mamillius P. of Sicilia	Garinter.
Florizel P. of Bohemia	Dorastus.
Camillo	Franion.
Old Shepherd	Porrus.
Hermione	Bellaria.
Perdita	Faunia.
Mopsa	Mopsa.

The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus, are of the poet's own invention ; but many circumstances of the novel are omitted in the play.

STEEVENS

Dr. Warburton, by "some of great name," means Dryden and Pope. See the Essay at the end of the Second Part of *The Conquest of Granada*: "Witness the lameness of their plots; [the plots of Shakespeare and Fletcher;] many of which, especially those which they wrote first, (for even that age refined itself in some measure,) were made up of some ridiculous incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age. I suppose I need not name, *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, [and here, by-the-by, Dryden expressly names *Pericles* as our author's production,] nor the historical plays of Shakespeare; besides many of the rest, as *The Winter's Tale*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Measure for Measure*, which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written, that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment." Mr. Pope, in the Preface to his edition of our author's plays, pronounced the same ill-considered judgment on the play before us: "I should conjecture (says he,) of some of the others, particularly *Love's Labour's Lost*, *THE WINTER'S TALE*, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*, that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand."

None of our author's plays has been more censured for the breach of dramatic rules than *The Winter's Tale*. In confirmation of what Mr. Steevens has remarked in another place—"that Shakespeare was not ignorant of these rules, but disregarded them,"—it may be observed, that the laws of the drama are clearly laid down by a writer once universally read and admired, Sir Philip Sidney, who, in his *Defence of Poesy*, 1595, has pointed out the very improprieties into which our author has fallen in this play. After mentioning the defects of the tragedy of *Gorboduc*, he adds: "But if it be so in *Gorboducke*, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Affricke of the other, and so manie other under kingdomes, that the player when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived.—Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love, after many traverses she is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy: he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is readie to get another childe, and

all this in two houres space : which how absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine."

The Winter's Tale is sneered at by B. Jonson, in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614 : " If there be never a servant-monster in the fair, who can help it, nor a nest of antiques ? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *TALES*, *Tempests*, and such like droleries." By the nest of antiques, the twelve satyrs who are introduced at the sheep-shearing festival, are alluded to.—In his conversation with Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1619, he has another stroke at his beloved friend : " He [Jonson] said, that Shakespeare wanted art, and sometimes sence ; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by 100 miles."—Drummond's Works, fol. 225, edit. 1711.

When this remark was made by Ben Jonson, *The Winter's Tale* was not printed. These words, therefore, are a sufficient answer to Sir T. Hanmer's idle supposition that *Bohemia* was an error of the press for *Bythinia*.

This play, I imagine, was written in the year 1604. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave himself much needless concern that Shakespeare should consider Bohemia as a maritime country. He would have us read *Bythinia* : but our author implicitly copied the novel before him. Dr. Grey, indeed, was apt to believe that *Dorastus* and *Faunia* might rather be borrowed from the play ; but I have met with a copy of it, which was printed in 1588.—Cervantes ridicules these geographical mistakes, when he makes the princess Micomicona land at Ossuna.—Corporal Trim's king of Bohemia " delighted in navigation, and had never a sea-port in his dominions ;" and my Lord Herbert tells us, that De Luines, the prime minister of France, when he was ambassador there, demanded, whether Bohemia was an inland country, or lay " upon the sea ?"—There is a similar mistake in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, relative to that city and Milan. FARMER.

The Winter's Tale may be ranked among the historic plays of Shakespeare, though not one of his numerous

critics and commentators have discovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to Queen Elizabeth,) as an indirect apology for her mother, Anne Boleyn. The address of the poet appears no where to more advantage. The subject was too delicate to be exhibited on the stage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the Queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured so home an allusion on any other ground than compliment. The unreasonable jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait of Henry the Eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions. Not only the general plan of the story is most applicable, but several passages are so marked, that they touch the real history nearer than the fable. Hermione on her trial says :

“ ——— for honour,
 “ 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
 “ And only that I stand for.”

This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the King before her execution, where she pleads for the infant Princess his daughter. Mamillius, the young Prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as Queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is, where Paulina, describing the new-born Princess and her likeness to her father, says : “ *She has the very trick of his frown.*” There is one sentence indeed so applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the poet inserted it after her death. Paulina, speaking of the child, tells the King :

“ ——— 'Tis yours;
 “ And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
 “ So like you, 'tis the worse.”—

The Winter's Tale was therefore in reality a second part of *Henry the Eighth*.
 WALPOLE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, *king of Sicilia.*

MAMILLIUS, *his son.*

CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES,
DION,
} *Sicilian lords.*

Another Sicilian lord.

ROGERO, *a Sicilian gentleman.*

An Attendant on the young prince Mamillius.

Officers of a Court of Judicature.

POLIXENES, *king of Bohemia.*

FLORIZEL, *his son.*

ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian lord.*

A Mariner.

Gaoler.

An old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.

Clown, his son.

Servant to the old shepherd.

AUTOLYCUS, *a rogue.*

TIME, *as chorus.*

HERMIONE, *queen to Leontes.*

PERDITA, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

PAULINA, *wife to Antigonus.*

EMILIA, *a lady,*
Two other ladies, } *attending the queen.*

MOPSA,
DORCAS. } *shepherdesses.*

*Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance,
Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.*

SCENE—*Sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes in Bohemia.*

WINTER'S TALE

ACT I.

SCENE I —*Sicilia. An Antechamber in LEONTES' Palace.*
Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Archidamus.

IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves :¹ for, indeed,——

Cam. 'Beseech you,——

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge : we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.——We will give you sleepy drinks ; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods ; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal,

[1] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good will shall justify us. JOHNSON

have been royally attornied,² with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies ; that they have seemed to be together, though absent ; shook hands, as over a vast ;³ and embraced, as it were, (from the ends of opposed winds.) The heavens continue their loves !

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius ; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him : It is a gallant child ; one that, indeed, physics the subject,⁴ makes old hearts fresh : they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die ?

Cam. Yes ; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in the Palace. Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden : time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks ;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt : And therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one *we-thank-you*, many thousands more
That go before it.

[2] Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, &c. JOHNSON.

[3] *Vastum* was the ancient term for *waste* uncultivated land. Over a *vast*, therefore, means at a great and vacant distance from each other. *Vast*, however, may be used for the *sea*. STEEVENS.

Shakespeare has, more than once, taken his imagery from the prints, with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me he had his eye on a wood cut in Holinshed, while writing the incantation of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*. In this passage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship over a wide waste of country. HENLEY.

[4] Affords a cordial to the state ; has the power of assuaging the sense of misery. JOHNSON

Leo. Stay your thanks awhile ;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence : That may blow
No sneaping winds at home,⁵ to make us say,
This is put forth too truly ! Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay

Leo. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then : and in that
I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so ;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'th' world,
So soon as yours, could win me : so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me ; my stay,
To you a charge, and trouble : to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-tied, our queen ? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly : Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well : this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd ;⁶ say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong :
But let him say so then, and let him go ;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

[To POLIXENES

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,

[5] Nipping winds. HOLT WHITE.

[6] We had satisfactory accounts yesterday of the state of Bohemia. JOHNSON

To let him there a month, behind the gest'
Prefix'd for's parting : yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' th' clock behind
What lady she her lord.⁸—You'll stay ?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will ?

Pol. I may not, verily

Her. Verily !

You put me off with limber vows : But I,
— Though you would seek t' unsphere the stars with oaths, —
Should yet say, Sir, *no going*. Verily,
You shall not go ; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet ?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you ?
My prisoner ? or my guest ? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam :
To be your prisoner, should import offending ;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys ;
You were pretty lordlings then.⁹

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' th' two ?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' th' sun,
And bleat the one at th' other : what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did : Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd

[7] In the time of *royal progresses* the king's stages, as we may see by the journals of them in the herald's office, were called his *gests* ; from the old French word *giste diversorium*. **WARBURTON**.

Gests, or rather *gists*, from the French *giste*, (which signifies both a bed, and a lodging place,) were the names of the houses or towns where the King or Prince intended to lie every night during his *progress*. **MALONE**.

[8] A *jar* is, I believe, a single repetition of the noise made by the pendulum of a clock ; what children call the *ticking* of it. **STEEVENS**.

[9] This diminutive of *lord* is often used by Chaucer. **STEEVENS**.

With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.¹

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us : for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl ;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot !
Of this make no conclusion ; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils : Yet, go on ;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer ;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leo. Is he won yet ?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leo. At my request, he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never ?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What ? have I twice said well ? when was't before ?

I pr'ythee, tell me : Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things : One good deed, dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages : You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal ;—
My last good was, to entreat his stay ;
What was my first ? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you : O, would her name were Grace !
But once before I spoke to th' purpose : When ?
Nay, let me have't ; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,

[1] That is, setting aside original sin ; bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to Heaven.

And clap thyself my love ;² then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. It is Grace, indeed.—

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice :
 The one for ever earn'd a royal husband ;
 The other, for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to POLIXENES.*

Leo. Too hot, too hot :

[*Aside.*

To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
 I have *tremor cordis* on me :—my heart dances ;
 But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
 May a free face put on ; derive a liberty
 From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
 And well become the agent : it may, I grant :
 But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
 As now they are ; and making practis'd smiles,
 As in a looking-glass ;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
 The mort o' th' deer ;³ O, that is entertainment
 My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
 Art thou my boy ?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. I'fecks ?⁴

Why, that's my bawcock.⁵ What, hast smutch'd thy nose ?
 —They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
 We must be neat ; not neat, but cleanly, captain :
 And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
 Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling⁶

[*Observing POLIX. and HERMI.*

Upon his palm ?—How now, you wanton calf ?
 Art thou my calf ?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

[2] She opened her hand, to *clap* the palm of it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phrase—*to clap up a bargain*, i. e. make one with no other ceremony than the junction of hands. This was a regular part of the ceremony of troth-plighting, to which Shakespeare often alludes. MALONE.

[3] A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer. THEOBALD.

[4] A supposed corruption of—*in faith*. Our present vulgar pronounce it—*fecks*. STEEVENS

[5] Perhaps from *beak* and *cock*. It is still said in vulgar language that such a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game*. STEEVENS.

[6] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals*.

JOHNSON.

A *virginal*, as I am informed is a very small kind of spinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal-book* is yet in being, and many of the lessons in it have proved so difficult as to baffle our most expert players on the harpsichord. STEEVENS.

A *virginal* was strung like a spinnet, and shaped like a *piano forte*. MALONE.

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,⁷

To be full like me :—yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs ; women say so,
That will say any thing : But were they false
As o'er-died blacks,⁸ as wind, as waters ; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine ; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye :⁹ Sweet villain !
Most dear'st ! my collop !—Can thy dam ?—may't be ?
Affection ! thy intention stabs the center :¹
Thou dost make possible, things not so held,²
Communicat'st with dreams ;—(How can this be ?)—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing : Then, 'tis very credent,³
Thou may'st co-join with something ; and thou dost ;
(And that beyond commission ; and I find it.)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia ?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord ?

What cheer ? how is't with you, best brother ?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction :

Are you mov'd, my lord ?

Leo. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms ! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty-three years ; and saw myself unbreech'd,

[7] Thou want'st a rough *pash*, and the shoots that I have, in connexion with the context, signifies—to make thee a *calf* thou must have the *tuft* on thy forehead and the young *horns* that shoot up in it, as I have. HENLEY.

I have lately learned that *pash* in Scotland signifies a *head*. Many words, that are now only used in that country, were perhaps once common to the whole island of Great Britain, or at least to the northern part of England. MALONE.

[8] It is common with tradesmen, to die their faded or damaged stuffs black. *O'er-died blacks* may mean those which have received a die over their former colour. STEEVENS.

[9] Blue-eye ; an eye of the same colour with the *welkin*, or sky. JOHNSON.

[1] *Intention*, in this passage, means eagerness of attention. M. MASON.

[2] i. e. thou dost make those things possible, which are conceived to be impossible. JOHNSON.

[3] *Credent*—i. e. credible. STEEVENS.

In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzled,
 Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
 As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
 'This squash,'⁴ this gentleman :—Mine honest friend,
 Will you take eggs for money ?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will ? why, happy man be's dole !—

My brother,
 Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
 Do seem to be of ours ?

Pol. If at home, sir,
 He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :
 Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
 My parasite, my soldier. statesman, all :
 He makes a July's day short as December ;
 And, with his varying childness, cures in me
 Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leo. So stands this squire
 Offic'd with me : We two will walk, my lord,
 And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
 How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome :
 Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap :
 Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
 Apparent to my heart.⁷

Her. If you would seek us,
 We are yours i' th' garden : Shall's attend you there ?

Leo. To your own-bents dispose you : you'll be found,
 Be you beneath the sky :—I am angling now,
 Though you perceive me not how I give line.
 Go to, go to ! [Aside, observing POLIX. and HER.]

[4] A *squash* is a pea-pod, in that state when the young peas begin to swell in it.
 HENLEY.

[5] The meaning of this is, *will you put up affronts* ? The French have a proverbial saying, *A qui vendez vous coquilles* ? i. e. whom do you design to affront ? *Mamilius's* answer plainly proves it. *Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.* SMITH.

Leontes seems only to ask his son if he would fly from an enemy. In the following passage the phrase is evidently to be taken in that sense : " The French infantry skirmisheth bravely afarre off and cavallery gives a furious onset at the first charge ; but after the first heat they will take eggs for their money. REED.

[6] The expression is proverbial. *Dole* was the term for the allowance of provisions given to the poor, in great families. STEEVENS.

The alms immemorially given to the poor by the Archbishops of Canterbury is still called the *dole*. NICHOLS.

[7] That is, *heir apparent*, or the next claimant. JOHNSON.

How she holds up the neb,⁸ the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife

[*Exeunt* POLIX. HER. and *Attendants*]

To her allowing husband! Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd
one.⁹—

Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There have
been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour,¹ by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will: Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where it is predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.

—What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. Go play, Mamillius; Thou'rt an honest man.—

[*Exit* MAMILLIUS.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.²

[8] This word is commonly pronounced and written *neb*. It signifies here the *mouth*. STEEVENS.

[9] That is, a *horned* one; a *cuckold*. JOHNSON.

[1] This metaphor perhaps owed its introduction and currency, to the once frequent depredations of neighbours on each other's fish, a complaint that often occurs in ancient correspondence. STEEVENS.

[2] This is a sea-faring expression, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold*.

STEEVENS

Leo. Didst note it ?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions ; made
His business more material.

Leo. Didst perceive it ?—

They're here with me already ;³ whispering, rounding,⁴
Sicilia is a so-forth :⁵ 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.⁶—How cam't, Camillo,
That he did stay ?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the queen's, be't : good, should be pertinent ;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine ?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks :—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures ? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary ? lower messes,⁷
Perchance, are to this business purblind : say.

Cam. Business, my lord ? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leo. Ha ?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why ?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leo. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress ?—satisfy ?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils : wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom ; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd : but we have been

[3] Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers, people accidentally present. THIRLBY.

[4] To *round in the ear* is to *whisper* or to *tell secretly*. The expression is very copiously explained by M. Casaubon, in his book *de Ling. Sax.* JOHNSON.

[5] This was a phrase employed when the speaker, through caution or disgust, wished to escape the utterance of an obnoxious term. A commentator on Shakespeare will often derive more advantage from listening to vulgar than to polite conversation. At the corner of Fleet Market, I lately heard one woman describing another, say—"Every body knows that her husband is a *so-forth*." As she spoke the last word, her fingers expressed the emblem of cuckoldom. STEEVENS.

[6] *Gust it*—i. e. taste it. STEEVENS.

[7] I believe *lower messes* is only used as an expression to signify the lowest degree about the court. Formerly not only at every great man's table the visitants were placed according to their consequence or dignity, but with additional marks of inferiority, viz. of sitting below the great salt-seller placed in the center of the table, and of having coarser provision set before them. STEEVENS

Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord !

Leo. To bide upon't ;—Thou art not honest : or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward ;
Which boxes honesty behind,⁸ restraining
From course requir'd : Or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent ; or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest. . .

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth : In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly ; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft affects the wisest : these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass
By its own visage : If I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt : you have ; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn ;) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think it,)
My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobbyhorse ; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to

[8] To box is to ham-string. STEEVENS.
The proper word is, to hough, i. e. to cut the hough, or ham-string. MAL.

Before her troth-plight : say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken : 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this ; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.⁹

Leo. Is whispering nothing ?
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh ? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty :) horsing foot on foot ?
Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?
Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web,¹ but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked ? is this nothing ?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing ;
The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;
My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes ;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say, it be ; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leo. It is ; you lie. you lie :
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee ;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave ;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both : Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her ?

Leo. Why he, that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck,² Bohemia : Who—if I
Had servants true about me : that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,

[9] i. e. Your suspicion is as great a sin as would be that (if committed,) for which you suspect her. **WARBURTON.**

[1] Disorders in the eye. **STEEVENS.**

[2] It should be remembered that it was customary for gentlemen, in our author's time, to wear jewels appended to a ribbon round the neck. The Knights of the Garter wore the George in this manner till the time of Charles I. **MALONE.**

Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing : Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship ; who may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink ;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this ; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison : But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,—

Leo. Make't thy question, and go rot !
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation ? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep ; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps ?
Give scandal to the blood o' th' prince, my son,
Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine ;
Without right moving to't ? Would I do this ?
Could man so blench ?³

Cam. I must believe you, sir ;
I do ; and will fetch off Bohemia for't :
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first ;
Even for your son's sake ; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leo. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down :
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then ; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen : I am his cupbearer ;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leo. This is all :

[3] To *blench* is to start off, to shrink. STEEVENS.

Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Lee I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[*Erit.*

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example⁴
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one;
Let villany itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' th' court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me;⁵ and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and
dare not

[4] An allusion to the death of the Queen of Scots. The play, therefore, was written in King James's time. BLACKSTONE.

[5] This is a stroke of nature worthy of Shakespeare. Leontes had but a moment before assured Camillo that he would seem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him, his jealousy gets the better of his resolution, and he finds it impossible to restrain his hatred. M. MASON.

Be intelligent to me ? 'Tis thereabouts ;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must ;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too : for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper ; but
I can not name the disease ; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How ! caught of me ?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk :
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman ; thereto,
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,⁶—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well !
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me ; how far off, how near ;
Which way to be prevented, if to be ;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you ;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable : Therefore, mark my counsel ;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it ; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo ?

Cam. By the king.

[6] I know not whether *success* here does not mean *succession*. JOHNSON.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't,⁷—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
'That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith,⁸ and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' th' city: For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;

[7] i. e. To draw, persuade you. The character called the *Vice*, in the old plays was the tempter to evil. WARBURTON.

The *vice* is an instrument well known; its operation is to hold things together.

[8] This folly which is erected on the foundation of settled belief. STEEVENS.

Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
 Still neighbour mine : My ships are ready, and
 My people did expect my hence departure
 Two days ago.—'This jealousy
 Is for a precious creature : as she's rare,
 Must it be great ; and, as his person's mighty,
 Must it be violent ; and as he does conceive
 He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
 Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
 In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er shades me :
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
 The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion ! Come, Camillo ;
 I will respect thee as a father, if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence : Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
 The keys of all the posterns : Please your highness
 To take the urgent hour : Come, sir, away. [*Ere.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.* Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Hermione.

TAKE the boy to you : he so troubles me,
 'Tis past enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord.
 Shall I be your play-fellow ?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord ?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard ; and speak to me as if
 I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why so, my good lord ?

Mam. Not for because
 Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,
 Become some women best ; so that there be not
 Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,
 Or half-moon made with a pen.

2 *Lady.* Who taught you this ?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
 What colour are your eye-brows ?

1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock : I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 Lady. Hark ye :
The queen, your mother, rounds apace : we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days ; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

1 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk : Good time encounter her !

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you ? Come, sir, now
I am for you again : Pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be ?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter :
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, sir.
Come on, sit down :—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites : you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down ; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard ;—I will tell it softly ;
Yon crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and others.

Leo. Was he met there ? his train ? Camillo with him ?

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them ; never
Saw I men scour so on their way : I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leo. How bless'd am I
In my just censure ?⁹ in my true opinion ?—
Alack, for lesser knowledge !¹—How accurs'd
In being so blest ! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd,² and one may drink ; depart,
And yet partake no venom ; for his knowledge
Is not infected : but if one present

[9] *Censure*, in the time of our author, was generally used (as in this instance,) for judgment, opinion. MALONE.

[1] That is, *O that my knowledge were less.* JOHNSON.

[2] That spiders were esteemed venomous appears by the evidence of a person who was examined in Sir T. Overbury's affair : "The Countesse wished me to get the strongest poyson I could, &c. Accordingly I bought seven—great spiders, and cantharides." HENDERSON

Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts :³—I have drank, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander :—
There is a plot against my life, my crown ;
All's true that is mistrusted :—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing ; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will :—How came the posterns
So easily open ?

1 *Lord*. By his great authority ;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy ; I am glad, you did not nurse him :
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this ? sport ?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her :
Away with him :—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with ; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not ;
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.

Leo. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well ; be but about
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable :
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha ; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use :—O, I am out,
That mercy does ; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself :—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest : But be it known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an aduress.

Her. Should a villain say so,

[3] *Hefts* are heavings. STEEVENS.

The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain : you, my lord,
Do but mistake.⁴

Leo. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes : O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar !—I have said,
She's an adulteress ; I have said with whom :
More, she's a traitor ; and Camillo is
A federary with her ;⁵ and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal,⁶ that she's
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold titles ; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this : How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me ? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo. No, no ; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.⁷—Away with her to prison :
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns :

[4] Otway had this passage in his thoughts, when he put the following lines into the mouth of Castalie :

“ —Should the bravest man
That e'er wore conquering sword but dare to whisper
What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of liars :
My friend may be mistaken.” STEEVENS.

[5] A *federary* (perhaps a word of our author's coinage) is a confederate, an accomplice. STEEVENS.

[6] *But*, which is here used for *only*, renders this passage somewhat obscure.

MALONE.

[7] That is, if the proofs which I can offer will not support the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be trusted. JOHNSON.

Milton has expressed the same thought in more exalted language :

“ if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.” STEEVENS.

I must be patient, till the heavens look
 With an aspect more favourable.⁸—Good my lords,
 I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
 Commonly are ; the want of which vain dew,
 Perchance, shall dry your pities : but I have
 'That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
 Worse than tears drown : 'Beseech you all, my lords,
 With thoughts so qualified as your charities
 Shall best instruct you, measure me ;—and so
 The king's will be perform'd !

Leo. Shall I be heard ? [To the Guards.]

Her. Who is't, that goes with me ?—'beseech your
 highness,

My women may be with me ; for, you see,
 My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools ;
 There is no cause : when you shall know, your mistress
 Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
 As I come out : this action, I now go on,
 Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord :
 I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now,
 I trust, I shall.—My women, come ; you have leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding ; hence.

[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.]

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir ; lest your justice
 Prove violence ; in the which three great ones suffer,
 Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 Lord. For her, my lord,—

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
 Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless
 I' th' eyes of heaven, and to you ; I mean,
 In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
 I lodge my wife ;⁹ I'll go in couples with her ;
 Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her ;
 For every inch of woman in the world,

[8] An astrological phrase. The *aspect* of the stars was anciently a familiar term, and continued to be such till the age in which Milton tells us—

“ —the swart star sparsely looks.” STEEVENS.

[9] In the Teutonic language, *hund-stall* or *dog-stable*, is the term for a kennel. *Stables* or *stable*, however, may mean *station*, *stabillis statio*, and two distinct propositions may be intended. I'll keep my station in the same place where my wife is lodged ; I'll run every where with her, like dogs that are coupled together.

MALONE.

Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

1 Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves :
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't ; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him ;¹ Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters : the eldest is eleven ;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five ;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't :—by mine honour,
I'll geld them all ; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations : they are co-heirs ;
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should-not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease ; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose : I see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus ; and see withal
The instruments that feel.²

Ant. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty ;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What ! lack I credit ?

1 Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground : and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion ;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this ? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation ? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels ; but our natural goodness
Imparts this : which,—if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,
Relish as truth, like us ; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice : the matter,

[1] *Land-damn* is probably one of those words which caprice brought into fashion, and which after a short time, reason and grammar drove irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than I will *rid the country* of him, *condemn* him to quit the *land*. JOHNSON.

[2] Some stage direction seems necessary in this place ; but what that direction should be, it is not easy to decide. Dr. Johnson gives—*striking his brows*.

STEEVENS.

Leontes must here be supposed to lay hold of either the beard, or arm, or some other part of Antigonus. MALONE.

The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be ?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,³
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding ;
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency :⁴ Now, from the oracle
They will bring all ; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well ?

1 *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leo. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others ; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth : So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd ;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us ;
We are to speak in public : for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

*The same. The outer Room of a Prison. Enter PAULINA
and Attendants.*

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him ;
[*Exit an Attendant.*]
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady !

[3] *Approbation*, in this place, is put for *proof*. JOHNSON.

[4] That is, of abilities more than enough. JOHNSON.

No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
Th' access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.—
Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Attendants*]

Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Keeper*]
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.—

Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous unsafe lunes o' th' king's beshrew
them!

[5] I have no where, but in our author, observed this word adopted in our tongue to signify *frenzy, lunacy*. But it is a mode of expression with the French.—*Il y a de la lune*: (i. e. he has got the moon in his head; he is frantic.) THEOBALD.

He must be told on't, and he shall : the office
Becomes a woman best ; I'll take't upon me :
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister ;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more :—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen ;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest : We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' th' child ;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue ; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand : Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design ;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it !
I'll to the queen : Please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir :
The child was prisoner to the womb ; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd : not a party to
The anger of the king ; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear : upon
Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace. Enter LEONTES, ANTI-GONUS, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest : It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus ; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being ;—part o' th' cause,
She, the adultrous ;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain,⁶ plot-proof : but she
I can hook to me : Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there ?

1 Attend. My lord ?

[Advancing.]

Leo. How does the boy ?

1 Attend. He took good rest to-night ;
'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.

Leo. To see,
His nobleness !
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply ;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself ;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely :—go,
See how he fares. *[Exit Atten.]*—Fye, fye ! no thought
of him ;—

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me : in himself too mighty ;
And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him be,
Until a time may serve : for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me ; make their pastime at my sorrow :
They should not laugh, if I could reach them ; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1 Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me :
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life ? a gracious innocent soul ;
More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

[6] *Blank and level*, mean *mark and aim* ; they are terms of gunnery. DOUCE

1 *Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night ; commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir ;
I come to bring him sleep.—'Tis such as you,—
—That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking : I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true ;
Honest, as either ; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leo. What noise there, ho ?

Paul. No noise, my lord ; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

Leo. How ?—

—Away with that audacious lady : Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me,
I knew, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What, canst not rule her ?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can : in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now ; you hear !
When she will take the rein, I let her run ;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor ; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,⁷
Than such as most seem yours :—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leo. Good queen !

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen : I say, good
queen ;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

[7] To comfort, in old language, is to aid and encourage. Evils here mean wicked courses. MALONE.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me : on mine own accord, I'll off ;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter .
Here 'tis ; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child*

Leo. Out !

A mankind witch !⁸ Hence with her, out o' door :
A most intelligencing bawd !

Paul. Not so :

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me : and no less honest
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leo. Traitors !

Will you not push her out ? Give her the bastard :—
Thou, dotard, [*To ANTIGONUS.*] thou art woman-tir'd,⁹ un-
roosted

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard ;
Take't up, I say ; give't to thy crone.¹

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Take'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't !²

Leo. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did ; then, 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children yours.

Leo. A nest of traitors !

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I ; nor any,

But one, that's here ; and that's himself : for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,

[8] A *mankind* woman is yet used in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous. It has the same sense in this passage.

Witches are supposed to be *mankind*, to put off the softness and delicacy of women ; therefore Sir Hugh, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, says of a woman suspected to be a witch, "that he does not like when a woman has a beard."

JOHNSON

[9] *Woman-tir'd*, is *peck'd* by a woman ; *hen-peck'd*. The phrase is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakespeare.

STEEVENS.

[1] I. e. thy old worn-out woman. A *cross* is an old toothless sheep ; thence an old woman. STEEVENS.

[2] Leontes had ordered Antigonus to *take up the bastard* ; Paulina forbids him to touch the Princess under that appellation. *Forced* is *false*, uttered with violence to truth. JOHNSON

His hopeful son's, his babe's betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's ; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leo. A callat,
Of boundless tongue ; who late hath beat her husband,
And now bates me !—This brat is none of mine ;
It is the issue of Polixenes :
Hence with it ; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours ;
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father : eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead ; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek ; his smiles ;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger :—
And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't ;³ lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's !⁴

Leo. A gross hag !—
And, lozel,⁵ thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll have thee burn'd.

[3] *Yellow* is the colour of jealousy. JOHNSON.

[4] In the ardour of composition Shakespeare seems here to have forgotten the difference of sexes. Unless she were *herself* "a bed-swerver," (which is not supposed,) she could have no doubt of his being the father of her children. However painful female jealousy may be to her that feels it, Paulina, therefore, certainly attributes to it in the present instance, a pang that it can never give.

MALONE.

I regard this circumstance as a beauty, rather than a defect. The seeming absurdity in the last clause of Paulina's ardent address to Nature, was undoubtedly designed, being an extravagance characteristically preferable to languid correctness and chastised declamation. STEEVENS.

[5] This is a term of contempt frequently used by Spenser. STEEVENS.

Paul. I care not :
It is an heretick, that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant ;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life ? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me ; I'll be gone.
—Look to your babe, my lord ; 'tis your's : Jove send her
A better guiding spirit !—What need these hands ?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so ;—Farewell ; we are gone. [Exit.

Leo. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child ? away with't !—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire ;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight :
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine : If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire ;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir :
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

1 Lord. We can ; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You are liars all.

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit ;
We have always truly serv'd you ; and beseech
So to esteem of us : And on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose ;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue : We all kneel.

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows :—

Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
 And call me father? Better burn it now,
 Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
 It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;
 You, that have been so tenderly officious [To ANT.
 With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
 To save this bastard's life:—for 'tis a bastard,
 So sure as this beard's grey,⁶—what will you adventure
 To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
 That my ability may undergo,
 And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
 I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
 To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword,⁷
 Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leo. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for the fail
 Of any point in't shall not only be
 Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;
 Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
 As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
 This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
 To some remote and desert place, quite out
 Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
 Without more mercy, to its own protection,
 And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
 It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
 On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
 That thou commend it strangely to some place,
 Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
 Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
 Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
 To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
 Casting their savageness aside, have done

[6] The King must mean the beard of Antigonus, which perhaps both here and on the former occasion, (See p. 192, n. 2,) it was intended, he should lay hold of. Leontes has himself told us that twenty-three years ago he was unbreech'd, in his green velvet coat, his dagger muzzled; and of course his age at the opening of this play must be under thirty. He cannot therefore mean his own beard.

MALONE.

[7] It was anciently the custom to swear by the cross that was on the handle of a sword. STEEVENS.

I remember to have seen the name of Jesus engraved upon the pommel of the sword of a Crusader in the Church at Winchelsea. DOUCE.

Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
 In more than this deed doth require ! and blessing,
 Against this cruelty, fight on thy side.
 Poor thing, condemn'd to loss ! *[Exit with the child.]*

Leo. No, I'll not rear
 Another's issue,

1 Atten. Please your highness, posts,
 From those you sent to the oracle, are come
 An hour since : Cleomenes and Dion,
 Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
 Hasting to th' court.

1 Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
 Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty-three days
 They have been absent : 'Tis good speed ; foretels,
 The great Apollo suddenly will have
 The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords ;
 Summon a session, that we may arraign
 Our most disloyal lady : for, as she hath
 Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
 A just and open trial. While she lives,
 My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me ;
 And think upon my bidding. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street in some Town. Enter
 CLEOMENES and DION.*

Cleomenes.

THE climate's delicate ; the air most sweet ;
 Fertile the isle ; the temple much surpassing
 The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
 For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
 (Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence
 Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice !
 How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
 It was i' th' offering !

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
 And the ear-deafening voice o' th' oracle,
 Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
 That I was nothing.

Dio. If the event o' th' journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy;
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to th' best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh horses;
—And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Court of Justice. LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear, properly seated.

Leo. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
—Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and Ladies, attending.

Leo. Read the indictment.

Offi. *Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence^s whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*

[8] *Pretence*—is, in this place, taken for a scheme laid, a plot formed. JOHN

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
 No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
 More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou
 Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage,
 Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats ;
 The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
 To me can life be no commodity :
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
 I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went : My second joy,
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence,
 I am barr'd, like one infectious : My third comfort,
 Starr'd most unluckily,⁶ is from my breast,
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
 Haled out to murder : Myself on every post
 Proclaim'd a strumpet ; With immodest hatred,
 The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
 To women of all fashion :—Lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i' th' open air, before
 I have got strength of limit.⁷ Now, my liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die ? Therefore, proceed.
 But yet hear this ; mistake me not ;—No ! life,
 I prize it not a straw :—but for mine honour,
 (Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmises ; all proofs sleeping else,
 But what your jealousies awake ; I tell you,
 'Tis rigour, and not law.† Your honours all,
 I do refer me to the oracle ;
 Apollo be my judge.

1 *Lord.* This your request
 Is altogether just : therefore, bring forth,
 And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers*]

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father :
 O, that he were alive, and here beholding
 His daughter's trial ! that he did but see
 The flatness of my misery ;⁸ yet with eyes
 Of pity, not revenge !

[6] i. e. born under an inauspicious planet. STEEVENS.

[7] Mr. M. Mason judiciously conceives *strength of limit* to mean, " the limited degree of strength which it is customary for women to acquire, before they are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing. STEEVENS.

[8] That is, how low, how *flat* I am laid by my calamity. JOHNSON.

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos ; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest ; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cle. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [Reads.] *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless,
Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent
babe truly begotten : and the king shall live without an heir,
if that, which is lost, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo !

Her. Praised !

Leo. Hast thou read truth ?

Offi. Ay, my lord ; even so
As it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i' th' oracle :
The sessions shall proceed ; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Ser. My lord the king, the king !

Leo. What is the business ?

Ser. O sir, I shall be hated to report it :
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed,⁹ is gone.

Leo. How ! gone ?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. Apollo's angry ; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE faints.*] How now
there ?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen :—Look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence :

Her heart is but o'ercharg'd ; she will recover.—

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion :—

'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with HERMIONE.*]

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle !—

[9] Of the event of the queen's trial : so we still say, he sped well or ill.

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes :
 New woo my queen ; recal the good Camillo ,
 Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy :
 For, being transported by my jealousies
 To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
 Camillo for the minister, to poison
 My friend Polixenes : which had been done,
 But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
 My swift command, though I with death, and with
 Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
 Not doing it, and being done : he, most humane,
 And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
 Unclasp'd my practice ; quit his fortunes here,
 Which you knew great ; and to the certain hazard
 Of all incertainties himself commended,
 No richer than his honour :—How he glisters
 Thorough my rust ! and how his piety
 Does my deeds make the blacker !¹

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while !
 O, cut my lace ; lest my heart, cracking it,
 Break too !

1 Lord. What fit is this, good lady ?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me ?
 What wheels ? racks ? fires ? What flaying ? boiling,
 In leads, or oils ? what old, or newer torture
 Must I receive ; whose every word deserves
 To taste of thy most worst ? Thy tyranny
 Together working with thy jealousies,—
 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
 For girls of nine !—O, think, what they have done,
 And then run mad, indeed ; stark mad ! for all
 Thy by-gone fooleries, were but spices of it.
 That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing ;
 That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
 And damnable ungrateful : nor was't much,
 Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
 To have him kill a king ; poor trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,

[1] This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt.

To be or none, or little ; though a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere done't :²
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
 Of the young prince ; whose honourable thoughts
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
 That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
 Blemish'd his gracious dam : this is not, no,
 Laid to thy answer : But the last,—O, lords,
 When I have said, cry, woe !—the queen, the queen,
 The sweetest, dearest creature's dead ; and vengeance
 for't

Not dropp'd down yet.

1 *Lord*. 'The higher powers forbid !

Paul. I say, she's dead ; I'll swear't : if word, nor oath,
 Prevail not, go and see : if you can bring
 Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant !
 Do not repent these things ; for they are heavier
 Than all thy woes can stir : therefore betake thee
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
 In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
 To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on :

Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserv'd
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 *Lord*. Say no more ;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
 I' th' boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't ;³

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
 I do repent : Alas, I have show'd too much
 The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd
 To th' noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past help,
 Should be past grief : Do not receive affliction
 At my petition, I beseech you ; rather
 Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
 Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,

[2] i. e. a devil would have shed tears of pity o'er the damned, ere he would have committed such an action. STEEVENS.

[3] This is another instance of the sudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds. JOHNSON.

Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman :
 The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again !—
 I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;
 I'll not remember you of my own lord,
 Who is lost too : Take your patience to you,
 And I'll say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speak but well,
 When most the truth ; which I receive much better
 Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
 To the dead bodies of my queen, and son :
 One grave shall be for both ; upon them shall
 The causes of their death appear, unto
 Our shame perpetual : Once a day I'll visit
 The chapel where they lie ; and tears, shed there,
 Shall be my recreation : So long as
 Nature will bear up with this exercise,
 So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
 And lead me to these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea. Enter ANTIGONUS
 with the Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect⁴ then, our ship hath touch'd upon
 The deserts of Bohemia ?

Mar. Ay, my lord ; and fear
 We have landed in ill time : the skies look grimly,
 And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
 The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
 And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done !—Go, get aboard ;
 Look to thy bark ; I'll not be long, before
 I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste ; and go not
 Too far i' th' land : 'tis like to be loud weather ;
 Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
 Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away :
 I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
 To be so rid o' th' business. [*Exit.*]

Ant. Come, poor babe :—

[4] *Perfect* is often used by Shakespeare for certain, well assured, or well informed. JOHNSON.

I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the dead
 May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
 Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
 So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
 Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
 I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
 So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
 Like very sanctity, she did approach
 My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
 And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
 Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
 Did this break from her: *Good Antigonus,*
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:—and so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself; and thought
 This was so, and no slumber. (Dreams are toys:—
 Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this.) I do believe,
 Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life, or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!

[Laying down the child.

There lie; and there thy character: there these;

[Laying down a bundle.

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
 And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—Poor wretch,
 That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
 To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
 The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
 A lullaby too rough: I never saw

[5] Thy description; i. e. the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita.

The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!⁶—

Well may I get aboard!—This is the chace;

I am gone for ever.

[*Exit, pursued by a bear.*]

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing on ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hollaed but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bod-kin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a

[6] This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chace*, or, the animal pursued. JOHNSON

nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it:⁶—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would, I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would, you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing.

[*Aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth⁷ for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see; It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling⁸:—open't: What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way.⁹ We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry:¹ if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't.

[*Exeunt.*

[6] i. e. swallowed as our ancient toppers swallowed *flap-dragons*. STEEVENS.

[7] A *bearing-cloth* is the fine mantie or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized. PERCY.

[8] i. e. some child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen. STEEVENS.

[9] i. e. the nearest way. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher." STEEVENS.

[1] *Curst*, signifies *mischievous*. Thus the adage: "*Curst cows have short horns.*" HENLEY.

ACT IV.

*Enter TIME, as Chorus.**Time.*

I,—THAT please some, try all ; both joy, and terror,
 Of good and bad ; that make, and unfold error,—
 Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
 To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
 To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
 O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
 Of that wide gap ;² since it is in my power
 To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
 To plant and o'erwhelm custom :³ Let me pass
 The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
 Or what is now receiv'd : I witness to
 The times that brought them in ; so shall I do
 To th' freshest things now reigning ; and make stale
 The glistening of this present, as my tale
 Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
 I turn my glass ; and give my scene such growing,
 As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
 Th' effects of his fond jealousies ; so grieving,
 That he shuts up himself ; imagine me,
 Gentle spectators, that I now may be
 In fair Bohemia ;⁴ and remember well,
 I mentioned a son o' th' king's, which Florizel
 I now name to you ; and with speed so pace

[2] Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. *The growth of the wide gap*, is somewhat irregular ; but he means, *the growth*, or progression of the time which filled up the gap of the story between Perdita's birth and her sixteenth year. To leave this growth untried, is, to leave the passages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined. *Untried* is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required. JOHNSON.

[3] The reasoning of *Time* is not very clear ; he seems to mean, that he who has broke so many laws may now break another ; that he who introduced every thing, may introduce Perdita in her sixteenth year ; and he entreats that he may pass as of old, before any order or succession of objects ancient or modern, distinguished his periods. JOHNSON.

[4] *Time* is every where alike. I know not whether both sense and grammar may not dictate :

—imagine *us*

Gentle spectators, that *you* now may be, &c.

Let *us* imagine that *you*, who behold these scenes, are now in Bohemia.

JOHNSON.

Imagine *me*, means imagine *with me*, or imagine *for me* ; and is a common mode of expression. Thus we say "do *me* such a thing,"—"spell *me* such a word."

M. MASON.

To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring : What of her ensues,
I list not prophecy ; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth :—a shepherd's
daughter,
And what to her adheres,* which follows after,
Is th' argument of Time : Of this allow,[†]
If ever you have spent time worse ere now ;
If never yet, that time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may. [Exit.

SCENE I.

*The same. A Room in the Palace of POLIXENES. Enter
POLIXENES and CAMILLO.*

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate : 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing ; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country : though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me : to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so ; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now : the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made ; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee : thou, having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done : which if I have not enough considered (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study ; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more : whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother ; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son ? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

[5] To *allow* in our author's time signified to *approve*. MALONE.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince : What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown : but I have, missingly, noted, he is of late much retired from court ; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo ; and with some care ; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness : from whom I have this intelligence : that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd ; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note : the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle that plucks our son thither.⁶ Thou shalt accompany us to the place : where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd ; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo !—We must disguise ourselves.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage. Enter AUTOLYCUS,⁷ singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,—

With heigh ! the doxy over the dale,—

Why, then comes in the sweet o' th' year ;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—

With, heigh ! the sweet birds, O how they sing !—

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge ;⁸

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

[6] *Angle*, in this place means a fishing-rod which he represents as drawing his son, like a fish, away. STEEVENS.

[7] *Autolycus* was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father :

"*Non fuit Autolyct tam piceata manus.*" Martial. STEEVENS.

[8] The word *pugging* is used by Greene in one of his pieces ; and a *puggard* was a cant name for some particular kind of thief. STEEVENS.

*The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:—
Are summer-songs for me and my aunts,¹
While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

I have served Prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.*

*If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.*

My traffic is sheets;² when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles:³ With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison;⁴ and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows, and knock,⁵ are too powerful on the high-way; beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clow. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether—tods;⁶ every

[1] *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant word for a *band*.

STEEVENS.

[2] That is, I am a vender of sheet ballads, and other publications that are sold unbound. From the word *sheet*, the poet takes occasion to quibble.

STEEVENS.

[3] Not only the allusion, but the whole speech is taken from Lucian; who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from several pieces of his work. It is from his *discourse on judicial astrology*, where Autolycus talks much in the same manner; and it is on this account that he is called the son of Mercury by the ancients, namely, because he was born under that planet. And as the infant was supposed by the astrologers to communicate of the nature of the star which predominated, so Autolycus was a thief.

WARBURTON.

[4] That is, with gaming and whoring, I brought myself to this shabby dress.

PERCY.

[5] The resistance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the punishment which he suffers on detection, withhold me from daring robbery, and determine me to the silly cheat, and petty theft. JOHNSON.

[6] A *tod*, is twenty-eight pounds of wool. PERCY.

This has been rightly expounded to mean that the wool of *eleven sheep* would weigh a *tod* or 28lb. Each fleece would, therefore, be 2lb. 8oz. 11dr. and the whole produce of *fifteen hundred shorn* 136 *tods*, 1 clove, 2lb. 6oz. 2dr. which at pound and odd shilling per *tod* would yield 143l. 3s. Our author was too familiar with the subject to be suspected of inaccuracy. RITSON.

tod yields—pound and odd shillings; fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currents: rice*—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man-song men all,⁷ and very good ones; but they are most of them means,⁸ and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden-pies;⁹ *mace*—*dates*—none; that's out of my note; *nutmegs*, seven, a *race*, or two, of *ginger*; but that I may beg;—*four pound of prunes*, and as many of *raisins o' th' sun*.

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground*

Clo. I' th' name of me,——

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: Come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

[7] i. e. singers of catches in three parts. A *six-man song* occurs in the Tournament of Tottenham. See Rel. of Ant. Eng. Poetry, vol. II. PERCY.

[8] Means are tenors. STEEVENS.

[9] Wardens are a species of large pears. STEEVENS.

Clo. How now ? canst stand ?

Aut. Softly, dear sir ; [*Picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly : you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money ? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir ; no, I beseech you, sir : I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going ; I shall there have money, or any thing I want : Offer me no money, I pray you ; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you ?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames^[1] : I knew him once a servant of the prince : I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say ; there's no virtue whipped out of the court : they cherish it, to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.²

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well : he hath been since an ape-bearer ; then a process-server, a bailiff ; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son,³ and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies ; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue : some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him, prig ! for my life, prig ;⁴—he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir ; he, sir, he ; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia ; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter : I am false of heart that way ; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now ?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was ; I can stand, and walk : I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way ?

Aut. No, good-faced sir ; no, sweet sir.

[1] The old English title for this game was *pigeon-holes* ; as the arches in the machine through which the balls are rolled, resemble the cavities made for *pigeons* in a *dove-house*. STEEVENS.

[2] To *abide*, here, must signify to *sojourn*, to live for a time without a settled habitation. JOHNSON.

[3] That is, the puppet-shew, then called *motions*. Warburton.

[4] To *prig* is to *filch*. MALONE.

Clo. Then fare thee well ; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [Exit.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir !—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too : If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue !⁵

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a :⁶*

*A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

[Exit.

SCENE III.

The same. A Shepherd's Cottage. Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life : no shepherdess ; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes,⁷ it not becomes me ;
O, pardon, that I name them : your high-self,
The gracious mark o' th' land,⁸ you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing ; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up : But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom ; I should blush
To see you so attired ; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.⁹

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across

[5] Begging gypsies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the show of an incorporated body. From this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled, if he does not so and so. WARBURTON.

[6] To *hent* the stile, is to take hold of it. STEEVENS.

[7] That is, your excesses, the extravagance of your praise. JOHNSON.

[8] The object of all men's notice and expectation. JOHNSON.

[9] That is, one would think that in putting on this habit of a shepherd, you had sworn to put me out of countenance ; for, in this, as in a glass, you show me how much below yourself you must descend, before you can get upon a level with me. The sentiment is fine, and expresses all the delicacy, as well as humble modesty of the character. WARBURTON.

I think she means to say, that the prince by the rustic habit that he wears, seems as if he had sworn to show her a glass, in which she might behold how she ought to be attired, instead of being " most goddess-like prank'd up." MALONE.

Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause !
To me, the difference forges dread ;¹ your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did : O, the fates !
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up !² What would he say ? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence ?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now : Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer ;
Nor in a way so chaste : since my desires
Run not before mine honour ; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' th' king :
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak ; that you must change this pur-
Or I my life. [pose,

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' th' feast : Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's : for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine : to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, *No*. Be merry, gentle ;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming :
Lift up your countenance ; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

[1] Meaning the difference between his rank and hers. M. MASON.

[2] This allusion occurs more than once in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

" To beautify him only lacks a cover." STEEVENS.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO, disguised;
Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.*

Flo. See, your guests approach;
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all, serv'd all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here,
At upper end o' th' table, now, i' th' middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' th' feast: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Welcome, sir!

[To POL.]

It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostessship o' th' day.—You're welcome, sir. [To CAM.]
—Give me those flowers there; Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue;³ these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing.

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' th' season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

[3] *Rue* was called *herb of grace*. *Rosemary* was the emblem of remembrance. I know not why, unless because it was carried at funerals. JOHNSON.

Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and is prescribed for that purpose in the books of ancient physic. STEEVENS.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them ?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be ;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean : so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock ;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather : but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them ;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well ; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you ;
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram ;
The marigold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises weeping ; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas !
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fairest
friend,
I would, I had some flowers o' th' spring, that might
Become your time of day ; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing :—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon !⁴ daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets dim,

[4] So, in Ovid's *Metam.* B. V :

“—ut anima vestem laxavit ab ora,

“Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissa.” STEEVENS.

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,⁵
 Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold
 Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
 Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and
 The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
 The flower-de-luce being one ! O, these I lack,
 To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,
 To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What ? like a corse ?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;
 Not like a corse : or if,—not to be buried,
 But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers ;
 Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
 In Whitsun' pastorals : sure, this robe of mine
 Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
 Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
 I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;
 Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
 To sing them too : When you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that ; move still, still so,
 And own no other function : Each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
 Your praises are too large : but that your youth
 And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,
 Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd ;
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
 You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
 As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
 To put you to't—But, come ; our dance, I pray :
 Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,
 That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
 Ran on the green-sward : nothing she does, or seems,

[5] I suspect that our author mistakes Juno for Pallas, who was the goddess of
 Mae eyes. JOHNSON The eyes of Juno were as remarkable as those of Pallas.

But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.)

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out: Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress; marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with.—

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our man-
ners.—

Come, strike up.

[*Music.*

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth: He says, he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent; if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the
door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe;
no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several
tunes, faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he
had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in:
I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter,
merrily set down: or a very pleasant thing indeed, and
sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes;
no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has
the prettiest love-songs for maids: so without bawdry,

which is strange ; with such delicate burdens of *dildos* and *fadings* : *jump her and thump her* ; and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man* ; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares ?

Ser. He hath ribands of all the colours i' th' rainbow ; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross ; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns : why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses ; you would think, a smock were a she-angel ; he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in ; and let him approach, singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

*Lawn, as white as driven snow ;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow ;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses ;
Masks for faces, and for noses ;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber :
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears ;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,⁶
What maids lack from head to heel :
Come, buy of me, come : come buy, come buy ;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry :
Come, buy, &c.*

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me ; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

[6] These *poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. STEEVENS.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast ; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you : may be, he has paid you more ; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids ? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces ? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets ; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests ? 'Tis well they are whispering : Clamour your tongues,⁶ and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.⁷

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money ?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad ; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man ; thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir ; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here ? ballads ?

Mop. Pray now, buy some : I love a ballad in print, a'-life ; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden ; and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you ?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer !

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter ; and five or six honest wives' that were present : Why should I carry lies abroad ?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

[6] The phrase is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to cease them the repetition of the strokes becomes much quicker than before ; this is called clameuring them. **WARBURTON.**

The word *clamour*, does not signify to cease, but to continue ringing. **GREY.**

[7] Sweet, or perfumed gloves, are frequently mentioned by Shakespeare, and were very fashionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. The fashion was brought from Italy and, "the queene tooke such pleasure in those gloves, that shee was pictured with them upon her hands." Thus Autolycus, in the song just preceding this passage, offers to sale :

"Gloves as sweet as damask roses." **T. WARTON.**

Clo. Come on, lay it by ; and let's first see more ballads ; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids : it was thought, she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her : The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you ?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it ; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too : Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad ; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one ; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man* : there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it ; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it ; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear ; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part : you must know, 'tis my occupation : have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go,
Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither ? *M.* O whither ? *D.* Whither !

M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell :

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill ;

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What, neither ? *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be ;

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me :

Then, whither go'st ? say, whither ?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves ; My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them : Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both.—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Aside.*

*Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's wear-a.*

[Exe. Clown, AUT. DOR. and MOR.]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair;⁸ they call themselves saltiers: and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' th' mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much humble foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four-threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.⁹

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at door, sir. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rustics, habited like satyrs.

They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—

[8] *Men of hair*, are hairy men, or satyrs. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great festival celebrated in France, the king and some of the nobles personated satyrs dressed in close habits, tufted or shagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and set fire to his satyr's garb, the flame ran instantly over the loose tufts, and spread itself to the dress of those that were next him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly scorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor extinguish them. The king had set himself in the lap of the dutchess of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and saved him.

JOHNSON.

[9] i. e. by the foot-rule. *Esquierre*, Fr. MALONE.

He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*]—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your lass
Interpretation should abuse; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But, to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and he witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well : no, nor mean better :
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain ;—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't :
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' th' virtue of your daughter : one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet ;
Enough then for your wonder : But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand ;—
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you ;
Have you a father ?

Flo. I have : But what of him ?

Pol. Knows he of this ?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table ; Pray you, once more ;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs ? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums ? Can he speak ? hear ?
Know man from man ? dispute his own estate ?
Lies he not bed-ridden ? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish ?

Flo. No, good sir ;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial : Reason, my son,
Should choose himself a wife ; but as good reason,
The father, (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity,) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this ;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son ; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not :—
Mark our contráct.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,

[Discovering himself.]

Whom son I dare not call ; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook !—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft ; who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with ;—

Shep. O, my heart !

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession ;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off.¹ Mark thou my words ;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman ; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't.

[Exit.]

Per. Even here undone !

I was not much afeard ; for once, or twice,
I was about to speak ; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.² Will't please you, sir, be gone ? *[To Flo.]*

[1] I think for *far than* we should read *far as*. We will not hold thee of our kin even so far off as Deucalion, the common ancestor of all. JOHNSON.

[2] The character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of himself, had not become her birth ; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education. Warburton.

I told you, what would come of this. 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care : this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir, [*To Flo.*
You have undone a man of fourscore three,³
That thought to fill his grave in quiet ; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones : but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust.—O cursed wretch !

[*To PERDITA.*

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone ! undone !
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die, when I desire.

[*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me ?
I am but sorry, not afraid ; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd : What I was, I am :
More straining on, for plucking back ; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper : at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him ;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear :
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus ?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known ?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith ; And then
Let nature crush the sides o' th' earth together,

[3] These sentiments, which the poet has heightened by a strain of ridicule that runs through them, admirably characterize the speaker ; whose selfishness is seen in concealing the adventure of Perdita ; and here supported, by showing no regard for his son or her, but being taken up entirely with himself, though *fourscore three*.

And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks :—
 From my succession wipe me, father! I
 Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy:⁴ if my reason
 Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
 If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
 Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
 I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
 Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
 Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
 The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
 In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
 To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
 As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
 When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
 To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
 Upon his passion; Let myself and fortune
 Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
 And so deliver,—I am put to sea
 With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
 And, most opportune to our need, I have
 A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
 For this design. What course I mean to hold,
 Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
 Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
 I would your spirit were easier for advice,
 Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—
 I'll hear you by and by.

[*Takes her aside*

[*To CAMILLO*

Cam. He's irremovable,
 Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
 His going I could frame to serve my turn;
 Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
 Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
 And that unhappy king, my master, whom
 I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
 I am so fraught with curious business, that

[4] It must be remembered that *fancy* in our author very often, as in this place, means *love*. JOHNSON.

I leave out ceremony.

[Going.]

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' th' love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd : it is my father's music
To speak your deeds ; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I lov'd the king ;
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self ; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness ; where you may
Enjoy your mistress ; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forefend ! your ruin :) marry her ;
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done ?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go ?

Flo. Not any yet :
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do ; so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me :
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight ;—make for Sicilia ;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes ;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth : asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i' th' father's person : kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess : o'er and o'er divides him

'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness ; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him ?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down :
The which shall point you forth at every sitting,
What you must say ; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you :
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores ; most certain,
To miseries enough : no hope to help you ;
But, as you shake off one, to take another :
Nothing so certain as your anchors ; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be. Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love ;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true :
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so ?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
I' th' rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions ; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this ;
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon !—Camillo,—

Preserver of my father, now of me ;
 The medicin of our house !—how shall we do ?
 We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son ;
 Nor shall appear in Sicily——

Cam. My lord,
 Fear none of this : I think, you know, my fortunes
 Do all lie there : it shall be so my care
 To have you royally appointed, as if
 The scene you play, were mine. For instance, sir,
 That you may know you shall not want,—one word.

[They talk aside]

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha ! what a fool Honesty is ! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman ! I have sold all my trumpery ; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander,⁵ brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting : they throng who should buy first ; as if my trinkets had been hallowed,⁶ and brought a benediction to the buyer : by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture ; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words ; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears : you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless ; 'twas nothing to geld a cod-piece of a purse ; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains : no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses : and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAM. FLOR. and PER. come forward.]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
 So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you !

[5] A *pomander* was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague. GREY.

[6] This alludes to beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relic. JOHNSON.

All, that you speak, shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here ? [Seeing AUTOLYCUS.]

—We'll make an instrument of this ; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why, hanging.
[Aside]

Cam. How now, good fellow ? why shakest thou so ?
Fear not, man ; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still ; here's nobody will steal that
from thee ; yet for the outside of thy poverty, we must
make an exchange ; therefore, discase thee instantly, thou
must think, there's necessity in't, and change garments
with this gentleman : Though the pennyworth, on his
side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.⁷

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir :—I know ye well enough.
[Aside.]

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch : the gentleman is half
flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir ?—I smell the trick of it.—
[Aside.]

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest ; but I cannot with
conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[*FLO. and AUT. exchange garments.*]

—Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you !—you must retire yourself
Into some covert : take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows ; muffle your face ;
Dismantle you ; and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming ; that you may,
(For I do fear eyes over you,) to ship-board
Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy—
Have you done there ?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat :—
Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

[7] i. e. something over and above, or, as we now say, something to boot. JOHN.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot ?

Pray you, a word.

[They converse apart.]

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king *[Aside.*
Of this escape, and whither they are bound ;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after : in whose company
I shall review Sicilia ; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us !—

Thus we set on, Camillo, to th' sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[Exe. FLO. PER. and CAM.]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it : To have
an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is ne-
cessary for a cut-purse ; a good nose is requisite also, to
smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the
time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an ex-
change had this been without boot ? what a boot is
here, with this exchange ? Sure, the gods do this year
connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*.
The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity ; stealing
away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I
thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the
king withal, I would do't : I hold it the more knavery
to conceal it ; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

*Aside, aside ;—*here is more matter for a hot bram.
Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging,
yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see ; what a man you are now ! there is no
other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and
none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh
and blood has not offended the king ; and so, your flesh
and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those
things you found about her ; those secret things, all but
what she has with her : This being done, let the law go
whistle ; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and
his son's pranks too ; who, I may say, is no honest man

neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! *[Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance.—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.⁸—*[Takes off his false beard.]* How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant;⁹ say, you have none.

[8] *Pedler's excrement*—is pedler's beard. JOHNSON.

[9] This satire, on the bribery of courts, is not unpleasant. WARBURTON

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical;
a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.*

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' th' fardel?
Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box,
which none must know but the king; and which he shall
know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard
a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if
thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the
king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have
married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly;
the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will
break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make
heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane
to him, tho' removed fifty times, shall all come under the
hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is neces-
sary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to of-
fer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he
shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I:
Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few,
the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't
like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then,
'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's
nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram

[2] It seems that to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of some pretension to greatness or elegance. JOHNSON

dead : then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion : then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims,³ shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him ; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital ? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king : Being something gently consider'd,⁴ I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs ; and, if it be in man, besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority : close with him, give him gold ; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold : show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado : Remember, stoned, and flayed alive. |

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have : I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised ?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety :—Are you a party in this business ?

Clo. In some sort, sir : but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son :—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort : we must to the king, and show our strange sights : he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister ; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed ; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the seaside ; go on the right-hand ; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us : he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shep. and Clo.*]

[3] That is, the hottest day foretold in the almanac. JOHNSON.

[4] Means, I having a gentlemanlike consideration given me, i. e. a bribe, will bring you, &c. STEEVENS

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me ; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion ; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good ; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement ? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him : if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious ; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't : To him will I present them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of LEONTES.*
Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

Cleomenes.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow : no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd ; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass : At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done ; forget your evil ;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them ; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself : which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom ; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord :
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman ; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd !
She I kill'd ? I did so : but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did ; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought : Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady :
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd

Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign dame ; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well ?
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't ?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes :
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found ? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me ; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue ;
[To LEONTES,
The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
Left his to th' worthiest ; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel !—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes ;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives ; therefore, no wife : one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse ; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,

Begin, *And why to me?*

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leo. She had ; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so :
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye ; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her : then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me ; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leo. Stars, very stars,
And all eyes else dead coals ?—Fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave ?

Leo. Never, Paulina ; so be bless'd my spirit !

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.⁵

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.

Yet, if my lord will marry,—If you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will ; give me the office
To choose you a queen : she shall not be so young
As was your former ; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leo. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath ;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires
Access to your high presence.

Leo. What with him ? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness : his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,

[5] To *affront*, is to *meet*. JOHNSON.

'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leo. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think
(That e'er the sun shone bright on.)

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equalled;—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is such a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leo. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
[*Exit CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.*]
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
(Jewel of children,) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—
Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and Attend.
Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,

Conceiving you : Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him ; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome !
And your fair princess, goddess !—O, alas !
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do ! and then I lost
(All mine own folly,) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father ; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look upon.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia : and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother : and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you ; whom he loves
(He bade me say so,) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leo. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman !) the wrongs I have done thee, stir
Afresh within me ; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness !—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle,) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains ; much less
The adventure of her person ?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leo. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd ?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence ; from him, whose
daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her : thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly,) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness : My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd ;

Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here ! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman ; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin :
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless ; and your father's bless'd,
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you ?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me :
Desires you to attach his son ; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off,)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's Bohemia ? speak.

Lord. Here in the city ; I now came from him :
I speak amazedly ; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betrayed me ;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so, to his charge ;
He's with the king your father.

Leo. Who ? Camillo ?

Lord. Camillo, sir ; I spake with him ; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake : they kneel, they kiss the earth ;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak :
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them

With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—

The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leo. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leo. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chace us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she, to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now:⁶ with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition

[To FLORIZEL.]

Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.

[Exeunt.]

[6] Recollect the period when you were of my age. MALONE.

SCENE II.

The same. Before the Palace. Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.'

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business;—But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow: ⁷ but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more:—The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione:—her jewel about the neck of it:—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of noble-

[7] *Importance* here means, the thing imported. M. MASON

ness," which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* (Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner,⁸ that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.¹ Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her;² now he thanks the old shepherd, who stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns.³ I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much,) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat,

[8] *Affection* here perhaps means *disposition* or *quality*. *Affection* is used in *Hamlet* for *affection*, but that can hardly be the meaning here. MALONE.

[9] Our author seems to have picked up this little piece of tautology in his clerkship. It is the technical language of conveyancers. RITSON.

[1] i. e. countenance, features. STEEVENS.

[2] i. e. embracing her. STEEVENS.

[3] Thus the old copy. The modern editors—*weather-beaten*. *Weather-bitten* may mean, *corroded* by the weather. STEEVENS.

The reading of the old copies appears to be right. Antony Mundy, in the preface to *Gerileon of England*, the second part, &c. 1592, has—"winter-bitten epitaph."

RITSON

Conduits, representing a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and *weather-beaten*, still exists at Hoddesdon in Herts.

HENLEY.

that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina ! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband ; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled : She lifted the princess from the earth ; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes ; for by such was it acted.)

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter : 'till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears ; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, changed colour ; some swooned, all sorrowed : if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court ?

3 *Gent.* No : the princess, hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano ; (who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape :) He so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer ; thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone ; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand ; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a-day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing ?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access ?⁴ every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born : our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [Exeunt Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me,

[4] It was, I suppose, only to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shewn again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and, after the examination of the old Shepherd, the young lady might have been recognized in sight of the spectators. JOHNSON.

would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard him talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boers and franklins⁵ say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.⁶

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in PAULINA'S House. Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leo. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leo. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,

[5] *Franklin* is a *freeholder*, or *yeoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a gentleman. JOHNSON.

[6] *A tall fellow of thy hands* means, a stout fellow of your size. We measure horses by hands, which contain four inches; and from thence the phrase is taken. M. MASON.

Or hand of man hath done ; therefore I keep it
 Lonely, apart : But here it is : prepare
 To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
 Still sleep mock'd death : behold ; and say, 'tis well.

[PAUL. *undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue*
 I like your silence, it the more shows off
 Your wonder : But yet speak ;—first, you, my liege.
 Comes it not something near ?

Leo. Her natural posture !—

Chide me, dear stone ; that I may say, indeed,
 Thou art Hermione : or, rather, thou art she,
 In thy not chiding ; for she was as tender,
 As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
 Hermione was not so much wrinkled ; nothing
 So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence ;
 Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
 As she liv'd now.

Leo. As now she might have done,
 So much to my good comfort, as it is
 Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
 Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
 As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her !
 I am asham'd : Does not the stone rebuke me,
 For being more stone than it ?—O, royal piece,
 There's magic in thy majesty ; which has
 My evils conjur'd to remembrance ; and
 From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
 Standing like stone with thee !

Per. And give me leave ;
 And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
 I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
 Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
 Give me that hand of your's, to kiss.

Paul. O, patience ;
 The statue is but newly fix'd ; the colour's
 Not dry.⁷

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on ;
 Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,

[7] Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Elements of Architecture* mentions the fashion of colouring even regal statues for the stronger expression of affection, which he takes leave to call an English barbarism. Such, however, was the practice of the time : and unless the supposed statue of Hermione were painted, there could be no ruddiness upon her lip, nor could the veins verily seem to bear blood, as the poet expresses it afterwards. TOLLET.

So many summers, dry : scarce any joy
Did ever so long live ; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,⁸ (for the stone is mine,)
I'd not have show'd it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't ; lest your fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leo. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it ?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd ? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood ?

Pol. Masterly done :
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain ;
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leo. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together ;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you :
I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do, Paulina ;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her : What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear :
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your own
With oily painting : Shall I draw the curtain ?

Leo. No, not these twenty years.

[8] *Wrought*—i. e. worked, agitated. STEEVENS.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel ; or resolve you
For more amazement : If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move, indeed ; descend,
And take you by the hand : but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on : what to speak,
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith : Then, all stand still ;
Or those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed ;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music ; awake her : strike.— [Music
'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more : approach ;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come ;
I'll fill your grave up : stir ; nay, come away ;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs :

[HERMIONE comes down from the pedestal.
Start not : her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful : do not shun her,
Until you see her die again ; for then
You kill her double : Nay, present your hand :
When she was young, you woo'd her ; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leo. O, she's warm ! [Embracing her
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck ;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stol'n from the dead ?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale ; but it appears, she lives,

Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

[Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to HERMIONE.]

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leo. O peace, Paulina;
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable husband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty,
Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom, heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away. [Exeunt.]

[9] This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is naturally conceived and strongly represented. JOHNSON.

MACBETH.

OBSERVATIONS.

MACBETH.] In order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies ; but a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakespeare was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system that was then universally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from over-burdening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in most, by the learned themselves. The phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkness of ignorance has been more gross ; but it cannot be shown, that the brightest gleams of knowledge have at any time been sufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, seems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Christians imputed all their defeats to enchantments or diabolical opposition, as they ascribed their success to the assistance of their military saints ; and the learned Dr. Warburton appears to believe (*Supplement to the Introduction to Don Quixotte*) that the first accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world b

those who returned from their eastern expeditions. But there is always some distance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedness : this opinion had long existed, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been so frequent, nor the reception so general. Olympiodorus, in Photius's *Extracts*, tells us of one Libanius, who practised this kind of military magic, and having promised *χάρις ἐγγλῶν κατὰ βαρβάρων ἰνέειν*, to perform great things against the Barbarians without soldiers, was, at the instance of the empress Placida, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The empress showed some kindness in her anger, by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. Chrysostom's book *de Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a scene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age : he supposes a spectator overlooking a field of battle attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of destruction, and the arts of slaughter. *Δεικνύτο δὲ ἴτι παρὰ τοῖς ἐναντίοις καὶ πετομέναις ἰπποὺς διὰ τινος μαγικῆς, καὶ ὄπλῆτας δι' αἰθέρος φεραμέναις, καὶ πάσῃ γυνταίᾳ δυνάμει καὶ ἰδίᾳ.* Let him then proceed to show him in the opposite armies horses flying by enchantment, armed men transported through the air, and every power and form of magic. Whether St. Chrysostom believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his description, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that such notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the Saracens in a later age ; the wars with the Saracens however gave occasion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally discovers prodigies, but as the scene of action was removed to a great distance.

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually increasing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois, whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual sermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of King James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The King, who was

much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in his dialogues of *Dæmonologie*, written in the Scottish dialect, and published at Edinburgh. This book was, soon after his succession, reprinted at London, and as the ready way to gain King James's favour was to flatter his speculations, the system of *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity co-operated in its favour. The infection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of King James, made a law, by which it was enacted, chap. xii. That "if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit; 2. or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent or purpose; 3. or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of the grave,—or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. or shall use, practise, or exercise any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5. whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body; 6. That every such person being convicted shall suffer death." This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakespeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that Bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire,* where their number was

* In Nashe's *Leuten Stuff*, 1599, it is said, that no less than six hundred witches were executed at one time: "—it is evident, by the confession of the six hun-

greater than that of the houses. The jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits ; but they were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general infatuation Shakespeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true ; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting.

JOHNSON.

In the concluding paragraph of Dr. Johnson's admirable introduction to this play, he seems apprehensive that the fame of Shakespeare's magic may be endangered by modern ridicule. I shall not hesitate, however, to predict its security, till our national taste is wholly corrupted, and we no longer deserve the first of all dramatic enjoyments ; for such, in my opinion at least, is the tragedy of *Macbeth*.

STEEVENS.

Malcolm II. King of Scotland, had two daughters. The eldest was married to Crynin, the father of Duncan, Thane of the Isles, and western parts of Scotland ; and on the death of Malcolm, without male issue, Duncan succeeded to the throne. Malcolm's second daughter was married to Sinel, Thane of Glamis, the father of Macbeth. Duncan, who married the daughter* of Siward, Earl of Northumberland, was murdered by his cousin german, Macbeth, in the castle of Inverness, according to Buchanan, in the year 1040 ; according to Hector Boethius, in 1045. Boethius, whose *History of Scotland* was first printed in seventeen books, at Paris, in 1526, thus describes the event which forms the basis of the tragedy

dred Scotch witches executed in Scotland at Bartholomew tide was twelve month, that in Yarmouth road they were altogether in a plump on Christmas eve was two years, when the great flood was ; and there stirred up such tornadoes and furicanoes of tempests, as will be spoken of there whilst any winds or storms and tempests chafe and puff in the lower region."—*Reed*.

* —the daughter]— More probably the *sister*. See note on *The Cronykil of Andrew Wyntown*, Vol. II. p. 475. STEEVENS.

before us “*Macbeth, be persuasion of his wyfe, gaderit his friendis to ane counsall at Invernes, quhare kyng Duncane happennit to be for y^e tyme. And because he fand sufficient opportuntie, be support of Banquo and otheris his friendis, he slew kyng Duncane, the vii zeir of his regne.*” After the murder of Duncan, Macbeth “*come with ane gret power to Scone, and tuk the crowne.*” *Chroniclis of Scotland*, translated by John Belenden, folio, 1541. Macbeth was himself slain by Macduff in the year 1061, according to Boethius; according to Buchanan, in 1057; at which time King Edward the Confessor possessed the throne of England. Holinshed copied the history of Boethius, and on Holinshed’s relation Shakespeare formed his play.

In the reign of Duncan, Banquo having been plundered by the people of Lochabar of some of the king’s revenues, which he had collected, and being dangerously wounded in the affray, the persons concerned in this outrage were summoned to appear at a certain day. But they slew the *serjeant at arms* who summoned them, and chose one MACDOWALD as their captain. Macdowald speedily collected a considerable body of forces from Ireland and the Western Isles, and in one action gained a victory over the king’s army. In this battle Malcolm, a Scottish nobleman, who was (says Boethius) “*Lieutenant to Duncan in Lochabar,*” was slain. Afterwards Macbeth and Banquo were appointed to the command of the army; and Macdowald being obliged to take refuge in a castle in Lochabar, first slew his wife and children, and then himself. Macbeth, on entering the castle, finding his dead body, ordered his head to be cut off, and carried to the king, at the castle of Bertha, and his body to be hung on a high tree.

At a subsequent period, in the last year of Duncan’s reign, Sueno, King of Norway, landed a powerful army in Fife, for the purpose of invading Scotland. Duncan immediately assembled an army to oppose him, and gave the command of two divisions of it to Macbeth and Banquo, putting himself at the head of a third. Sueno was successful in one battle, but in a second was routed; and, after a great slaughter of his troops, he escaped with ten persons only, and fled back to Norway. Though there was an interval of time between the rebellion of Mac-

dowald and the invasion of Sueno, our author has woven these two actions together, and immediately after Sueno's defeat the present play commences.

It is remarkable that Buchanan has pointed out Macbeth's history as a subject for the stage. "*Multa hic fabulose quidam nostrorum affingunt; sed, quia theatris aut Milesiis fabulis sunt aptiora quam historia, ea omitto.*" RERUM SCOT. HIST. L. VII. But there was no translation of Buchanan's work till after our author's death.

This tragedy was written, I believe, in the year 1606. See *An attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakespeare's Plays.* Vol. II. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, *king of Scotland.*

MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, } *his sons.*

MACBETH,
BANQUO, } *generals of the king's army.*

MACDUFF,
LENOX,
ROSSE,
MENTETH,
ANGUS,
CATHNESS, } *noblemen of Scotland.*

FLEANCE, *son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.*

Young SIWARD, *his son.*

SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

Lady MACBETH.

Lady MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

*HECATE, and three Witches.**

*Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants,
and Messengers.*

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE—*in the end of the fourth act, lies in England;
through the rest of the play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at
Macbeth's castle.*

* As the play now stands, in Act IV. sc. i. three other witches make their appearance. See note thereon. STEEVENS.



1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8



10

11

12

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I — *An open Place. Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.*

1 Witch.

WHEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won :¹

3 Witch. That will be ere set of sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath :

3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

1 Witch. I come, Graymalkin !²

All. Paddock calls :³—Anon.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair :

Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Witches vanish.*]

SCENE II.

A Camp near Fores. Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt

[1] i. e. the battle in which Macbeth was then engaged. WARBURTON.

[2] From a little black-letter book, entitled, *Beware the Cat*, 1584, I find it was permitted to a Witch "to take on her a cat's body nine times." Mr. Upton observes, that to understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad. STEEVENS.

[3] According to the late Dr. Goldsmith, and some other naturalists, a *frog* is called a *paddock* in the North. In Shakespeare, however, it certainly means a *toad*. The representation of St. James in the witches' house (one of the set of prints taken from the painter called *Hellish Breugel*, 1566,) exhibits witches flying up and down the chimney on brooms: and before the fire sit *grimalkin* and *paddock*, i. e. a *cat*, and a *toad*, with several *baboons*. There is a cauldron boiling, with a witch near it cutting out the tongue of a snake, as an ingredient for the charm.

STEEVENS.

The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity :—Hail, brave friend !
Say to the king, the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sol. Doubtfully it stood ;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel ; for, to that,
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied ;⁴
And fortune on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore : But all's too weak :
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave ;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to th' chaps,⁵
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

Sol. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection⁶
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break ;

[4] Whether *supplied of*, for *supplied from* or *with*, was a kind of Grecism of Shakespeare's expression ; or whether *of* be a corruption of the editors, who took *Kernes and Gallowglasses*, which were only light and heavy armed foot, to be the names of two of the western islands, I don't know. **WARBURTON.**

Of and *with* are indiscriminately used by our ancient writers. **STEEVENS.**

[5] We seldom hear of such terrible cross blows given and received but by giants and miscreants in *Amadis de Gaule*. Besides it must be a strange awkward stroke that could rip him upwards from the navel to the chaps. But Shakespeare certainly wrote :

—he unseam'd him from the *nape* to the *chaps*,
i. e. cut his skull in two ; which might be done by a Highlander's sword. This was a reasonable blow, and very naturally expressed, on supposing it given when the head of the wearied combatant was reclining downwards at the latter end of a long duel. For the *nape* is the hinder part of the neck, where the *vertebrae* join to the bone of the skull. The word *unseamed* likewise becomes very proper, and alludes to the suture which goes across the crown of the head in that direction called the *sutura sagittalis* : and which consequently, must be opened by such a stroke.

WARBURTON

[6] The thought is expressed with some obscurity, but the plain meaning is this : " As the same quarter, whence the blessing of day-light arises, sometimes sends us, by a dreadful reverse, the calamities of storms and tempests ; so the glorious event of Macbeth's victory, which promised us the comforts of peace, was immediately succeeded by the alarming news of the Norweyan invasion."

STEEVENS

So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sol. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,⁸
I cannot tell:—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons.
[*Exit Soldier, attended.*]

Enter Rosse.

—Who comes here?

Mal. The worthythane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should
he look,

That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthythane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,⁹
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
Thethane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,¹
Confronted him with self-comparisons,²

[8] I. e. or make another Golgotha, which should be celebrated and delivered down to posterity, with as frequent mention as the first. HEATH.

[9] The banners may be poetically described as waving in mockery or defiance of the sky. STEEVENS.

[1] *Lapp'd in proof*, is, defended by armour of proof. STEEVENS.

[2] I. e. gave him as good as he brought, shew'd he was his equal.

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us ;—

Dun. Great happiness !

Rosse. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition ;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,³
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest :—Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.

A Heath. Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister ?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou ?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuds in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd :—*Give me,*
quoth I :

*Aroint thee, witch !*⁴ the rump-fed ronyon' cries.

[3] *Colmes'-tach*, now called *Inchcomb*, is a small island lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb. *Inch*, or *Inche*, in the Irish and Erse languages, signifies an island. STEEVENS.

[4] *Aroint*, or *avaunt*, begone. POPE.

In one of the folio editions the reading is—*Aroint thee*, in a sense very consistent with the common account of witches, who are related to perform many supernatural acts, by the means of unguents, and particularly to fly through the air to the places where they meet at their hellish festivals. In this sense, *aroint thee, witch*, will mean, *away, witch, to your infernal assembly*. This reading I was inclined to favour, because I had met with the word *aroint* in no other author; till looking into Hearne's *Collections*, I found it in a very old drawing, that he has published, in which St. Patrick is represented visiting hell, and putting the devils into great confusion by his presence, of whom one, that is driving the damned before him with a prong, has a label issuing out of his mouth with these words, *Out out aroingt*, of which the last is evidently the same with *aroint*, and used in the same sense as in this passage. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's memory, on the present occasion, appears to have deceived him in more than a single instance. The subject of the above-mentioned drawing is ascertained by a label affixed to it in Gothic letters. *Jesus Christus resurgens a mortuis spoliat infernum*. My predecessor, indeed, might have been misled by an uncouth abbreviation in the Sacred Name. The words—*Out out aroingt*, are addressed to our Redeemer by Satan, who, the better to enforce them, accompanies them with a blast of the horn he holds in his right hand. *Tartareum intendit cornu*. Satan is not "driving the damned before him;" nor is any other daemon present to undertake that office. Redemption not punishment is the subject of the piece. "Rynt

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' Tiger :

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,⁶

And, like a rat without a tail,⁷

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch*. I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch*. Thou art kind.

3 *Witch*. And I another.

1 *Witch*. I myself have all the other ;

And the very ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' th' shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay :

Sleep shall, neither night nor day,

Hang upon his pent-house lid ;

He shall live a man forbid :⁸

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :⁹

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.

Look what I have.

2 *Witch*. Show me, show me.

1 *Witch*. Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wreck'd, as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*]

3 *Witch*. A drum, a drum ;

Macbeth doth come.

you, witch, quoth Besse Locket to her mother," is a north country proverb.

STEEVENS

[5] i. e. Scabby or mangy woman. Fr. rogneux, royne, scurf. STEEVENS.

The chief cooks in noblemen's families, colleges, religious houses, hospitals, &c. anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees of kidneys, fat, trotters, *rumps*, &c. which they sold to the poor. The weird sister in this scene, as an insult on the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, reproaches her poor abject state, as not being able to procure better provision than offals, which are considered as the refuse of the tables of others. COLEPEPER.

[6] Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, says it was believed that witches "could sail in an egg shell, a cockle or muscle shell, through and under the tempestuous seas." STEEVENS.

[7] It should be remembered, (as it was the belief of the times,) that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting. The reason given by some old writers, for this deficiency, is, that though the hands and feet, by an easy change, might be converted into the four paws of a beast, there was still no part about a woman which corresponded with the length of tail common to almost all four-footed creatures. STEEVENS.

[8] i. e. as one under a curse, an *interdiction*. So, among the Romans, an outlaw's sentence was *Aqua & Ignis interdiction* ; i. e. he was forbid the use of water and fire, which implied the necessity of banishment. THEOBALD.

[9] This mischief was supposed to be put in execution by means of a waxen figure, which represented the person who was to be consumed by slow degrees.

STEEVENS.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,¹
 Posters of the sea and land,
 Thus do go about, about ;
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
 And thrice again, to make up nine :
 Peace !—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores?—What are these,
 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire ;
 That look not like the inhabitants o' th' earth,
 And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
 That man may question? You seem to understand me,
 By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear

[1] These weird sisters were the *Fates* of the northern nations; the three hand-maids of Odin. "Hæ nominantur Valkyriæ, quas quodvis ad prælium Odinus mittit. Hæ viros mortis destinant, et victoriam gubernant. Gunna, et Rota, et Parcarum minima Skullda: per aera et maria, equitant sæmper ad morituros eligendos; et cædes in potestate habent." Bartholinus de Causis contemptæ a Danis adhuc Gentilibus mortis. It is for this reason that Shakespeare makes them *three*; and calls them

Posters of the sea and land;

and intent only upon death and mischief. However, to give this part of his work the more dignity, he intermixes, with this Northern, the Greek and Roman superstitions; and puts Hecate at the head of their enchantments. And to make it still more familiar to the common audience (which was always his point,) he adds, for another ingredient, a sufficient quantity of our own country superstitions concerning witches; their beards, their cats, and their broomsticks. So that his *witch-scenes* are like the charm they prepare in one of them; where the ingredients are gathered from every thing *shocking* in the *natural* world, as here, from every thing *absurd* in the *moral*. But as extravagant as all this is, the play has had the power to charm and bewitch every audience, from that time to this.

WARBURTON.

The Valkyriæ or Valkyriur, were not barely three in number. The learned critic might have found, in Bartholinus, not only Gunna, Rota, et Skullda, but also, Scogula, Hilda, Gondula, and Geiросcogula. Bartholinus adds, that their number is yet greater, according to other writers who speak of them. They were the cupbearers of Odin, and conductors of the dead. They were distinguished by their elegance of forms; and it would be as just to compare youth and beauty with age and deformity, as the Valkyriæ of the North with the Witches of Shakespeare.

STEEVENS.

Things that do sound so fair ?—I' th' name of truth,
 Are ye fantastical,² or that indeed
 Which outwardly ye show ? My noble partner
 You greet with present grace, and great prediction
 Of noble having, and of royal hope,
 That he seems rapt withal ; to me you speak not :
 If you can look into the seeds of time,
 And say, which grain will grow, and which will not ;
 Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
 Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail ! 2 *Witch.* Hail ! 3 *Witch.* Hail !

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none :
 So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo !

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail !

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more :
 By Sinel's death,³ I know, I am thane of Glamis ;
 But how of Cawdor ? the thane of Cawdor lives,
 A prosperous gentleman ; and, to be king,
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence ? or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetic greeting ?—Speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vanish.*]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
 And these are of them :—Whither are they vanish'd ?

Macb. Into the air ; and what seem'd corporal, melted
 As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid !

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about ?
 Or have we eaten of the insane root,⁴
 That takes the reason prisoner ?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too ; went it not so ?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here ?

Enter Rosse and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
 The news of thy success : and when he reads

[2] By *fantastical*, he means creatures of *fantasy* or imagination : the question is, Are these real beings before us, or are we deceived by illusions of fancy ?

JOHNSON.

[3] The father of Macbeth. POPE.

[4] Shakespeare alludes to the qualities anciently ascribed to hemlock.

STEEVENS.

Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend,
 Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
 In viewing o'er the rest o' th' self-same day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
 Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
 Came post with post;⁵ and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
 And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
 To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
 To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
 He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
 In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
 For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you
 dress me
 In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
 But under heavy judgment bears that life
 Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
 Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
 With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
 He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
 But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
 Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
 The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
 Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
 When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
 Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,⁶
 Might yet enkindle⁷ you unto the crown,
 Besides the thane of Cawdor. (But 'tis strange:
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths;)

[5] Meaning that the news came as *thick* as a tale can travel with the post.

JOHNSON.
 Dr. Johnson's explanation is perfectly justifiable. As *thick*, in ancient language,
 signified as *fast*. To speak *thick*, in our author, does not therefore mean, to have a
 cloudy indistinct utterance, but to deliver words with rapidity. STEEVENS.

[6] i. e. entirely, thoroughly relied on. STEEVENS.

[7] *Enkindle*, for stimulate you to seek. WARBURTON.

Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—

Cousins, a word, I pray you. .

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act⁸
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.
—This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill ; cannot be good :—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth ? I amthane of Cawdor :
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart⁹ knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature ? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings :
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man,¹ that function
Is smother'd in surmise ; and nothing is,
But what is not.²

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may
crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments ; cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may ;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.³

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour :—my dull brain was
wrought

[8] *Swelling* is used in the same sense in the prologue to *King Henry V* :

“ —princes to act,

And monarchs to behold the *swelling* scene.” STEEVENS.

[9] i. e. fixed, firmly placed. STEEVENS.

[1] The *single state of man* seems to be used by Shakespeare for an individual, in opposition to a commonwealth, or conjunct body. JOHNSON.

[2] All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me but that, which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence. JOHNSON.

[3] “ By this, I confess I do not, with his two last commentators, imagine is meant either the tautology of time and the hour, or an allusion to time painted with an hour-glass, or an exhortation to time to hasten forward, but rather to say *tempus et hora*, time and occasion, will carry the thing through, and bring it to some determined point and end, let its nature be what it will.” This note is taken from an *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare*, &c. by Mrs. Montagu.

STEEVENS.

With things forgotten.⁴ Kind gentlemen, your pains
 Are register'd where every day I turn
 The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
 Think upon what hath chanc'd ; and, at more time,
 The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
 Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

Fores. *A Room in the Palace. Flourish. Enter DUNCAN.*
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor ? Are not
 Those in commission yet return'd ?

Mal. My liege,
 They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
 With one that saw him die :⁵ who did report,
 That very frankly he confess'd his treasons ;
 Implor'd your highness' pardon ; and set forth
 A deep repentance : nothing in his life
 Became him, like the leaving it ; he died
 As one that had been studied in his death,⁶
 To throw away the dearest thing he lov'd,
 As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
 To find the mind's construction in the face :⁷
 He was a gentleman on whom I built
 An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin !

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
 Was heavy on me : Thou art so far before,
 That swiftest wing of recompense is slow

[4] My head was *worked*, *agitated*, put into commotion. JOHNSON.

[5] The behaviour of the *thane of Cawdor* corresponds, in almost every circumstance with that of the unfortunate earl of Essex, as related by Stowe, p. 793. His asking the queen's forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian. Such an allusion could not fail of having the desired effect on an audience, many of whom were eye-witnesses to the severity of that justice which deprived the age of one of its greatest ornaments, and Southampton, Shakespeare's patron, of his dearest friend. STEEVENS.

[6] *Studied*—instructed in the art of dying. It was usual to say *studied*, for *learned* in science. JOHNSON.

[7] The *construction of the mind* is, I believe, a phrase peculiar to Shakespeare ; it implies the *frame* or *disposition* of the mind, by which it is determined to good or ill. JOHNSON.

To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine ! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties : and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants ;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe towards your love and honour.*

Dun. Welcome hither :
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm ; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland : which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,⁹
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you :
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor !

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland !—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, [*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires !
Let not light see my black and deep desires :
The eye wink at the hand ! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

[8] From Scripture : " So when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants : we have done that which was our duty to do." HENLEY.

[9] Dr. Johnson, observes, in his Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland, that the walls of the castle of Macbeth, at Inverness, are yet standing. STEVENS.

Dun. True, worthy Banquo ; he is full so valiant ;
 And in his commendations I am fed ;
 It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :
 It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Inverness. A Room in MACBETH'S Castle. Enter Lady MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M.—*They met me in the day of success ; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives¹ from the king, who all-hailed me, Thane of Cawdor ; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, Hail, king that shalt be ! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness ; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be
 What thou art promis'd :—Yet do I fear thy nature ;
 It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness,
 To catch the nearest way : Thou would'st be great ;
 Art not without ambition ; but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
 That would'st thou holily ; would'st not play false,
 And yet would'st wrongly win : thou'dst have, great
 Glamis,

That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it ;*
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,²
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your tidings ?

[1] i. e. messengers. STEEVENS.

[2] The golden round is the diadem. JOHNSON.

Metaphysical, which Dr. Warburton has justly observed, means *supernatural*, seems, in our author's time, to have had no other meaning. MALONE.

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news.—The raven himself is hoarse,²
[Exit Attendant.]

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts,³ unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;⁴
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it!⁵ Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall,⁶ you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief!⁷ Come, thick night,
And pall thee⁸ in the dunkest smoke of hell!

[2] The following is, in my opinion, the sense of this passage:

Give him tending; the news he brings are worth the speed that made him lose his breath. *[Exit Attendant.]* 'Tis certain now—the raven himself is *spent*, is hoarse by croaking this very message, the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements. FUSELL.

[3] This expression signifies not the thoughts of mortals, but murderous, deadly or destructive designs. JOHNSON.

[4] *Remorse*, in ancient language, signifies pity. STEEVENS.

[5] The intent of Lady Macbeth is evidently to wish that no womanish tenderness, or conscientious remorse, may hinder her purpose from proceeding to effect: but neither this, nor indeed any other sense, is expressed by the present reading, and therefore it cannot be doubted that Shakespeare wrote differently, perhaps thus:

That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep *pace* between
The effect and it.

To keep *pace* between, may signify to pass between, to intervene. *Pace* is, on many occasions, a favourite of Shakespeare's. This phrase is indeed not usual in this sense; but was it not its novelty that gave occasion to the present corruption. JOHNSON.

[6] Take away my milk, and put gall into the place. JOHNSON.

[7] *Nature's mischief* is mischief done to nature, violation of nature's order committed by wickedness. JOHNSON.

[8] i. e. wrap thyself in a *pall*. WARBURTON

That my keen knife⁹ see not the wound it makes ;
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry, *Hold, hold !*——Great Glamis ! worthy Caw-
 dor !¹⁰

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present, and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
 Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence ?

Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
 Shall sun that morrow see !

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
 May read strange matters :¹¹ To beguile the time,
 Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue : look like the innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under it.) He that's coming
 Must be provided for : and you shall put
 This night's great business into my despatch ;
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear ;
 To alter favour ever is to fear:
 Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

[9] The word *knife*, which at present has a familiar undignified meaning, was anciently used to express a sword or dagger. STEEVENS.

[1] The thought is taken from the old military laws which inflicted capital punishment upon "whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *hold*, to the intent to part them; except that they did fight a combat in a place enclosed: and then no man shall be so hardy as to bid *hold*, but the general." P. 264 of Mr. Bellay's Instructions for the Wars, translated in 1589. TOLLET.

[2] Shakespeare has supported the character of Lady Macbeth by repeated efforts, and never omits any opportunity of adding a trait of ferocity, or a mark of the want of human feelings, to this monster of his own creation. The softer passions are more obliterated in her than in her husband, in proportion as her ambition is greater. She meets him here on his arrival from an expedition of danger, with such a salutation as would have become one of his friends or vassals; a salutation apparently fitted rather to raise his thoughts to a level with her own purposes, than to testify her joy at his return, or manifest an attachment to his person: nor does any sentiment expressive of love or softness fall from her throughout the play. While Macbeth himself, amidst the horrors of his guilt, still retains a character less fiend-like than that of his queen, talks to her with a degree of tenderness, and pours his complaints and fears into her bosom, accompanied with terms of endearment. STEEVENS.

[3] That is, thy looks are such as will awaken men's curiosity, excite their attention, and make room for suspicion. HEATH.

SCENE VI.

The same. Before the Castle. Hautboys. Servants of MACBETH attending. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat;⁴ the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet,⁵ does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty,⁶ frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage,⁷ but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, the air
Is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess!
{ The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. } Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-yield us for your pains,⁸
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,

[4] This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo, observing the martlets' nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakespeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented.—This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of domestic life.

SIR J. REYNOLDS.

[5] This bird is in the old edition called *barlet*. JOHNSON.

[6] A jutty, or *jetty*, (for so it ought rather to be written) is not here, as has been supposed, an epithet to *frieze*, but a substantive; signifying that part of a building which shoots forward beyond the rest. MALONE.

[7] *Coinage of vantage*—Convenient corner. JOHNSON.

[8] To bid any one *God-yield him*, i. e. *God-yield him*, was the same as God reward him. WARBURTON.

And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.³

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure.
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*The same. A Room in the Castle. Hautboys and torches.
Enter and pass over the stage, a Sewer,⁴ and divers Ser-
vants with dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH.*

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly:⁵ If the assassination

[3] That is, we as hermits shall always pray for you. STEEVENS.

[4] A *sewer* was an officer so called from his placing the dishes upon the table. *Assour*, French; from *asseoir*, to place. Another part of the *sewer's* office was to bring water for the guests to wash their hands with. It may be worth while to observe, for the sake of preserving an ancient word, that the dishes served in by *sewers* were called *sewes*. STEEVENS.

[5] Of this soliloquy the meaning is not very clear; I have never found the readers of Shakespeare agreeing about it. I understand it thus:

"If that which I am about to do, when it is once *done* and executed, were *done* and *ended* without any following effects, it would then be best to *do it quickly*; if the murder could terminate in itself, and restrain the regular course of consequences. If *its success* could secure *its surcease*, if, being once done *successfully*, without defection, it could *fix a period* to all vengeance and inquiry, so that *this blow* might be all that I have to do, and this anxiety all that I have to suffer; if this could be my condition, even *here in this world*, in this contracted period of temporal existence, on this narrow bank in the ocean of eternity, *I would jump the life to come*, I would venture upon the deed without care of any future state. But this is one of those cases in which judgment is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us *here in our present life*. We teach others to do as we have done, and are punished by our own example." JOHNSON.

We are told by Dryden, that "Ben Jonson, in reading some bombast speeches in *Macbeth*, which are not to be understood, used to say that it was *horror*."—Perhaps the present passage was one of those thus depreciated. Any person but this envious detractor would have dwelt with pleasure on the transcendent beauties of this sublime tragedy, which, after *Othello*, is perhaps our author's greatest work; and would have been more apt to have been thrown into "strong shudders" and blood-freezing "agues," by its interesting and high wrought

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
 With his surcease, success ;⁶ that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,⁷—
 We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
 We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague th' inventor : This even-handed justice
 Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust :
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek,⁸ hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off :
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,⁹
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.¹—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
 And falls on the other.—How now, what news ?

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*²

Lady M. He has almost supp'd ; Why have you left
 the chamber ?

scenes, than to have been offended by any imaginary hardness of its language for such it appears from the context, is what he meant by *horror*.

MALONE.

[6] *Surcease* is cessation, stop. STEEVENS.

[7] By the *shoal of time*, our author means the shallow ford of life, between us and the abyss of eternity. STEEVENS.

[8] *Faculties*, for office, exercise of power, &c. Warburton.

[9] *Courier* is only runner. Couriers of air are winds, air in motion. Sightless is invisible. JOHNSON.

The thought of the *cherubim* (as has been somewhere observed) seems to have been borrowed from the eighteenth Psalm : " He rode upon the cherubim, and did fly, he came flying upon the wings of the wind." Again, in *Job*, ch. xxx, v. 22 : " Thou causest me to ride upon the wind." MALONE.

[1] Alluding to the remission of the wind in a shower. JOHNSON.

[2] The arguments by which lady Macbeth persuades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the house-breaker, and some-

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me ?

Lady M. Know you not, he has ?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business :
He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you drest yourself ? hath it slept since ?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely ? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire ? (Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem ;
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' th' adage ?⁴)

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace :
I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me ?
When you durst do it, then you were a man ;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck ; and know

times the conqueror ; but this sophism Macbeth has forever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude, in a line and a half ; of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been lost :

*I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more is none.*

This topic, which has been always employed with too much success, is used in this scene, with peculiar propriety, to a soldier by a woman. Courage is the distinguishing virtue of a soldier ; and the reproach of cowardice cannot be borne by any man from a woman without great impatience.

She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himself to murder Duncan, another art of sophistry by which men have sometimes deluded their consciences, and persuaded themselves that what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them : this argument, Shakespeare, whose plan obliged him to make Macbeth yield, has not confuted, though he might easily have shown that a former obligation could not be vacated by a latter ; that obligations, laid on us by a higher power, could not be overruled by obligations which we lay upon ourselves. JOHNSON.

[4] The adage alluded to is, *The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet :*
Catus amat pisces. sed non vult tingere plantas. JOHNSON.

How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me :
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—

Lady M. We fail !

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel⁶ so convince,⁶
That memory, the warder⁷ of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt⁸ of reason
A limbeck only :⁹ When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon
His spongy officers ; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell ?¹

Macb. Bring forth men-children only !
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't ?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death ?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up²

[5] Selden conjectures this to have been a usual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengist, as a note of *health-wishing*, supposing the expression to be corrupted from *wish-heit*. *Wassel* or *Wassail* is a word still in use in the midland counties, and signifies at present what is called Lambs'-Wool, i. e. roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. JOHNSON.

[6] To *convince* is, in Shakespeare, to overpower or subdue. JOHNSON.

[7] A *warder* is a guard, a sentinel. STEEVENS.

[8] i. e. the receptacle. MALONE.

[9] That is, shall be only a vessel, to emit *fumes* or *vapours*. JOHNSON.

[1] *Quell* is murder, *manquellers* being, in the old language the term for which *murderers* is now used. JOHNSON.

The word is used in Wicliff's translation of the New Testament, "and Herod sent forth *manquellers*," &c. STEEVENS.

[2] A metaphor from the bow. Till this instant, the mind of Macbeth has been in a state of uncertainty and fluctuation. He has hitherto proved neither resolutely good, nor obstinately wicked. Though a bloody idea had arisen in his mind, after he had heard the prophecy in his favour, yet he contentedly leaves the completion of his hopes to chance. At the conclusion, however, of his interview with Duncan, he inclines to hasten the decree of fate, and quits

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. Court within the Castle. Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant, with a torch before them.*

Banquo.

How goes the night, boy ?

Fle. The moon is down ; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword :—There's husbandry in heaven,³

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep : Merciful powers !

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose !⁴—Give me my sword ;—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there ?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest ? The king's a-bed :
 He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

the stage with an apparent resolution to murder his sovereign. But no sooner is the king under his roof, than, reflecting on the peculiarities of his own relative situation, he determines not to offend against the laws of hospitality or the ties of subjection, kindred, and gratitude. His wife then assails his constancy afresh. He yields to her suggestions, and with his integrity his happiness is destroyed. I have enumerated these particulars, because the waverings of Macbeth have, by some critics been regarded as unnatural and contradictory circumstances in his character ; not remembering that *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, or that (as Angelo observes.)

“ —when once our grace we have forgot,

“ Nothing goes right ; we would, and we would not”—

a passage which contains no unapt justification of the changes that happen in the conduct of Macbeth. STEEVENS.

[3] *Husbandry* here means thrift, frugality. MALONE.

[4] It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the Witches, that his waking senses were shocked at ; and Shakespeare has here most exquisitely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep : while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose. The one is unwilling to sleep, lest the same phantoms should assail his resolution again, while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder. STEEV.

Sent forth great largess to your offices :⁵
 This diamond he greets your wife withal,
 By the name of most kind hostess ; and shut up
 In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
 Our will became the servant to defect ;
 Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
 I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :
 To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them :
 Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
 Would spend it in some words upon that business,
 If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis,
 It shall make honour for you.⁶

Ban. So I lose none,
 In seeking to augment it, but still keep
 My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
 I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while !

Ban. Thanks, sir ; the like to you ! *[Exit BANQUO.]*

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
 She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. *[Exit Ser.]*
 Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch
 thee :—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight ? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind ; a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going ;

[5] *Offices* are rooms appropriated to servants and culinary purposes.

STEEVENS.

[6] Macbeth expresses his thought with affected obscurity ; he does not mention the royalty, though he apparently had it in his mind. *If you shall cleave to my consent, if you shall concur with me when I determine to accept the crown, when 'tis, when that happens which the prediction promises, it shall make honour for you.*

JOHNSON.

That Banquo was apprehensive of a design upon the crown, is evident from his reply, which affords Macbeth so little encouragement that he drops the subject

RITSON.

And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still ;
 And on thy blade, and dudgeon,⁷ gouts⁸ of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing :
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world,
 Nature seems dead,⁹ and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep ;¹ now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 The very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it :—Whiles I threat, he lives ;
 Words to the heat of deeds to cold breath gives.

[A bell rings.]

I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.

[7] *Dudgeon*—the haft or handle of a dagger. STEEVENS.

[8] Or drops, French. POPE.

Gouts is the technical term for the *spots* on some part of the plumage of a hawk ; or perhaps Shakespeare used the word in allusion to a phrase in heraldry.

STEEVENS

[9] That is, *over our hemisphere all action and motion seem to have ceased.*

This image, which is, perhaps, the most striking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by Dryden, in his *Conquest of Mexico* :

" All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead,
 The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head ;
 The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
 And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night dews sweat,
 Even lust and envy sleep !"

These lines, though so well known, I have transcribed, that the contrast between them and this passage of Shakespeare may be more accurately observed. Night is described by two great poets, but one describes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of Dryden, all the disturbers of the world are laid asleep ; in that of Shakespeare, nothing but sorcery, lust, and murder, is awake. He that reads Dryden, finds himself lulled with serenity, and disposed to solitude and contemplation. He that peruses Shakespeare, looks around alarmed, and starts to find himself alone. One is the night of a lover ; the other of a murderer.

JOHNSON.

[1] Probably Shakespeare wrote : The curtain'd *slipper*. The folio spells the word *sleeps*. STEEVENS.

Mr. S's emendation is entitled to a place in the text. It is clearly Shakespeare's own word. RITSON.

[2] Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such a horror to the night, as suited well with the bloody deed he was about to perform. Mr. Burke, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, observes, that " all general privations are great, because they are all terrible." and, with other things, he gives *silence* as an instance, illustrating the whole by that remarkable passage in Virgil, where amidst all the images of terror that could be united, the circumstance of *silence* is particularly dwelt upon :

" Dii quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes,
 In Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte latentia late." STEEVENS.

Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath
made me bold :
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire :—Hark !
—Peace !

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it :
The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores : I have drugg'd their
possets,³

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there ?—what, ho !

Lady M. Alack ! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done :—th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us :—Hark !—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't.⁴—My husband ?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed :—Didst thou not hear
a noise ?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak ?

Macb. When ?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark !—Who lies i' th' second chamber ?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

[3] It appears from this passage, as well as from many others in our old dramatic performances, that it was the custom to eat *possets* just before bed-time. Mrs. Quickly promises Jack Rugby a *posset* at night. STEEVENS.

[4] This is very artful. For, as the poet has drawn the lady and her husband, it would be thought the act should have been done by her. It is likewise highly just; for though ambition had subdued in her all the sentiments of nature towards present objects, yet the likeness of one *past*, which she had been accustomed to regard with reverence, made her unnatural passions, for a moment give way to the sentiments of instinct and humanity. WARBURTON

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one
cried, *murder* !

That they did wake each other ; I stood and heard them :
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, *God bless us !* and, *Amen*, the other ;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say, *Amen*,
When they did say, *God bless us*.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, *amen* ?
I had most need of blessing, and *amen*
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more !*
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep ;
Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast ;—

Lady M. What do you mean ?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more !* to all the house :
Glamis hath murder'd sleep ; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more !

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried ? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things :—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lie there : Go, carry them ; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more :—
I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose !
Give me the daggers : The sleeping, and the dead,

[5] *Sleeve* signifies the ravelled knotty part of the silk, which gives great trouble and embarrassment to the knitter or weaver. HEATH.

Drayton, a poet of Shakespeare's age, has likewise alluded to *sleeve* or *ravelled* silk, in his *Quest of Cynthia* :

" At length I on a fountain light,
Whose brim with pinks was platted,
The banks with daffadillies dight,
With grass, like *sleeve* was matted." LANGTON

Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking ?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me ?
What hands are here ? Ha ! they pluck out mine eyes !
Will all great Neptune's ocean⁶ wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,⁷
Making the green—one red.⁸

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry :—retire we to our chamber :
A little water clears us of this deed :
How easy is it then ? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark ! more
knocking :
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers :—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know my-
self.⁹ [*Knock.*]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! Ay, 'would thou couldst !
[*Exit*]

[6] "Suscepit, o Gellii, quantum non ultima Tethys,
Nec genitor nympharum abluat oceanus." *Catul. in Gel. 63.* STEEVENS.

[7] To *incarnardine* is to stain any thing of a flesh colour, or red. *Carnardine* is the old term for *Carnation*. STEEVENS.

The word may be exemplified from Carew's *Obsequies to the Lady Anne Hay* :

"One shall ensphere thine eyes ; another shall
Impearl thy teeth ; a third, thy white and small
Hand shall bespew ; a fourth, *incarnardine*
Thy rosy cheek." WAKEFIELD.

[8] *One red* does not sound to my ear as the phraseology of the age of Elizabeth ; and *the green*, for *the green one*, or for *the green sea*, is, I am persuaded, unexampled. MALONE.

The expression—"one red," may be justified by language more ancient than that of Shakespeare. In *Genesis*, ii. 24. and in several other places in scripture, we have—"one flesh." Again in our Liturgy : "—be made one fold under one shepherd." STEEVENS.

[9] I. e. While I have the thoughts of this deed, it were best not know, or be lost to, myself. This is an answer to the lady's reproof. WARBURTON.

SCENE III.

The same. Enter a Porter. [Knocking within.]

Port. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key.¹ [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i' th' name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: Come in time; have napkins² enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i' th' other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator,³ that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose:⁴ Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire, [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, that you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclu-

[1] i. e. frequent more than enough. STEEVENS.

[2] i. e. Handkerchiefs. STEEVENS.

[3] Meaning a Jesuit: an order so troublesome to the state in Queen Elizabeth and King James the First's time. The inventors of the execrable doctrine of equivocation. Warburton.

[4] The archness of the joke consists in this, that a French hose being very short and strait, a tailor must be master of his trade who could steal any thing from thence. Warburton.

sion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' th' very throat o' me : But I requited him for his lie ; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring ?——
Our knocking has awak'd him ; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir !

Macb. Good-morrow, both !

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane ?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him ;
I have almost slipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you ;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.'

[Exit MACDUFF]

Len. Goes the king
From hence to-day ?

Macb. He does :—he did appoint it so.

Len. The night has been unruly : Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down : and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' th' air ; strange screams of death ;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th' woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night : some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror ! horror ! horror ! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee !

Macb. Len. What's the matter ?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece !
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' th' building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*]

Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror! [Bell rings.]

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak,—

Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.—
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

[6] Had she been innocent, nothing but the murder itself, and not any of its aggravating circumstances, would naturally have affected her. As it was, her business was to appear highly disordered at the news. Therefore like one who has her thoughts about her, she seeks for an aggravating circumstance, that might be supposed most to affect her personally; not considering, that by placing it there, she discovered rather a concern for herself than for the King. On the contrary, her husband, who had repented the act, and was now labouring under the horrors of a recent murder in his exclamation, gives all the marks of sorrow for the fact itself.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss ?

Macb. You are, and do not know it :

The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd ; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom ?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't :
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows :

They star'd, and were distracted ; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal, and neutral, in a moment ? No man :

{ The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood ;
{ And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breach'd with gore : Who could refrain,
{ That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known ?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho !

Macd. Look to the lady.⁹

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours ?

Don. What should be spoken here,

[7] Mr. Pope has endeavoured to improve one of these lines by substituting *goery* blood for *golden blood* ; but it may easily be admitted that he who could on such an occasion talk of *lacing the silver skin*, would *lace it with golden blood*. No amendment can be made to this line, of which every word is equally faulty, but by a general blot.—It is not improbable, that Shakespeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth, as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to shew the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy, and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists entirely of antithesis and metaphor. JOHNSON.

[8] Mr. Whateley justly observes that, "on Lady Macbeth's seeming to faint,—while Banquo and Macduff are solicitous about her, Macbeth, by his unconcern, betrays a consciousness that the fainting is feigned." I may add that a bold and hardened villain would, from a refined policy, have assumed the appearance of being alarmed about her lest this very imputation should arise against him : the irresolute Macbeth is not sufficiently at ease to act such a part. MALONE.

Where our fate, hid within an auger-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—

[*Lady MACBETH is carried out*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.⁹

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet it th' hall together.

All. Well contented. [*Exeunt all but MAL. and DON.*

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortunes
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted;¹ and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.

Without the Castle. Enter Rosse and an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,

[9] *Pretence* is intention, design, a sense in which the word is often used by Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

[1] The design to fix the murder upon some innocent person has not yet taken effect. JOHNSON.

Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage : by th' clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp :
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it ?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,³
Was by a mousing owl⁴ hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange
and certain,)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,⁴
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so ; to th' amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff :—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now ?

Macd. Why, see you not ?

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody
deed ?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day !

What good could they pretend ?⁵

Macd. They were suborn'd :
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled ; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still :
{ Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means }—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth ?⁶

[3] In a place of which she seemed proud;—in an elevated situation.

MALONE

[5] i. e. by an owl that was hunting for mice, as her proper prey.

WHALLEY.

[4] Most of the prodigies just before mentioned are related by Holinshed, as accompanying King Duffe's death. STEEVENS.

[5] To pretend, in this instance, as in many others, is simply to intend, to design.

STEEVENS.

[6] Macbeth, by birth, stood next in the succession to the crown, immediately after the sons of Duncan. King Malcolm, Duncan's predecessor, had two daughters, the eldest of whom was the mother of Duncan, the youngest, the mother of Macbeth. Holinshed. STEEVENS.

Macd. He is already nam'd ; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body ?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill ;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone ?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there ;—
adieu !—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new !

Rosse. Father, farewell.

Old M. God's benison go with you ; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Fores. A Room in the Palace. Enter BANQUO.*

Banquo.

THOU hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd ; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't : yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity ;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)⁷
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope ? But, hush ; no more.

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king ; Lady MACBETH, as queen ; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me ; to the which, my duties

[7] *Shine*, for appear with all the lustre of conspicuous truth. JOHNSON.

Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been most grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.—

[*Exit BANQUO.*]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.

Exeunt Lady MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.

Sirrah, a word: Attend those men our pleasure?

Ser. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Atten.*]—To be thus,
is nothing;

But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me.

And bade them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings :
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren septre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind ;⁸
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd ;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings !
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
 And champion me to th' utterance :⁹—Who's there ?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call. [*Exit Atten.*
 Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches ? Know,
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you
 So under fortune ; which, you thought, had been
 Our innocent self : this I made good to you
 In our last conference ; past in probation with you,
 How you were borne in hand ; how cross'd ; the instru-
 ments ;

Who wrought with them ; and all things else, that might
 To half a soul, and a notion craz'd,
 Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so ; and went further, which is now
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find
 Your patience so predominant in your nature,
 That you can let this go ? Are you so gossell'd,

[8] 'Filed, i. e. defiled. WARBURTON

This mark of contraction is not necessary. To *file* is in the Bishops' Bible.

JOHNSON

[9] This passage will be best explained by translating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. "Que la destinee se rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un défi a l'outrance." A challenge, or a combat *a l'outrance*, to extremity, was a fixed term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an odium interuocinum, an intention to destroy each other, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation or a prize. The sense therefore is: *Let fate, that has fore-doomed the exaltation of the sons of Banquo enter the lists against me with the utmost animosity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger.* JOHNSON.

To pray for this good man, and for his issue,¹
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

— *Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men ; —
As hounds, and grey-hounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs,² water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs : the valued file³
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd ; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike : and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it ;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off ;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear out health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine : and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts

[1] Are you of that degree of precise virtue ? *Gospeller* was a name of contempt given by the Papists to the Lollards, the puritans of early times, and the precursors of protestantism. JOHNSON.

[2] *Shoughs* are probably what we now call shocks, demi-wolves, lyciscæ ; dogs bred between wolves and dogs. JOHNSON.

[3] In this speech the word *file* occurs twice, and seems in both places to have a meaning different from its present use. The expression, *valued file*, evidently means a list or catalogue of value. A station in the *file*, and not in the worst rank, may mean, a place in the list of manhood, and not in the lowest place. But *file* seems rather to mean, in this place, a post of honour ; the first rank, in opposition to the last ; a meaning which I have not observed in any other place. JOHNSON.

[4] By *bloody distance* is here meant, such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other when their quarrel must be determined by the sword.

Against my near'st of life : And though I could
 With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
 And bid my will avouch it ; yet I must not,
 For certain friends that are both his and mine,
 Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
 Whom I myself struck down : and thence it is,
 That I to your assistance do make love ;
 Masking the business from the common eye,
 For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
 Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this
 hour, at most,
 I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' th' time,
 The moment on't ; for't must be done to-night,
 And something from the palace ; always thought,
 That I require a clearness :^a And with him,
 (To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
 Whose absence is no less material to me
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart ;
 I'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight ; abide within.
 It is concluded :—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

*The same. Another Room. Enter Lady MACBETH and a
 Servant.*

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court ?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
 For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.

[*Exit*

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
 Where our desire is got without content :

This sense seems evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where every minute of his being is represented as thrusting at the near'st part where life resides.

STEEVENS.

[5] i. e. You must manage matters so, that throughout the whole transaction I may stand clear of suspicion. STEEVENS.

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies⁶ your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy,
(Should be without regard: what's done, is done. —

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let

The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.⁷ Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well; —
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on;

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence,⁸ both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we

Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.⁹

[6] I. e. worthless, ignoble, vile.

STEEVENS.

[7] *Ecstasy*, in its general sense, signifies any violent emotion of the mind. Here it means the emotion of pain, agony.

STEEVENS.

[8] I. e. do him the highest honours.

WARBURTON.

[9] The *copy*, the *lease*, by which they hold their lives from nature, has its time of termination limited.

JOHNSON.

The allusion is to an *estate for lives* held by *copy of court-roll*. It is clear, from numberless allusions of the same kind, that Shakespeare had been an attorney's clerk.

RITSON.

Macb. There's comfort yet ; they are assailable ;
Then be thou jocund : Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight ;¹ ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle,² with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done ?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
(Till thou applaud the deed.) Come, seeling night,³
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale !—Light thickens ; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood :⁴
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse ;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee still ;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill :
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. *A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace.* *Enter three Murderers.*

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us ?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust ; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.

'The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark ! I hear horses.

Ban. [*within.*] Give us a light there, ho !

[1] The bats wheeling round the dim cloisters of Queen's College, Cambridge, have frequently impressed on me the singular propriety of this original epithet.
STEEVENS.

[2] The *shard-borne* beetle is the beetle borne along the air by its shards or scaly wings. To have an outward pair of wings of a *scaly* hardness, serving as integuments to a *filmy* pair beneath them, is the characteristic of the beetle kind.
WARBURTON.

[3] *Seeling*, i. e. blinding. It is a term in falconry. WARBURTON.

[4] *Rooky* may mean damp, misty, steaming with exhalations. It is only a North country variation of dialect from *reeky*. *Rooky wood*, indeed, may signify a rookery, the wood that abounds with rooks. STEEVENS.

2 *Mur.* Then it is he ; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,^a
Already are i' th' court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile : but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to th' palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, a Servant with a torch preceding them.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light !

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*Assaults BANQUO.*

Ban. O, treachery ! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly ;
Thou may'st revenge.—O slave !

[*Dies. FLEANCE and Servant escape.*^b

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light ?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way ?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down ; the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room of State in the Palace. A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees,^c sit down : at first
And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,

[5] i. e. they who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper.

STEEVENS.

[6] Fleance, after the assassination of his father, fled into Wales, where by the daughter of the Prince of that country, he had a son named Walter, who afterwards became Lord High Steward of Scotland, and from thence assumed the name of *Walter Steward*. From him, in a direct line, King James I. was descended ; in compliment to whom our author has chosen to describe Banquo, who was equally concerned with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan, as innocent of that crime. MALONE.

[7] i. e. the best means to effect our purpose. RITSON.

[8] I believe the true meaning of this passage is,

You know your own degree, sit down.—To first
And last the hearty welcome.

All of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest, may be assured that their visit is well received. JOHNSON.

And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state ;⁹ but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends ;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks :——

Both sides are even : Here I'll sit i' th' midst :
Be large in mirth ; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.¹
Is he despatch'd ?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut ; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' th' cut-throats : Yet he's
good,

That did the like for Fleance : if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again : I had else been per-
fect ;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock ;
As broad, and general, as the casing air :
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe ?

Mur. Ay, my good lord : safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that :——

There the grown serpent lies ; the worm,² that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' present.—Get thee gone ; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves again.

[*Exit Murderer.*]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer : the feast is sold,³
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,

[9] i. e. continues in her chair of state at the head of the table. STEEVENS.

[1] The author might mean, *It is better that Banquo's blood were on thy face, than he in this room.* JOHNSON.

[2] This term, in our author's time, was applied to all of the serpent kind.

MALONE.

[3] The meaning is, that which is not given cheerfully, cannot be called a gift, it is something that must be paid for. JOHNSON.

'Tis given with welcome : To feed, were best at home ;
 From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony ;
 Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer !—
 Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
 And health on both !

Len. May it please your highness sit ?

[*The Ghost of BANQUO rises, and sits in
 MACBETH's place.*]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
 Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present ;
 Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
 Than pity for mischance !

Rosse. His absence, sir,
 Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
 To grace us with your royal company ?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where ?

Len. Here, my lord. What is't that moves your highness ?

Macb. Which of you have done this ?

Lords. What, my good lord ?

Macb. Thou can'st not say, I did it : never shake
 Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise ; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends :—my lord is often thus,
 And hath been from his youth . 'pray you, keep seat ;
 The fit is momentary ; upon a thought
 He will again be well : If much you note him,
 You shall offend him, and extend his passion ;
 Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man ?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
 Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff !
 This is the very painting of your fear :
 This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
 Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
 (Impostors to true fear,) would well become
 A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
 Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself !
 Why do you make such faces ? When all's done,
 You look but on a stool.

(*Macb.* Pr'ythee, see there ! behold ! look ! lo ! how say
 you ?——)

Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak too.—

If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send .

Those that we bury, back, our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites.

[*Ghost disappears*]

Lady M. What ! quite unmann'd in folly ?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fye, for shame !

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal ;⁵

Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear : the times have been,

That, when the brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end : but now, they rise again,

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools : This is more strange

Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,

Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget :—

Do not muse at me,⁶ my most worthy friends ;

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, love and health to all ;

Then I'll sit down :—Give me some wine, fill full :—

(I drink to th' general joy of the whole table)—

Ghost rises.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;

Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,⁷

And all to all.⁸

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! Let the earth hide thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with !

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,

But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :

[5] The gentle weal, is, the peaceable community, the state made quiet and safe by human statutes.—“*Mollia securæ peragebant otia gentes.*” JOHNSON.

[6] To muse anciently signified to wonder, to be in amaze. STEEVENS.

[7] We thirst, I suppose, means we desire to drink. M. MASON.

[8] i. e. All good wishes to all : such as he had named above, love, health, and joy. WARBURTON.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
 The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble : Or, be alive again,
 And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
 If trembling I inhibit thee,⁹ protest me
 The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !

[*Ghost disappears.*]

Unreal mockery, hence !—Why, so ;—being gone,
 I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good
 meeting,
 With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
 Without our special wonder ? You make me strange
 Even to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I think you can behold such sights,
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
 When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord ?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not ; he grows worse and
 worse ;

Question enrages him : at once, good night :—
 Stand not upon the order of your going,
 But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
 Attend his majesty !

Lady M. A kind good night to all !

[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*]

Macb. It will have blood ; they say, blood will have
 blood :

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak ;
 Augurs, and understood relations, have
 By magot-pies,¹ and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
 The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night ?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

[9] To inhibit is to forbid. STEEVENS.

[1] Perhaps we should read *auguries*, i. e. prognostications by means of omens and prodigies. "These, (says he) together with the connection of events with causes, have been instrumental in divulging the most secret murders." In Cotgrave's Dict. a *magpie* is called *magatapis*. *Magot-pie* is the original name of the bird; *Magot* being the familiar appellation given to pies, as we say *Robin* to a red-breast, *Tom* to a titmouse, *Phillip* to a sparrow, &c. The modern *mag* is the abbreviation of the ancient *Magot*, a word which we had from the French.

STEEVENS.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding ?²

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir ?

Macb. I hear it by the way ; but I will send :
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters :
More shall they speak ; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst : for mine own good,
All causes shall give way ; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er :
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand ;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.³

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.⁴

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep : My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use :——
(We are yet but young in deed.) [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The Heath. Thunder. Enter HECATE, meeting the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate ?⁵ you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold ? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death ;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art ?

[2] Macbeth here asks a question, which the recollection of a moment enables him to answer. Of this forgetfulness, natural to a mind oppressed, there is a beautiful instance in the sacred song of Deborah and Barak—"She asked her wise women counsel, yea, she returned answer to herself." STEEVENS.

What Macbeth means to say is this : *What do you think of this circumstance, that Macduff denies to come at our great bidding ? What do you infer from thence ? What is your opinion of the matter ?* STEEVENS.

[3] To scan is to examine nicely. STEEVENS.

[4] I take the meaning to be, "You want sleep, which seasons, or gives the relish to, all nature." "*Indiget somni vita condimenti.*" JOHNSON.

[5] Shakespeare has been censured for introducing Hecate among the vulgar witches, and, consequently, for confounding ancient with modern superstitions. But the Gothic and Pagan fictions were now frequently blended and incorporated. The Lady of the Lake floated in the suit of Neptune before Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth ; Ariel assumes the semblance of a sea-nymph, and Hecate, by an easy association, conducts the rites of the weird sisters in Macbeth.

T. WARTON.

And, which is worse, all you have done,
 Hath been but for a wayward son,
 Spiteful, and wrathful ; who, as others do,
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.
 But make amends now : Get you gone,
 And at the pit of Acheron
 Meet me i' th' morning ; thither he
 Will come to know his destiny.
 Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
 Your charms, and every thing beside :
 I am for th' air ; this night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal, fatal end.
 Great business must be wrought ere noon :
 Upon the corner of the moon
 There hangs a vaporous drop profound ;⁶
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground :
 And that, distill'd by magic slights,⁷
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,
 As, by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion :
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear :
 And you all know, security
 (Is mortals' chiefest enemy.)

Song. [Within.] *Come away, come away, &c.*⁸

Hark, I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Exit.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste ; she'll soon be back
 again. [*Excunt.*

SCENE VI.

Fores. A Room in the Palace. Enter LENOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
 Which can interpret further : only, I say,
 Things have been strangely borne : The gracious Duncan
 Was pitied of Macbeth :—marry, he was dead :—

[6] This vaporous drop seems to have been meant for the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantment. Lucan introduces Erietho using it. L. 6 :

“ —et virus large lunare ministrat.” STEEVENS.

[7] *Slights*—arts ; subtle practices. JOHNSON.

[8] This entire song I found in a MS. dramatic piece, entitled, “ A Tragi-Coomo-
 die called *The Witch* ; long since acted, &c. written by Thomas Middleton.” STEEVENS.

And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late ;
 Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
 For Fleance fled. (Men must not walk too late.)
 Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
 It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
 To kill their gracious father ? damned fact !
 How it did grieve Macbeth ! did he not straight,
 In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep ?
 Was not that nobly done ? Ay, and wisely too ;
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
 To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
 He has borne all things well : and I do think,
 That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
 (As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they should find
 What 'twere to kill a father ; so should Fleance.
 But, peace !—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
 Macduff lives in disgrace : Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself ?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
 Lives in the English court ; and is receiv'd
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect : Thither Macduff is gone
 To pray the holy king, on his aid
 To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward ;
 That, by the help of these, (with Him above
 To ratify the work,) we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights ;
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives :
 Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
 All which we pine for now : And this report
 Hath so exasperate the king, that he
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff ?

Lord. He did : and with an absolute, *Sir not I,*
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
 And hums ; as who should say, *You'll rue the time,*
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
 Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel

Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come ; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd !

Lord. My prayers with him !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle a Cauldron boiling. Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*⁹

1 Witch.

THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 Witch. Thrice ; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.¹

3 Witch. Harper cries :—'Tis time, 'tis time.

1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go :
In the poison'd entrails throw.—

[9] *Scene I.*—As this is the chief scene of enchantment in the play, it is proper, in this place, to observe, with how much judgment Shakespeare has selected all the circumstances of his infernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions :

“ Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.”

The usual form in which familiar spirits are reported to converse with witches, is that of a cat. A witch, who was tried about half a century before the time of Shakespeare, had a cat named Rutterkin, as the spirit of one of those witches was Grimalkin ; and when any mischief was to be done, she used to bid Rutterkin go and fly. But once, when she would have sent Rutterkin to torment a daughter of the Countess of Rutland, instead of going or flying, he only cried mew, from whence she discovered that the lady was out of his power, the power of witches being not universal, but limited, as Shakespeare has taken care to inculcate :

“ Though his bark cannot be lost,
“ Yet it shall be tempest-tost.”

The common afflictions which the malice of witches produced, were melancholy, fits, and loss of flesh, which are threatened by one of Shakespeare's witches :

“ Weary sev'n nights, nine times nine,
“ Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.”

It was likewise their practice to destroy the cattle of their neighbours, and the farmers have to this day many ceremonies to secure their cows and other cattle from witchcraft ; but they seem to have been most suspected of malice against swine. Shakespeare has accordingly made one of his witches declare that she has been killing swine ; and Dr. Harsnet observes, that, about that time, “ a sow could not be ill of the measles, nor a girl of the sullens, but some old woman was charged with witchcraft.”

“ Toad, that under the cold stone,
“ Days and nights hast thirty-one
“ Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
“ Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.”

Toad, that under coldest stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot !

Toads have likewise long lain under the reproach of being by some means necessary to witchcraft, for which reason Shakespeare, in the first scene of this play, calls one of the spirits Paddock or Toad, and now takes care to put a toad first into the pot. When Vaninus was seized at Thoulouse, there was found at his lodgings *agens bys vitro inclusus*, a great toad shut in a vial, upon which those that prosecuted him *Veneficium ex probabant*, charged him, I suppose, with witchcraft.

" Fillet of a fenny snake,
" In the cauldron boil and bake :
" Eye of newt, and toe of frog :—
" For a charm," &c.

The propriety of these ingredients may be known by consulting the books *De Viribus Animalium* and *De Mirabilibus Mundi*, ascribed to Albertus Magnus, in which the reader, who has time and credulity, may discover very wonderful secrets.

" Finger of birth-strangled babe,
" Ditch-deliver'd by a drab ;"—

It has been already mentioned, in the law against witches, that they are supposed to take up dead bodies to use in enchantments, which was confessed by the woman whom King James examined ; and who had of a dead body, that was divided in one of their assemblies, two fingers for her share. It is observable, that Shakespeare, on this great occasion, which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumstances of horror. The babe, whose finger is used, must be strangled in its birth ; the grease must not only be human, but must have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer ; and even the sow, whose blood is used, must have offended nature by devouring her own farrow. These are touches of judgment and genius.

" And now about the cauldron sing,—
" Black spirits and white,
" Red spirits and grey,
" Mingle, mingle, mingle,
" You that mingle may."

And, in a former part :

" —weird sisters, hand in hand,—
" Thus do go about, about ;
" Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
" And thrice again, to make up nine."

These two passages I have brought together, because they both seem subject to the objection of too much levity for the solemnity of enchantment, and may both be shown, by one quotation from Camden's account of Ireland, to be founded upon a practice really observed by the uncivilized natives of that country ; " When any one gets a fall," says the informer of Camden, " he starts up, and, turning three times to the right, digs a hole in the earth ; for they imagine that there is a spirit in the ground, and if he falls sick in two or three days, they send one of their women that is skilled in that way to the place, where she says, I call thee from the east, west, north, and south, from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the *fairies red, black, white*." There was likewise a book written before the time of Shakespeare, describing, amongst other properties, the colours of spirits.

Many other circumstances might be particularised, in which Shakespeare has shown his judgment and his knowledge. JOHNSON.

[1] The urchin, or hedgehog, from its solitariness, the ugliness of its appearance, and from a popular opinion that it sucked or poisoned the udders of cows, was adopted into the demonologic system, and its shape was sometimes supposed to be assumed by mischievous elves. Hence it was one of the plagues of Caliban in *The Tempest*. T. WARTON.

All Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;²
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' th' dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;³
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,⁴
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and the other three Witches.⁵

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' th' gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,

[2] The *gulf* is the *swallow*, the *throat*. *Ravin'd* is gluttied with prey. *Ravin* is the ancient word for prey obtained by violence. STEEVENS.

[3] These ingredients, in all probability, owed their introduction to the detestation in which the Turks were held on account of the holy wars. STEEVENS.

[4] *Chaudron*, i. e. entrails; a word formerly in common use in the books of cookery. STEEVENS.

[5] The insertion of these words (*and the other three Witches*) in the original copy, must be owing to a mistake. RITSON.

Perhaps these additional Witches were brought on for the sake of the approaching dance. The original triad of hags was insufficient for the performance of the "ancient round" introduced in p. 59. STEEVENS

Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.

*Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves⁶
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd,⁷ and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;⁸
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,⁹
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 Witch. Speak.

2 Witch. Demand.

3 Witch. We'll answer.

1 Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

[6] *Yesty waves*—i. e. foaming or frothy waves. JOHNSON.

[7] *Corn*, prostrated by the wind, in modern language, is said to be *lay'd*; but *lodg'd* had anciently the same meaning. RITSON.

[8] *Topple* is used for *tumble*. STEEVENS.

[9] *Germins* are seeds which have begun to germinate or sprout. *Germin*, Lat. *Germe*, Fr. STEEVENS.

All. Come, high, or low ;
Thyself, and office, deftly¹ show.

Thunder. *An Apparition of an armed Head rises.*²

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown pow'r,——

1 Witch. He knows thy thought ;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware Macduff ;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me :—Enough.

[*Descends.*

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks ;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright :³——But one word
more :——

1 Witch. He will not be commanded : Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. *An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.*

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !——

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold,
And resolute : laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.

[*Descends.*

Macb. Then live, Macduff ; What need I fear of thee ?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. *An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree
in his hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king ;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?⁴

[1] i. e. with adroitness, dexterously. *Deft* is a North country word.

STEEVENS.

[2] The armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripp'd from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm ; who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane. This observation I have adopted from Mr. Upton.

STEEVENS.

[3] To *harp*, is to touch on a passion as a harper touches a string. STEEVENS.

[4] The *round* is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The *top* is the ornament that rises above it. JOHNSON

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

[*Descends.*

Macb. That will never be ;
Who can impress the forest ;^a bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ? sweet bodements ! good !
Rebellious head,^b rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom. — Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing ; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom ?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied : deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you ! Let me know :—
Why sinks that cauldron ? and what noise is this ?

[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show ! 2 *Witch.* Show ! 3 *Witch.* Show !

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart ;
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings^c appear, and pass over the Stage in order ; the
last with a glass in his hand ; BANQUO following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo ; down :
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls :^d—And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first :—
A third is like the former :—Filthy hags !
Why do you show me this ?—A fourth ?—Start, eyes !
What ! will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom ?
Another yet ?—A seventh ?—I'll see no more :—

[5] i. e. who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier impressed.

JOHNSON.

[6] i. e. let rebellion never make head against me till a forest move, and I shall reign in safety. THEOBALD.

[7] " It is reported that Voltaire often laughs at the tragedy of Macbeth, for having a legion of ghosts in it. One should imagine he either had not learned English, or had forgot his Latin ; for the spirits of Banquo's line are no more ghosts, than the representation of the Julian race in the *Æneid* ; and there is no ghost but Banquo's throughout the play."

Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare, &c. by Mrs. Montagu.

[8] The expression of Macbeth, that the crown *sears* his *eye-balls*, is taken from the method formerly practised of destroying the sight of captives or competitors, by holding a burning bason before the eye, which dried up its humidity. Whence the Italian *abacinare*, to blind. JOHNSON

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more ; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry :⁹
Horrible sight !—Ay, now, I see, 'tis true ;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,¹
And points at them for his.—What, is this so ?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so :—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly ?—

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,²
And show the best of our delights ;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round :
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*]

Macb. Where are they ? Gone ?—Let this pernicious
hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar !³—
Come in, without there !

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will ?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters ?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride ;
And damn'd, all those that trust them !—I did hear
The galloping of horse : Who was't came by ?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England ?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits :⁴

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it : From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now

[9] This was intended as a compliment to King James the First, who first united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head ; whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo. *WARBURTON.*

[1] To *bolter*, in Warwickshire, signifies to *daub*, *dirty*, or *begrime*. *STEEV.*

[2] I. e. spirits. *STEEVENS.*

[3] In the ancient almanacs the unlucky days were distinguished by a mark of reprobation. *STEEVENS.*

[4] To *anticipate* is here to *prevent*, by taking away the opportunity.

To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done ;
 The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;
 Seize upon Fife ; give to th' edge of the sword
 His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
 That trace his line. No boasting like a fool ;
 This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool :
 But no more sights !⁵—Where are these gentlemen ?
 Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Fife. A Room in MACDUFF'S Castle. Enter Lady MACDUFF,
 her Son, and Rosse.*

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land ?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none :

His flight was madness : When our actions do not,
 Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
 His mansion, and his titles, in a place
 From whence himself does fly ? He loves us not ;
 He wants the natural touch :⁶ for the poor wren,
 The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
 All is the fear, and nothing is the love ;
 As little is the wisdom, where the flight
 So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz',
 I pray you, school yourself : But, for your husband,
 He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
 The fits o' th' season.⁷ I dare not speak much further :
 But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
 And do not know ourselves ; when we hold rumour
 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear ;
 But float upon a wild and violent sea,
 Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you :

[5] This hasty reflection is to be considered as a moral to the foregoing scene :

“ Tu ne quæsieris scire (nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi

“ Finem Di dederint *Leuconoe*, et *Babylontos*

“ Tentaris numeros, ut meluis quicquiderit pati.”

STEEVENS.

[6] Natural sensibility. He is not touched with natural affection. JOHNSON.

[7] What is most *fitting* to be done in every conjuncture. ANONYMOUS.

Shall not be long but I'll be here again :
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you !

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort :
I take my leave at once.

[*Exit.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead ;
And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies ?

Son. With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird ! thou'dst never fear the net, nor
lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gm.

Son. Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they are not
set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead ; how wilt thou do for a
father ?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband ?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit ; and yet, i'faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother ?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor ?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so ?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and
must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear and lie ?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them ?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools : for there
are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men,
and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey ! But
how wilt thou do for a father ?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him : if you

would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler ! how thou talk'st

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame ! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly :
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here ; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ;
To do worse to you, we're fell cruelty,*
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you !
I dare abide no longer. *[Exit Messenger.]*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly ?

I have done no harm. (But I remember now
I am in this earthly world ; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable : to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly ;) Why then, alas !
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm ?—What are these faces ?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband ?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg ? *[Stabbing him.]*
Young fry of treachery ?

Son. He has killed me, mother :
Run away, I pray you. *[Dies.]*

[Ex. L. MACD. crying murder, and pursued by the Murderers.]

SCENE II.

England. A Room in the King's Palace. Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword ; and, like good men,

[8] To do worse is to let her and her children be destroyed without warning.
JOHNSON

Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom :⁹ (Each new morn,
 (New widows howl ; new orphans cry ; new sorrows
 Strike heaven on the face) that it resounds
 As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
 Like syllable of dolour.¹

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail ;
 What know, believe ; and, what I can redress,
 As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
 What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.

— This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, —
 Was once thought honest : you have lov'd him well ;
 He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young ; but some-
 thing

You may deserve of him through me ; and wisdom²
 To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
 To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
 In an imperial charge. But 'crave your pardon ;
 That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose :
 (Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell :
 Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace
 Yet grace must still look so.³)

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my
 doubts,

Why, in that rawness⁴ left you wife, and child,
 (Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
 Without leave-taking ?—I pray you,
 Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,

[9] The allusion is to a man from whom something valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without incumbrance, lays it on the ground, and stands over it with his weapon in his hand. Our birthdom, or birth-right, says he, lies on the ground ; let us, like men who are to fight for what is dearest to them, not abandon it, but stand over it and defend it. This is a strong picture of obstinate resolution. JOHNSON.

[1] The portents and prodigies in the skies, of which mention is made before, showed that Heaven sympathised with Scotland. Warburton.

[2] That is, and 'tis wisdom. Heath.

[3] The meaning perhaps is this :—My suspicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by supposing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not say that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor ; for virtue must wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villany. JOHNSON.

[4] *Rawness*—without previous provision, without due preparation, without maturity of counsel. JOHNSON

But mine own safeties :—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country !
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee ! wear thou thy
wrongs,

Thy title is affeer'd !⁵—Fare thee well, lord :
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended :
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke ;
It weeps, it bleeds ; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds : I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right ;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands : But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before ;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?

Mal. It is myself I mean :⁶ in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow ; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin

[5] *Affeer'd*, a law term for confirm'd. POPE.

To *affeer* (for so it should be written) is to assess, or reduce to certainty. All amerancements—that is, judgments of any court of justice, upon a presentment or other proceeding, that a party shall be amerced, or in mercy,—are by Magna Charta to be *affeer'd* by lawful men, sworn to be impartial. This is the ordinary practice of a Court Leet, with which Shakespeare seems to have been intimately acquainted, and where he might have occasionally acted as an *affeerer*. RITSON.

[6] This conference of Malcolm with Macduff is taken out of the chronicles of Scotland. POPE.

That has a name } But there's no bottom, none,
 In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
 Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
 The cistern of my lust; and my desire
 All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
 That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
 Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
 In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
 Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
 And fall of many kings.) But fear not yet
 To take upon you what is yours: you may
 Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
 And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink.
 We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
 That vulture in you, to devour so many
 As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
 Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
 In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
 A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
 I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
 Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
 And my more-having would be as a sauce
 To make me hunger more; that I should forge
 Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
 Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
 Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
 Than summer-seeding lust:⁷ and it hath been
 The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
 Scotland hath foysons⁸ to fill up your will,
 Of your mere own: All these are portable,
 With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none:—The king-becoming graces,—
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 Bounty, persévérance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
 I have no relish of them; but abound
 In the division of each several crime,

[7] The allusion is to plants: and the sense is,—“Avarice is a perennial weed; it has a deeper and more pernicious root than *lust*, which is but a mere annual, and lasts but for a summer, when it sheds its seed and decays.” BLACKSTONE.

[8] *Foysons*, plenty. POPE.

Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptre'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together; And the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well ; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray
you ?

Doct. Ay, sir : there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure : their malady convinces⁹
The great assay of art ; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[Exit Doctor.]

Macd. What's the disease he means ?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil :

A most miraculous work in this good king ;
Which often, since my here-remain in England ;
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here ?

Mal. My countryman ; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now : Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers !

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Rosse. Alas, poor country ;
Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave : where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,¹
Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems

[9] i. e. overpowers, subdues. STEEVENS.

[1] To rent is an ancient verb, which has been long ago disused. STEEVENS.

A modern ecstasy ;² the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who ; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.)

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true !

Mal. What is the newest grief ?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children ?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

Ros. No ; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech ; How goes it ?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot :
Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither : gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men ;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like ! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.³

Macd. What concern they ?
The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief,⁴
Due to some single breast ?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe ; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

[2] That is, no more regarded than the contortions that fanatics throw themselves into. The author was thinking of those of his own times. WARBURTON.

[3] To *latch* (in the North country dialect) signifies the same as to *catch*.

STEEVENS.

[4] A peculiar sorrow ; a grief that hath a single owner. The expression is, at least to our ears, very harsh. JOHNSON.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,⁵
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.⁶—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?⁷

Mal. Dispute it like a man.⁸

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief

[5] *Quarry* is a term used both in hunting and falconry. In both sports it means game after it is killed. STEEVENS.

[6] It has been observed by an anonymous critic, that this is not said of Macbeth, who had children, but of Malcolm, who, having none, supposes a father can be so easily comforted. JOHNSON.

[7] *Swoop* is the descent of a bird of prey on his quarry.

STEEVENS.

[8] I. e. contend with your present sorrow like a man.

STEEVENS.

Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue !—But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission ; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself ;
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too !

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king ; our power is ready ;
Our lack is nothing but our leave : Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking,⁹ and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may ;
The night is long, that never finds the day. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle. Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.*

Doctor.

I HAVE two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked ?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed ; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doc. A great perturbation in nature ! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say ?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doc. You may, to me ; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one ; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes ! This is her very guise ; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her ; stand close.

Doc. How came she by that light ?

[9] See St. John's Revelation, ch. xiv. v. 15.

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doc. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doc. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doc. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One, Two; Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky!—Fye, my lord, fye! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doc. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.

Doc. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doc. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doc. Well, well, well,——

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

[1] Lady Macbeth is acting over, in a dream, the business of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her husband, as when awake. She therefore would not have even hinted the terrors of hell to one whose conscience she saw was too much alarmed already for her purpose. She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who (she supposes) had just said *Hell is murky*, (i. e. hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice,

Hell is murky!—Fye, my lord, fye! a soldier, and afeard?

This explanation, I think, gives a spirit to the passage, which has hitherto appeared languid, being, perhaps, misapprehended by those who placed a full point at the conclusion of it. STEEVENS.

Doc. This disease is beyond my practice : Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown ; look not so pale :—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried ; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doc. Even so ?

Lady M. To bed, to bed ; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand ; What's done, cannot be undone : To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*

Doc. Will she go now to bed ?

Gent. Directly.

Doc. Foul whisperings are abroad : Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles : Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all ! Look after her ;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her :—So, good-night,
My mind she has mated,² and amaz'd my sight :
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The country near Dunsinane. Enter with Drum and Colours, MENTZIE, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them : for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.³

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother ?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not : I have a file
Of all the gentry ; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant ?

[2] Astonished, confounded. JOHNSON.

[3] By the *mortified man*, is meant a *religious* ; one who has subdued his passions, is dead to the world, has abandoned it, and all the affairs of it : an *Ascetic*.
WARBURTON.

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies :
Some say, he's mad ; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury : but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love : now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there ?⁴

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd :
Meet we the medecin of the sickly weal ;⁵
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exe. marching.*]

SCENE III.

Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle. Enter MACBETH, Doctor,
and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all ;
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm ?
Was he not born of woman ? (The spirits that know
All mortal consequents,) pronounc'd me thus :
*Fear not, Macbeth ; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power on thee.*—Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures :⁶

[4] That is, when all the faculties of the mind are employed in self-condemnation. JOHNSON.

[5] I. e. physician. Shakespeare uses this word in the feminine gender, where *Lafau* speaks of Helen in *All's well that ends well* ; and *Florizel*, in *The Winter's Tale*, calls Camillo "the medecin of our house." STEEVENS.

[6] Shakespeare took the thought from Holinshed, p. 179 and 180, of his *History of Scotland* : "—For manie of the people abhorring the riotous manners and superstitious gormandizing brought in among them by the Englishemen, were

The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg⁷ with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose-look?

Ser. There is ten thousand——

Macb. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear.⁸ What soldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.——Seyton!——I am sick
at heart,

When I behold——Seyton, I say!——This push
Will cheer me ever, or dis-seat me now.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:⁹

And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.—
Seyton!——

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

willing enough to receive this Donakl for their king, trusting (because he had been brought up in the Isles with the old customs and manners of their antient nations, without taste of *English likorous delicacies*;) they should by his severe order in gouvernement recover againe the former temperance of their old progenitors." The same historian informs us, that in those ages the Scots eat but once a day, and even then very sparingly. It appears from Dr. Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that the natives had neither *kail*, nor brogues, till they were taught the art of planting the one, and making the other, by the soldiers of Cromwell. STEEVENS.

[7] To *sag*, or *smag*, is to sink down by its own weight, or by an overload. It is common in Staffordshire to say, "a beam in a building *sags*, or has *sagg'd*."

TOLLET.

[8] The meaning is, they infect others who see them, with cowardice.

WARBURTON.

[9] *Sear* is dry STEEVENS.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round ;¹
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor ?

Doc. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that :

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff 'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doc. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb.—Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff :—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me :—
Come, sir, despatch :—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land,² find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
(I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.)—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence ?—Hearest thou of
them ?

Doc. Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[*Exit.*

Doc. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.

[*Exit.*

[1] To *skirr*, I believe, signifies to scour, to ride hastily. STEEVENS,

[2] To cast the water was the phrase in use for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

Country near Dunsinane. A Wood in view. Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSS, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;³
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.⁴
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V.

Dunsinane. Within the Castle. Enter, with Drums and Colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come*: Our castle's strength

[3] *Advantage* or *'vantage*, in the time of Shakespeare, signified *opportunity*. He shut up himself and his soldiers, (says Malcolm) in the castle, because when there is an opportunity to be gone, they all desert him. JOHNSON.

[4] *To owe* here is to possess. STEEVENS.

Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie,
 Till famine, and the ague, eat them up :
 Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
 We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
 And beat them backward home. What is that noise ?

[A cry within, of Women.]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
 The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
 To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
 As life were in't : I have supt full with horrors ;
 Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
 Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry ?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter ;
 There would have been a time for such a word.—
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time ;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death.⁵ Out, out, brief candle !
 Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more : it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue ; thy story quickly.

Mes. Gracious my lord,
 I shall report that which I say I saw,
 But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
 I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
 The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave ! *[Striking him.]*

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so :
 Within this three mile may you see it coming ;

[5] *Recorded time* seems to signify the time fixed in the decrees of heaven for the period of life. JOHNSON.

[6] *The dust of death* is an expression used in the 22d Psalm. STEEVENS.

I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee :⁷ if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—

I pull in resolution ; and begin

To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,

That lies like truth : *Fear not, till Birnam wood*

Do come to Dunsinane ;—and now a wood

Comes toward Dunsinane—Arm, arm, and out!—

If this, which he avouches, does appear,

There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.

I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,

And wish th' estate o' th' world were now undone.—

Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind ! come, wrack !

At least we'll die with harness on our back. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

The same. A Plain before the Castle. Enter, with Drums and Colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough ; your leavy screens throw down,

And show like those you are :—You, worthy uncle,

Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,

Lead our first battle : worthy Macduff, and we,

Shall take upon's what else remains to do,

According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,

Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak ; give them all breath,

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[Exeunt. Alarums continued.

[7] *Cling*, in the Northern counties, signifies any thing that is shrivelled, or shrunk up. To *cling* likewise signifies, to gripe, to compress, to embrace.

SCENE VII

The same. Another part of the Plain. Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake ; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.⁸—What's he,
That was not born of woman ? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw What is thy name ?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No ; tho thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant ; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[They fight, and young SIWARD is slain.]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. *[Exit*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is :—Tyrant, show thy face :
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves ; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be ;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited :⁹ Let me find him, fortune !
And more I beg not. *[Exit. Alarum.]*

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord ;—the castle's gently render'd :
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

[8] A phrase taken from bear-baiting. STEEVENS.

[9] From *bruit*, Fr. To *bruit* is to report with clamour ; to noise. STEEVENS.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Sim. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee :
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out ! [They fight.

Macb. Thou lovest labour :
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air¹
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed :
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;
I bear a charmed life,² which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm ;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man !
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense ;³
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole ; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield,

[1] Alluding, perhaps, to the suicide of *Cato Uticensis*.

STEEVENS.

[2] That is, air, which cannot be cut.

JOHNSON.

[3] In the days of chivalry, the champion's arms being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath that he used no *charmed* weapons. Macbeth, according to the law of arms, or perhaps only in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had in the prediction of the spirit.

UPTON.

[4] That *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions.

JOHNSON.

To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
 And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
 Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
 And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
 Yet I will try the last: Before my body
 I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
 And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*

[*Exeunt, fighting*

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours,
 MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESSE,
 MENTETH, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
 He only liv'd but till he was a man;
 The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,
 But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of
 sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
 It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
 Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
 I would not wish them to a fairer death:
 And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
 And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
 They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
 So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

[5] This incident is thus related from Henry of Huntingdon, by Camden, in his *Remains*, from which our author probably copied it:—When Siward, the martial earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent in service against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wound were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, in the fore part, he replied, "I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine."

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's Head on a Pole.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold, where
stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail! *[Flourish]*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. Exeunt]

It may be worth while to remark, that Milton, who left behind him a list of no less than CII. dramatic subjects, had fixed on the story of this play among the rest. His intention was to have begun with the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff's castle. "The matter of Duncan (says he) may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost." It should seem from this last memorandum, that Milton disliked the license his predecessor had taken in comprehending a history of such length within the short compass of a play, and would have now written the whole on the plan of the ancient drama. He could not surely have indulged so vain a hope, as that of excelling Shakespeare in the tragedy of Macbeth. STEEVENS.

KING JOHN.

OBSERVATIONS.

KING JOHN.] *The troublesome Reign of King John* was written in two parts, by W. Shakespeare and W. Rowley, and printed 1611. But the present play is entirely different, and infinitely superior to it. POPE.

The edition of 1611 has no mention of Rowley, nor in the account of Rowley's works is any mention made of his conjunction with Shakespeare in any play. *King John* was reprinted, in two parts, in 1622. The first edition that I have found of this play, in its present form, is that of 1623, in folio. The edition of 1591 I have not seen. JOHNSON

Dr. Johnson mistakes, when he says there is no mention, in Rowley's works, of any conjunction with Shakespeare. *The Birth of Merlin* is ascribed to them jointly, though I cannot believe Shakespeare had any thing to do with it. Mr. Capell is equally mistaken, when he says (Pref. p. 15) that Rowley is called his partner in the title-page of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*.

There must have been some tradition, however erroneous, upon which Mr. Pope's account was founded. I make no doubt that Rowley wrote the first *King John*; and, when Shakespeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one, with *W. Sh.* in the title-page.

FARMER.

The elder play of *King John* was first published in 1591. Shakespeare has preserved the greatest part of the conduct of it, as well as some of the lines. A few of those I have pointed out, and others I have omitted as undeserving notice. The number of quotations from Horace, and

similar scraps of learning scattered over this motley piece, ascertain it to have been the work of a scholar. It contains likewise a quantity of rhyming Latin, and ballad-metre ; and in a scene where the Bastard is represented as plundering a monastery, there are strokes of humour, which seem, from their particular turn, to have been most evidently produced by another hand than that of our author.

Of this historical drama there is a subsequent edition in 1611, printed for John Helme, whose name appears before none of the genuine pieces of Shakespeare. I admitted this play some years ago as our author's own, among the twenty which I published from the old editions ; but a more careful perusal of it, and a further conviction of his custom of borrowing plots, sentiments, &c. disposes me to recede from that opinion.

STEEVENS.

A play entitled *The troublesome Raigne of John King of England*, in two parts, was printed in 1591, without the writer's name. It was written, I believe, either by Robert Greene, or George Peele ; and certainly preceded this of our author. Mr. Pope, who is very inaccurate in matters of this kind, says that the former was printed in 1611, as written by W. Shakespeare and W. Rowley. But this is not true. In the *second* edition of this old play, in 1611, the letters *W. Sh.* were put into the title-page to deceive the purchaser, and to lead him to suppose the piece was Shakespeare's play, which, at that time, was not published. — See a more minute account of this fraud in *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, Vol. II. Our author's *King John* was written, I imagine, in 1596. The reasons on which this opinion is founded may be found in that essay.

MALONE.

Though this play have the title of *The Life and Death of King John*, yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life, and takes in only some transactions of his reign to the time of his demise, being an interval of about seventeen years.

THEOBALD.

Hall, Holinshed, Stowe, &c. are closely followed, not only in the conduct, but sometimes in the very expressions, throughout the following historical dramas ; viz. *Macbeth*,

this play, *Richard II.* *Henry IV.* two parts, *Henry V* *Henry VI* three parts, *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.*

“ A booke called *The Histoire of Lord Faulconbridge, bastard Son to Richard Cordelion,*” was entered at Stationers’ Hall, Nov. 29, 1614 ; but I have never met with it, and therefore know not whether it was the old black letter history, or a play upon the same subject. For the original *King John*, see *Six old Plays on which Shakespeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-cross.

STEEVENS.

The Histoire of Lord Faulconbridge, &c. is a prose narrative, in bl. l. The earliest edition that I have seen of it was printed in 1616.

A book entitled *Richard Cur de Lion* was entered on the Stationers’ Books in 1558.

A play called *The Funeral of Richard Cordelion*, was written by Robert Wilson, Henry Chettle, Anthony Mundy, and Michael Drayton, and first exhibited in the year 1598. See *The Historical Account of the English Stage*, Vol. II.

MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King JOHN :

Prince HENRY, his son ; afterwards king Henry III.

ARTHUR, duke of Bretagne, son of Geffrey, late duke of Bretagne, the elder brother of king John.

WILLIAM MARESHALL, earl of Pembroke.

GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, earl of Essex, chief justiciary of England.

WILLIAM LONGSWORD, earl of Salisbury.

ROBERT BIGOT, earl of Norfolk.

HUBERT DE BURGH, chamberlain to the king.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge :

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, his half-brother, bastard son to king Richard the first.

JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.

PETER of Pomfret, a prophet.

PHILIP, king of France.

LEWIS, the dauphin.

Arch-duke of Austria.

Cardinal PANDULPH, the pope's legate.

MELUN, a French lord.

CHATILLON, ambassador from France to king John.

ELINOR, the widow of king Henry II. and mother of king John.

CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.

BLANCH, daughter to Alphonso, king of Castile, and niece to king John.

Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, mother to the bastard, and Robert Faulconbridge.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—sometimes in England and sometimes in France.

KING JOHN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace.*
Enter King JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and others, with CHATILLON.

King John.

NOW, say, Chatillon, what would France with us ?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
In my behaviour,¹ to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning ;—borrow'd majesty !

K. John. Silence, good mother ; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories ;
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine :
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles ;
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this ?

Chat. The proud control² of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment : so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace :

[1] The word *behaviour* seems here to have a signification that I have never found in any other author. *The king of France*, says the envoy, *thus speaks in my behaviour to the majesty of England* ; that is, the king of France speaks in the character which I here assume. JOHNSON.

[2] *Opposition from controller.* JOHNSON.

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France ;³
 For ere thou canst report I will be there,
 The thunder of my cannon shall be heard :
 So, hence ! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
 And sullen presage of your own decay.—
 An honourable conduct let him have :—
 Pembroke, look to't :—Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHAT. and PEM.]

Eli. What now, my son ? have I not ever said,
 How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
 Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
 Upon the right and party of her son ?
 This might have been prevented, and made whole,
 With very easy arguments of love ;
 Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
 With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right ;
 Or else it must go wrong with you, and me :
 So much my conscience whispers in your ear ;
 Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
 Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
 That e'er I heard : Shall I produce the men ?

K. John. Let them approach.— [Exit Sheriff.]
 Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

*Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, and PHILIP,
 his bastard brother.*

This expedition's charge.—What men are you ?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
 Born in Northamptonshire ; and eldest son,
 As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge ;
 A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
 Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

[3] This simile does not suit well : the lightning indeed appears before the thunder is heard, but the lightning is destructive, and the thunder innocent.

JOHNSON.

The allusion may, notwithstanding, be very proper, so far as Shakespeare had applied it, i. e. merely to the *swiftness* of the lightning and its *predating* and *foretelling* the thunder. But there is some reason to believe that *thunder* was not thought to be *innocent* in our author's time, as we elsewhere learn from himself. See *King Lear*, Act III. sc. ii. *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II. sc. v. *Julius Caesar*, Act I. sc. iii. and still more decisively in *Measure for Measure*, Act II. sc. ii. This old superstition is still prevalent in many parts of the country. RITSON.

K. John. What art thou ?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir ?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known ; and, as I think, one father :
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother ;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man ! thou dost shame thy
mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam ? no, I have no reason for it ;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine ;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year :
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land !

K. John. A good blunt fellow :—Why, being younger
born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance ?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy :
But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,⁴
That still I lay upon my mother's head ;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me !)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him ;—
O old sir Robert, father, on my knees
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here !

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,⁵
The accent of his tongue affecteth him :
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man ?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land ?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father ;

[4] *Whe'r* for *whether*. STEEVENS.

[5] The *trick* or *tricking*, is the same as the tracing of a drawing, meaning that peculiarity of face which may be sufficiently shown by the slightest outline.
STEEVENS.

With that half face would he have all my land :
A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year !⁶

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much ;—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land ;
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time :
Th' advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's ;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak :
But truth is truth ; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself,)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me ; and took it, on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his ;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate ;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him :
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers ;
(Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives.) Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his ?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world ;
In sooth, he might : then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him ; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him : This concludes,—
My mother's son did get your father's heir ;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his ?

[6] The poet sneers at the meagre sharp visage of the younger brother, by comparing him to a silver groat, that bore the king's face in profile to shew but half the face. THEOBALD.

[7] This is a *decisive argument*. As your father, if he liked him, could not have been forced to resign him, so not liking him, he is not at liberty to reject him. JOHNSON.

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land ;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside ?⁸

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert his⁹ like him ;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd ; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,¹
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes !²
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face ;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well ; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me ?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance :
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year ;
Yet sell your face for five-pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name ?

Bast. Philip, my liege ; so is my name begun ;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form
thou bear'st :
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great ;

[8] *Lord of thy presence* means, master of that dignity and grandeur of appearance that may sufficiently distinguish thee from the vulgar without the help of fortune.—*Lord of his presence* apparently signifies, great in his own person, and is used in this sense by King John in one of the following scenes. JOHNSON.

[9] *Sir Robert his*, for *Sir Robert's*, is agreeable to the practice of that time, when the 's added to the nominative was believed, I think erroneously, to be a contraction of *his*. JOHNSON.

[1] The sticking roses about them was then all the court fashion.

WARBURTON.

[2] In this very obscure passage our poet is anticipating the date of another coin; humorously to rally a thin face, eclipsed, as it were, by a full blown rose. We must observe, to explain this allusion, that Queen Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only prince, who coined in England three-half-pence, and three-farthing pieces. She coined shillings, six-pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-half-pence, pence, three farthings, and half-pence; and these pieces all had her head, and were alternately with the rose behind, and without the rose. THEOBALD.

Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.³

Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand ;—
My father gave me honour, your's gave land :—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away !

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet !—
I am thy grandame, Richard ; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth ; What
though ?

Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch :
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night ;
And have is have, however men do catch :
Near or far off, well won is still well shot ;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.⁴

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge ; now hast thou thy desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.
—Come, madam, and come, Richard ; we must speed
For France, for France ; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu ! Good fortune come to thee !
For thou wast got 'i th' way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard*

A foot of honour⁵ better than I was ;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady :—
*Good den, sir Richard,*⁶—*God-a-mercy, fellow ;—*
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter :
For new-made honour doth forget men's names ;
'Tis too respective, and too sociable,

[3] It is a common opinion, that *Plantagenet* was the surname of the royal house of England, from the time of King Henry II. but it is, as Camden observes, in his *Remaines*, 1614, a popular mistake. *Plantagenet* was not a family name, but a nick-name, by which a grandson of Geoffrey, the first Earl of Anjou, was distinguished, from his wearing a *broom-stalk* in his bonnet. But this name was never borne either by the first Earl of Anjou, or by King Henry II. the son of that Earl by the Empress Maude ; he being always called Henry *Fitz-Empress* ; his son, Richard *Cœur-de-lion* ; and the prince who is exhibited in the play before us, John *sans-terre*, or *lack-land*. MALONE.

[4] This speech, composed of allusive and proverbial sentences, is obscure. *I am*, says the sprightly knight, *your grandson*, a little *irregularly*, but every man cannot get what he wishes the legal way. He that *dares not go* about his designs *by day*, must *make his motions* in the *night* ; *he*, to whom the door is shut, must climb the window, or leap the hatch. This, however, shall not depress me ; for the world never inquires how any man got what he is known to possess, but allows that *to have is to have*, however it was caught, and that he *who wins, shot well*, whatever was his skill, whether the arrow fell near the mark, or far off it. JOHNSON.

[5] A *step. un pas*. JOHNSON.

[6] i. e. A good evening. STEEVENS.

For your conversion. Now your traveller,⁷—
 He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess ;⁸
 And when my nightly stomach is suffic'd,
 Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
 My picked man of countries :⁹—*My dear sir,*
 (Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,)
I shall beseech you—That is question now ;
 And then comes answer like an ABC-book :—
O sir, says answer, *at your best command ;*
At your employment ; at your service, sir :—
No, sir, says question, *I, sweet sir, at yours :*
 And so, ere answer knows what question would,
 (Saving in dialogue of compliment ;
 And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
 It draws towards supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit, like myself :
 For he is but a bastard to the time,
 That doth not smack of observation ;
 (And so am I, whether I smack, or no ;)
 And not alone in habit and device,
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement ;
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth :
 Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn ;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
 But who comes in such haste, in riding robes ?¹

[7] It is said, in *All's well that ends well*, that "a traveller is a good thing after dinner." In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller. JOHNSON.

[8] It has been already remarked, that *to pick the tooth*, and wear a *piqued beard*, were, in that time, marks of a man's affecting foreign fashions. JOHNSON.

Among Gascoigne's poems I find one entitled, *Councell given to Maister Bartholomew Withpoll a little before his latter Journey to Geneva*, 1572. The following lines, may, perhaps be acceptable to the reader who is curious enough to inquire about the fashionable follies imported in that age :

"Now, sir, if I shall see your mastership

"Come home disguis'd, and clad in quaint array ;—

"As with a *pike-tooth* byting on your lippe ;

"Your brave mustachios turn'd the Turkie way ;

"A coptant hat made on a Flemish blocke ;

"A night-gowne close down trayling to your toes ;

"A slender slop close couched to your dock ;

"A curtolde slipper, and a short silk hose," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *My picked man of countries* is—my travelled fop. HOLT WHITE.

[1] Milton, in his tragedy, introduces Dalilah with such an interrogatory exclamation. JOHNSON.

What woman-post is this ? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her ?

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.

O me ! it is my mother :—How now, good lady ?
What brings you here to court so hastily ?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother ? where is he
That holds in chase mine honour up and down ?

Bast. My brother Robert ? old sir Robert's son ?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man ?
Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so ?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son ! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son : Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert ?
He is sir Robert's son ; and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while ?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip ?—sparrow !—James,
There's toys abroad ; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit GURNEY*]

—Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son ;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast :
Sir Robert could do well ; Marry, (to confess !)
Could he get me ? Sir Robert could not do it ;
We know his handy-work :—Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for these limbs ?
Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour ?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave ?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco like :
What ! I am dubb'd ; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son ;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land ;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone :
Then, good, my mother, let me know my father ;
Some proper man, I hope ; Who was it, mother ?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge ?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father ;

[2] Colbrand was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. The combat is very pompously described by Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*. JOHNSON.

[3] The Bastard means : *Philipp* ! Do you take me for a sparrow ? HAWKINS.

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
 To make room for him in my husband's bed :—
 Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge !—
 Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
 Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
 Madam, I would not wish a better father.
 Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,⁴
 And so doth yours ; your fault was not your folly :
 Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—
 Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
 Against whose fury and unmatched force
 The awless lion could not wage the fight,
 Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
 (He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
 May easily win a woman's.) Ay, my mother,
 With all my heart I thank thee for my father !
 Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
 When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
 Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin ;
 And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
 If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin :
 Who says it was, he lies ; I say, 'twas not. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*France. Before the walls of Angiers. Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria, and Forces ; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces ; LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.*

Lewis.

BEFORE Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
 Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,⁵
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,

[4] There are sins that whatever be determined of them above, are not much censured on earth. JOHNSON.

[5] So, Rastal, in his Chronicle : " It is sayd that a *lyon* was put to kynge Richard, beyng in prison, to have devoured him, and when the *lyon* was gapyng he put his arme in his mouth, and pulled the *lyon* by the harte so hard that he slewe the *lyon*, and therefore some say he is called *Rycharde Cure de Lyon* ; but some say he is called *Cure de Lyon*, because of his boldness and hardy stomake." GREY.

By this brave duke came early to his grave :
 And, for amends to his posterity,
 At our importance hither is he come,
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf ;
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John :
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arthur. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
 The rather, that you give his offspring life,
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war :
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
 But with a heart full of unstained love :
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lewis. A noble boy ! Who would not do thee right ?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
 As seal to this indenture of my love ;
 That to my home I will no more return,
 Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
 Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,⁶
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
 And coops from other lands her islanders,
 Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,
 Even till that utmost corner of the west
 Salute thee for her king : till then, fair boy,
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
 Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
 To make a more requital to your love.⁷

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
 In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phil. Well then, to work ; our cannon shall be bent
 Against the brows of this resisting town.—
 Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
 To cull the plots of best advantages :⁸—
 We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
 Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
 But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,

[6] England is supposed to be called Albion from the *white rocks* facing France. JOHNSON.

[7] *More signified*, in our author's time, *greater*. STEEVENS.

[8] i. e. to mark such stations as might most over-awe the town. HENLEY.

Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood :
 My lord Chatillon may from England bring
 That right in peace, which here we urge in war ;
 And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
 That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phil. A wonder, lady !—lo, upon thy wish,
 Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—
 What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
 We coldly pause for thee ; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
 And stir them up against a mightier task.
 England, impatient of your just demands,
 Hath put himself in arms ; the adverse winds,
 Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
 To land his legions all as soon as I :
 His marches are expedient to this town,⁹
 His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
 With him along is come the mother-queen,
 An Atè, stirring him to blood and strife ;
 With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain ;
 With them a bastard of the king deceas'd :
 And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and scath' in Christendom.
 The interruption of their churlish drums [*Drums beat.*
 Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand,
 To parley, or to fight ; therefore, prepare.

K. Phil. How much unlook'd for is this expedition !

Aus. By how much unexpected, by so much
 We must awake endeavour for defence ;
 For courage mounteth with occasion :
 Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

⁹] Immediate, *expeditions*.

[1] *Scath*—Destruction, harm. JOHNSON.

Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard, PEMBROKE, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France ; if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own !
If not ; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven !
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phil. Peace be to England ; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace !
England we love ; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat :
This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face ;—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his :
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geoffrey ; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.^a
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son ; England was Geoffrey's right,
And this is Geoffrey's : In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'er-masterest ?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission,
France,
To draw my answer from thy articles ?

K. Phil. From that supernal judge, that stirs good
thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong ;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phil. Excuse ; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France ?

[2] A *brief* is a short writing, abstract, or description. STEEVENS

Const. Let me make answer ;—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be king ;
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world !

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband : and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey,
Than thou and John in manners ; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard ! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot ;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.³

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Con. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace !

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou ?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard ;
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right ;
Sirrah, look to't ; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe !

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass :—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back ;
Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.⁴

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath ?

K. Phil. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.—
King John, this is the very sum of all,—

[3] Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Lewis the Seventh, when they were in the Holy Land ; on account of which he was divorced from her. She afterwards (1151) married our King Henry II. MALONE.

[4] The ground of the quarrel of the Bastard to Austria is no where specified in the present play. But the story is, that Austria, who killed King Richard *Cœur-de-lion*, wore, as the spoil of that prince, a lion's *hide* which had belonged to him. This circumstance renders the anger of the Bastard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted. POPE.

The omission of this incident was natural. Shakespeare having familiarized the story to his own imagination, forgot that it was obscure to his audience ; or, what is equally probable, the story was then so popular, that a hint was sufficient, at that time, to bring it to mind ; and these plays were written with very little care for the approbation of posterity. JOHNSON

England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur, do I claim of thee :

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms ?

K. John. My life as soon :—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win :
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go it' grandam, child ;
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig :
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace !
I would, that I were low laid in my grave ;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no !
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee ;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth !

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth !
Call not me slanderer ; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy : This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee ;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child ;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue,⁶ plagu'd for her,

[5] Read —*whe'r he does, or no!*—i. e. whether he weeps, or not. Constance, so far from admitting, expressly denies that *she* shames him. RITSON.

[6] The key to these words is contained in the last speech of Constance, where she alludes to the denunciation of the *second commandment*, of "*visiting the iniquities of the parents upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation*," &c.
HENLEY

And with her plague, her sin ; his injury
 Her injury,—the beadle to her sin ;
 All punish'd in the person of this child,
 And all for her ; A plague upon her !

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
 A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that ? a will ! a wicked will ;
 A woman's will ; a canker'd grandam's will !

K. Phil. Peace, lady ; pause, or be more temperate ;
 It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim
 To these ill-tuned repetitions.—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
 These men of Angiers ; let us hear them speak,
 Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.

1 *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls ?

K. Phil. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself :

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phil. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
 Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage ;—Therefore, hear us first.
 —These flags of France, that are advanced here
 Before the eye and prospect of your town,
 Have hither march'd to your endamage :
 The cannons have their bowels full of wrath ;
 And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
 Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :
 All preparation for a bloody siege,
 And merciless proceeding by these French,
 Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates ;⁷
 And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
 That as a waist do girdle you about,
 By the compulsion of their ordnance
 By this time from their fixed beds of lime
 Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
 For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
 But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
 Who painfully, with much expedient march,
 Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
 To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
 Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle :

[7] i. e. gates hastily closed from an apprehension of danger. MALONE.

And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,
 They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
 To make a faithless error in your ears :
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
 And let us in, your king ; whose labour'd spirits,
 Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
 Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phil. When I have said, make answer to us—
 Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
 Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet ;
 Son to the elder brother of this man,
 And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys :
 For this down-trodden equity, we tread
 In warlike march these greens before your town ;
 Being no further enemy to you,
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
 In the relief of this oppressed child,
 Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
 To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
 To him that owes it ;⁸ namely, this young prince :
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
 Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up ;
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
 Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven ;
 And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
 With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
 We will bear home that lusty blood again,
 Which here we came to spout against your town,
 And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
 'Tis not the roundure⁹ of your old-fac'd walls,
 Can hide you from our messengers of war ;
 Though all these English, and their discipline,
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
 Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it ?
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
 And stalk in blood to our possession ?

1 Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects ;

[8] i. e. owns it. See our author and his contemporaries, *passim*. STEEVENS.
 [9] *Roundure* means the same as the Fr. *rondour*, i. e. the circle. STEEVENS.

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

1 Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,

To him will we prove loyal; till that time,

Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,

Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John.—To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phil. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phil.—Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1 Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,

We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,

Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,

In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phil. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. St. George,—that swing'd the dragon, and e'er
since,

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,

Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,

At your den, sirrah, [*To Aust.*] with your lioness,

I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,

And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace; no more.

Bast. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth,
In best appointment, all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phil. It shall be so;—[*To Lew.*] and at the other
hill

Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The same. Alarums and Excursions: then a retreat. Enter
a French Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,

Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground :
 Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
 Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth ;
 And victory, with little loss, doth play
 Upon the dancing banners of the French ;
 Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
 To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
 Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and your's.¹

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells ;
 King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
 Commander of this hot, malicious day !
 Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood ;
 There stuck no plume in any English crest,
 That is removed by a staff of France ;
 Our colours do return in those same hands
 That did display them when we first march'd forth ;
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
 Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes :²
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.³

Cit. Heralds, from on our towers we might behold,
 From first to last, the onset and retire
 Of both your armies ; whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured :⁴
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows ;
 Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted
 power :

Both are alike ; and both alike we like.
 One must prove greatest : while they weigh so even,
 We hold our town for neither ; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, King JOHN, with his power ; ELINOR,
 BLANCH, and the Bastard ; at the other, King PHILIP,
 LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and Forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away ?
 Say, shall the current of our right run on ?

[1] This speech is very poetical and smooth, and except the conceit of the widow's husband embracing the earth, is just and beautiful. JOHNSON.

[2] It was, I think, one of the savage practices of the chase, for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer, as a trophy. JOHNSON.

[3] The English Herald falls somewhat below his antagonist. *Silver armour gilt with blood* is a poor image. JOHNSON.

[4] i. e. cannot be estimated. MALONE.

Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores ;
 Unless thou let his silver water keep
 A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phil. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
 In this hot trial, more than we of France ;
 Rather, lost more : And by this hand I swear,
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—
 Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
 Or add a royal number to the dead ;
 Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory towers,
 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !
 O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel ;
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs ;
 And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men,
 In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
 Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ?
 Cry, havoc, kings !⁵ back to the stained field,
 You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits !
 Then let confusion of one part confirm
 The other's peace ; till then, blows, blood, and death !

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit ?

K. Phil. Speak, citizens, for England ; who's your
 king ?

1. *Cit.* The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phil. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
 And bear possession of our person here ;
 Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1. *Cit.* A greater power than we, denies all this ;
 And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
 Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates :
 King'd of our fears ;⁶ until our fears, resolv'd,
 Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers' flout you,
 kings ;

[5] That is, command slaughter to proceed. So, in *Julius Caesar* :

"Cry, havoc, and let slip the dogs of war." JOHNSON.

[6] i. e. our fears are the kings which at present rule us. WARBURTON.

[7] *Escroulles*, Fr. i. e. scabby, scrophulous fellows. STEEVENS.

And stand securely on their battlements,
 As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
 At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
 Your royal presences be rul'd by me ;
 Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
 Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
 Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town :
 By east and west let France and England mount
 Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths ;
 Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city :
 I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
 Even till unfenced desolation
 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
 That done, dissever your united strengths,
 And part your mingled colours once again ;
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point :
 Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
 Out of one side her happy minion ;
 To whom, in favour, she shall give the day,
 And kiss him with a glorious victory.
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?
 Smacks it not something of the policy ?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
 I like it well ;—France, shall we knit our powers,
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;
 Then, after, fight who shall be king of it ?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
 Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
 As we will ours, against these saucy walls :
 And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
 Why, then defy each other ; and, pell-mell,
 Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phil. Let it be so :—Say, where will you assault ?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
 Into this city's bosom.

Aus. I from the north.

K. Phil. Our thunder from the south,
 Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline ! From north to south ;
 Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth : [*Aside.*
 I'll stir them to it :—Come, away, away !

1 *Cit.* Hear us, great kings : vouchsafe a while to stay,

And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league ;
 Win you this city, without stroke, or wound ;
 Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
 That here come sacrifices for the field :
 Persévere not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour ; we are bent to hear.

1 Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
 Is near to England ; Look upon the years
 Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid :
 If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
 Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch ?
 If zealous love should go in search of virtue,⁸
 Where should he find it purer than in Blanch ?
 If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
 Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch ?
 Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
 Is the young Dauphin every way complete :
 If not complete, O say, he is not she ;
 And she again wants nothing, to name want,
 If want it be not, that she is not, he :
 He is the half part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such a she ;
 And she a fair divided excellence,
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
 O, two such silver currents, when they join,
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in ;
 And two such shores to two such streams made one,
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
 To these two princes, if you marry them.
 This union shall do more than battery can,
 To our fast-closed gates ; for, at this match,
 With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 And give you entrance ; but, without this match,
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
 More free from motion ; no, not death himself
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this city.

[8] *Zealous* seems here to signify *pious*, or influenced by motives of religion
 JOHNSON.

[9] *Stay*, I apprehend, here signifies a supporter of a cause. Here's an extraordinary partizan, that shakes, &c. It is observable, that *partisan*, in like manner, though now generally used to signify an adherent to a party, originally meant a pike or halberd. MALONE.

Bast. Here's a stay,^o
 That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
 Out of his rags ! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
 That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas ;
 Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs !
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?
 He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce ;
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue ;
 Our ears are cudgel'd , not a word of his,
 But buffets better than a fist of France :
 Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words,
 Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match
 Give with our niece a dowry large enough :
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
 Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
 I see a yielding in the looks of France ;
 Mark, how they whisper : urge them, while their souls
 Are capable of this ambition :
 Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
 Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.¹

1 Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
 This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

K. Phil. Speak England first, that hath been forward
 first

To speak unto this city : What say you ?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
 Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen :
 For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
 And all that we upon this side the sea
 (Except this city now by us besieg'd,)
 Find liable to our crown and dignity,
 Shall gild her bridal bed ; and make her rich
 In titles, honours, and promotions,

[1] We have here a very unusual, and, I think, not very just image of *zeal*, which, in its highest degree, is represented by others as a flame, but by Shakespeare as a frost. To *repress zeal*, in the language of others, is to *cool*, in Shakespeare's to *melt* it ; when it exerts its utmost power it is commonly said to *flame*, but by Shakespeare to be *congealed*. JOHNSON.

The poet means to compare *zeal* to metal in a state of fusion, and not to dissolving ice. STEEVENS.

As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phil. What say'st thou, boy ? look in the lady's face

Lew. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye ;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow :
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with BLANCH*

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye !—
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow !—
And quarter'd in her heart !—he doth espy
Himself love's traitor : This is pity now,
That, hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine :
If he see ought in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will ;
Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your
judge,)

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones ? What say you,
my niece ?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin ; can you love
this lady ?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love ;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee ; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal

Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phil. It likes us well ;—Young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too ; for, I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

K. Phil. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made ;
For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
Is not the lady Constance in this troop ?—
I know, she is not ; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much :—
Where is she and her son ? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phil. And, by my faith, this league, that we have
made,
Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady ? In her right we came ;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond ; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance ;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity :—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

*[Exeunt all but the Bastard. The Citizens
retire from the walls.]*

Bast. Mad world ! mad kings ! mad composition ! —
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part :²
And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on ;
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier,) rounded in the ear³
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil ;

[2] To *part* and to *depart* were formerly synonymous. STEEVENS.

[3] i. e. whispered in the ear. This phrase is frequently used by Chancer, as well as later writers. STEEVENS

That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith ;
 That daily break-vow ; he that wins of all,
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids ;—
 Who having no external thing to lose
 But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that ;
 That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,—
 Commodity, the bias of the world ;
 The world, who of itself is peised well,
 Made to run even, upon even ground ;
 Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
 This sway of motion, this commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent :
 And this same bias, this commodity,
 This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
 Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
 And why rail I on this commodity ?
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
 When his fair angels would salute my palm :
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor beggar, railleth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
 And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich ;
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
 To say,—there is no vice, but beggary :
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,
 Gain, be my lord ! for I will worship thee !

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The French King's Tent. Enter*
 CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

Constance.

GONE to be married ! gone to swear a peace !
 False blood to false blood join'd ! Gone to be friends !
 Shall Lewis have Blanch ? and Blanch those provinces ?
 'Tis not so ; thou hast misspoke, misheard ;
 Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again :

It cannot be ; thou dost but say, 'tis so :
 I trust, I may not trust thee ; for thy word
 Is but the vain breath of a common man :
 Believe me, I do not believe thee, man ;
 I have a king's oath to the contrary.
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
 For I am sick, and capable of fears ;
 Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears ;
 A widow,¹ husbandless, subject to fears ;
 A woman, naturally born to fears ;
 And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest
 With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine ?
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds ?
 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words ?
 Then speak again ; not all thy former tale,
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die ;
 And let belief and life encounter so,
 As doth the fury of two desperate men,
 Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
 Lewis marry Blanch ! O, boy, then where art thou ?
 France friend with England ! what becomes of me ?—
 Fellow, begone ; I cannot brook thy sight ;
 This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
 But spoke the harm that is by others done ?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
 As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
 Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
 Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless² stains,

[1] This was not the fact. Constance was at this time married to a third husband, Guido, brother to the Viscount of Touars. MALONE.

[2] The poet uses *sightless* for that which we now express by *unsightly*, disagreeable to the eyes. JOHNSON.

Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,³
 Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
 I would not care, I then would be content ;
 For then I should not love thee ; no, nor thou
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
 But thou art fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy !
 Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great :
 Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
 And with the half-blown rose : but fortune, O !
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee ;
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John ;
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
 And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
 France is a bawd to fortune, and king John ;
 That strumpet fortune, that usurping John :—
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?
 Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone,
 Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,

I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee :
 I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.⁴
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,
 Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great,
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth
 Can hold it up : here I and sorrow sit ;
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[She throws herself on the ground.]

*Enter King JOHN, King PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR,
 Bastard, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.*

K. Phil. 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this blessed day,
 Ever in France shall be kept festival :

[3] i. e. *portentous*, so deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil*. JOHN.

[4] In *Much Ado about Nothing*, the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief, that *a thread may lead him*. How is it that grief, in Leonato and Lady Constance, produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible, but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn; angry alike at those that injure, and at those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions. JOHNSON.

To solemnize this day,⁵ the glorious sun
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist ;
 Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,
 The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold :
 The yearly course, that brings this day about,
 Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holyday ! [Rising

——What hath this day deserv'd ? what hath it done ;
 That it in golden letters should be set,
 Among the high tides, in the kalendar ?
 Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week ;⁶
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury :
 Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
 Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd :⁷
 But on this day,⁸ let seamen fear no wreck ;
 No bargains break, that are not this day made :
 This day, all things begun come to ill end ;
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !

K. Phil. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day :
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
 Resembling majesty ; which, being touch'd, and tried,⁹
 Proves valueless : You are forsworn, forsworn ;
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
 But now in arms you strengthen it with yours :
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
 Is cold in amity and painted peace,
 And our oppression hath made up this league :—
 Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings !
 A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day

[5] From this passage Rowe seems to have borrowed the first lines of his *Fair Penitent*. JOHNSON.

[6] In allusion to *Job* iii. 3, 6 : " Let the day perish," &c. " Let it not be joined to the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months."—In the *Fair Penitent*, the imprecation of Calista on the night that betrayed her to Lothario, is chiefly borrowed from this chapter of *Job*. STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster.

STEEVENS.

[8] That is, *except* on this day. JOHNSON.

In the ancient almanacs, (several of which I have in my possession,) the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains, are distinguished among a number of other particulars of the like importance. STEEVENS.

[9] Being *touch'd*, signifies having the *touchstone* applied to it. The two last words, *and tried*, which create a redundancy of measure, should, as Mr Ritson observes, be omitted. STEEVENS.

Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings !
Hear me, O, hear me !

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges ! O Austria !¹ thou dost shame
That bloody spoil : Thou slave, thou wretch, thou
coward ;

Thou little valiant, great in villany !
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humourous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety ! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. (What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool ; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party) Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.²

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me !

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.³

K. John. We like not this ; thou dost forget thyself.

[1] *O Lymoges ! O Austria !* The propriety or impropriety of these titles, which every editor has suffered to pass unnoted, deserves a little consideration. Shakespeare has, on this occasion, followed the old play, which at once furnished him with the character of Faulconbridge, and ascribed the death of Richard I. to the duke of Austria. In the person of Austria, he has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison, in a former expedition ; (in 1193) but the castle of Chaluz, before which he fell (1199) belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Limoges ; and the archer who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon. The editors seem hitherto to have understood *Lymoges* as being an appendage to the title of Austria, and therefore inquired no further about it.

STEEVENS.

[2] When fools were kept for diversion in great families, they were distinguished by a *calf's-skin-coat*, which had the buttons down the back ; and this they wore that they might be known for fools, and escape the resentment of those whom they provoked with their waggeries. This fact will explain the sarcasm of Constance and Faulconbridge, who mean to call Austria a *fool*.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

[3] Here Mr. Pope inserts the following speeches from the old play of *King John*, printed 1591, before Shakespeare appears to have commenced a writer :

Aust. Methinks, that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall,
Should be a precedent to fright you all.

Faulc. What words are these ? how do my sinews shake !

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phil. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories,
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—'That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without th' assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phil. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Tho' you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,

My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!
How doth Alecto whisper in my ears,
*Delay not, Richard, kill the villain straight;
Disrobe him of the matchless monument,
Thy father's triumph o'er the savages!—*
Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,
Twice will I not review the morning's rise,
Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,
And split thy heart for wearing it so long." STEEVENS.

[4] This must have been, at the time when it was written, in our struggles with popery, a very captivating scene.

So many passages remain in which Shakespeare evidently takes his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the passions then in motion, that I cannot but suspect that time has obscured much of his art, and that many allusions yet remain undiscovered, which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by succeeding commentators. JOHNSON.

Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
 Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself :
 Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
 This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish ;
 Yet I, alone, alone-do me oppose
 Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
 Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate :
 And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
 From his allegiance to an heretic ;
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
 Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
 That takes away by any secret course
 Thy hateful life.*

Const. O, lawful let it be,
 That I have room with Rome to curse a while !
 { Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
 { To my keen curses ; for, without my wrong,
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too ; when law can do no right,
 Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong :
 Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;
 For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law .
 Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
 Let go the hand of that arch-heretic ;
 And raise the power of France upon his head,
 Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil ! lest that France repent,
 And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
 Because——

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal ?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal ?

[5] This may allude to the bull published against Queen Elizabeth. Or we may suppose, since we have no proof that this play appeared in its present state before the reign of King James, that it was exhibited soon after the popish plot. I have seen a Spanish book in which Garnet, Faux and their accomplices, are registered as saints. JOHNSON.

Lew. Bethink you, father ; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,⁶
Or the light loss of England for a friend :
Forgo the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast ; the devil tempts thee
here,
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,——
That faith would live again by death of need ;
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up ;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, king Philip ; hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phil. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What can'st thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd ?

K. Phil. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit ;
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows ;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves ;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,——
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil ; where revenge did paint.
The fearful difference of incensed kings :
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret ?
Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with heaven,

[6] It is a political maxim, that *kingdoms are never married*. Lewis, upon the wedding is for making war upon his new relations. JOHNSON.

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm ;
 Unswear faith sworn ; and on the marriage bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
 And make a riot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity ? O holy sir,
 My reverend father, let it not be so :
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
 Some gentle order ; and then we shall be bless'd
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
 Save what is opposite to England's love.
 Therefore, to arms ! be champion of our church !
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
 A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
 France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A cased lion by the mortal paw,
 A fasting tyger safer by the tooth,
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith ;
 And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd ;
 That is, to be the champion of our church !
 What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
 And may not be performed by thyself :
 For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
 Is not amiss when it is truly done ;
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done not doing it :
 The better act of purposes mistook
 Is, to mistake again ; though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
 And falsehood falsehood cures ; as fire cools fire,
 Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
 It is religion, that doth make vows kept ;
 But thou hast sworn against religion ;
 By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st ;
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
 Against an oath : the truth thou art unsure
 To swear, swear only not to be forsworn ;
 Else, what a mockery should it be to swear ?
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn ;

And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
 Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:
 And better conquest never canst thou make,
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against those giddy loose suggestions:
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,
 If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,
 The peril of our curses light on thee;
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
 But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will't not be?

(Will hot a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?)

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
 Against the blood that thou hast married?
 What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
 Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—
 Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp?
 O husband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new
 Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
 Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
 Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
 Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; What motive may
 Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
 His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
 When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phil. Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall from
 thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this
 hour.

Bast. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton time,
 Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood : Fair day, adieu !
 Which is the side that I must go withal ?
 I am with both : each army hath a hand ;
 And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
 They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
 Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win ;
 Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose ;
 Father, I may not wish the fortune thine ;
 Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive :
 Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose ;
 Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me ; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—
 [Exit Bastard.]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath ;
 A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
 That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
 The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phil. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
 To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire :
 Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats. To arms
 let's hie ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. Plains near Angiers. Alarums, Excursions. Enter the Bastard, with AUSTRIA'S Head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot ;
 Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
 And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there ;
 While Philip breathes.

[7] Shakespeare here probably alludes to the distinctions and divisions of demonologists, so much regarded in his time. They distributed the devils into different tribes and classes, each of which had its peculiar qualities, attributes, &c. These are described at length in Burton's *Anatomic of Melancholy*, Part I. sect. II. p. 45, 1632: "Of these sublunary devils—Psellus makes six kinds; fiery, aeriall, terrestriall, watery, and subterranean devils, besides those faeries, satyres, symphes," &c. "Fiery spirits or divells are such as commonly worke by blazing starres, fire-drakes, and counterfeit sunnes and moones, and sit on ships' masts," &c. &c. "Aeriall spirits or divells are such as keep quarter most part in the aire, cause many tempests, thunder and lightnings, tear oakes, fire steeples, houses, strike men and beasts, make it rain stones," &c. PERCY.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy :—Philip, make up :
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her ;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not :
But on, my liege ; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same. Alarums ; Excursions ; Retreat. Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard, HUBERT, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be ; your grace shall stay behind,
[To ELINOR.]
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad :
[To ARTHUR.]

Thy grandam loves thee ; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, *[To the Bastard.]* away for England ;
haste before :

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots ; angels imprisoned
Set thou at liberty : the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon :⁸
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle⁹ shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness :—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy,)
For your fair safety ; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, my gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. *[Exit Bastard.]*

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word.

[She takes ARTHUR aside.]

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,

[8] This expression like many other of our author's, is taken from the sacred writings " And there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation." 107th Psalm.—Again: " He hath filled the hungry with good things," &c. St. Luke, i. 53. MALONE.

[9] In an account of the Romish curse given by Dr. Grey, it appears that three candles were extinguished, one by one, in different parts of the execration.

And with advantage means to pay thy love :
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
 But I will fit it with some better time.
 By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet :
 But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
 I had a thing to say,—But let it go :
 The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
 To give me audience :—If the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound one unto the drowsy race of night ;
 If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick ;
 (Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 A passion hateful to my purposes ;)
 Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,⁵
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;
 Then, in despite of brooded⁶ watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :
 But ah, I will not :—Yet I love thee well ;
 And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heaven, I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know, thou would'st ?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way ;

[5] *Conceit* here as in many other places, signifies *conception*, thought.

MALONE.

[6] All animals while *brooded*, i. e. with a brood of young ones under their protection, are remarkably vigilant. STEEVENS.

And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me : Dost thou understand me ?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I will keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord ?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now : Hubert, I love thee ;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee :
Remember.⁷—Madam, fare you well :
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee !

K. John. For England, cousin :
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The same. The French King's Tent. Enter King PHILIP,
LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.*

K. Phil. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado⁸ of convicted sail⁹
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pan. Courage and comfort ! all shall yet go well.

K. Phil. What can go well, when we have run so ill ?
Are we not beaten ? Is not Angiers lost ?
Arthur ta'en prisoner ? divers dear friends slain ?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France ?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified :
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example : Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this ?

K. Phil. Well could I bear that England had this
praise,

[7] This is one of the scenes to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection; no change in dramatic taste can injure it; and time itself can subtract nothing from its beauties. STEEVENS.

[8] *Armado* is a Spanish word signifying a *fleet of war*. The *armado* in 1588 was called so by way of distinction. STEEVENS.

[9] Overpowered, baffled, destroyed. To *convict* and to *convince* were in our author's time synonymous. MALONE

So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here ! a grave unto a soul ;
Holding th' eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath :—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now ! now see the issue of your peace !

K. Phil. Patience, good lady ! comfort, gentle Constance !

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death :—O amiable, lovely death !
Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy détestable bones ;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows ;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms ;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself :
Come, grin on me ; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife ! Misery's love,
O, come to me !

K. Phil. O fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry :—
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !
Then with a passion would I shake the world ;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.¹

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. 'Thou art not holy to belie me so ;
I am not mad : this hair I tear, is mine ;
My name is Constance ; I was Geoffrey's wife
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :
I am not mad ;—I would to heaven, I were !
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself
O, if I could, what grief should I forget !—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal ;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,

[1] *Modern, is trite, ordinary, common.* STEEVENS.

And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
 If I were mad, I should forget my son ;
 Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he :
 I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel
 The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phil. Bind up those tresses :² O, what love I note
 In the fair multitude of those her hairs !
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
 Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
 Do glew themselves in sociable grief ;
 Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
 Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phil. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will ; And wherefore will I do it ?
 I tore them from their bonds ; and cried aloud,
O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty !
 But now I envy at their liberty,
 And will again commit them to their bonds,
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
 And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :
 If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
 For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
 To him that did but yesterday suspire,³
 There was not such a gracious creature born.
 But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
 And chace the native beauty from his cheek,
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;
 And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
 I shall not know him : therefore, never, never
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;

[2] It was necessary that Constance should be interrupted, because a passion so violent cannot be borne long. I wish the following speeches had been equally happy ; but they only serve to show how difficult it is to maintain the pathetic long. JOHNSON.

[3] To *suspire* in Shakespeare, I believe, means to *breathe*. STEEVENS.

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort⁵ than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[Tearing off her head-dress]

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair-son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! *[Exit.]*

K. Phil. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. *[Ex.]*

Lew. There's nothing in this world, can make me
joy:⁶

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;⁷
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields naught, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange, to think how much king John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:

Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead

[5] This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himself casts his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their inability for coldness. JOHNSON.

[6] The young prince feels his defeat with more sensibility than his father. Shame operates most strongly in the earlier years; and when can disgrace be less welcome than when a man is going to his bride? JOHNSON.

[7] Our author here, and in another play, seems to have had the 90th Psalm in his thoughts. "For when thou art angry, all our days are gone, we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told." STEEVENS

Thy foot to England's throne ; and, therefore, mark.
 John hath seiz'd Arthur ; and it cannot be,
 That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
 The misplac'd John should entertain an hōur,
 One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest :
 A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
 Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd :
 And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up :
 That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall ;
 So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall ?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
 May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green are you, and fresh in this old world !
 John lays you plots ; the times conspire with you :
 For he, that steeps his safety in true blood,
 Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
 This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
 Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal ;
 That none so small advantage shall step forth,
 To check his reign, but they will cherish it :
 No natural exhalation in the sky,
 No scape of nature,⁹ no distemper'd day,
 No common wind, no custom'd event,
 But they will pluck away his natural cause,
 And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
 Abortives, présages, and tongues of heaven,
 Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
 But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
 If that young Arthur be not gone already,
 Even at that news he dies : and then the hearts
 Of all his people shall revolt from him,
 And kiss the lips of unacquainted change ;
 And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
 Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
 Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot ;
 And, O, what better matter breeds for you,

[9] The author very finely calls a *monstrous birth*, an *escape of nature*. as if it were produced while she was busy elsewhere, or intent upon some other thing.

Than I have nam'd !—The bastard Faulconbridge
 Is now in England, ransacking the church,
 Offending charity : If but a dozen French
 Were there in arms, they would be as a call
 To train ten thousand English to their side ;
 Or, as a little snow,¹ tumbled about,
 Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
 Go with me to the king : 'Tis wonderful,
 What may be wrought out of their discontent :
 Now that their souls are topfull of offence,
 For England go ; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions : Let us go ;
 If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Northampton. A Room in the Castle. Enter*
HUBERT and two Attendants.

Hubert.

HEAT me these irons hot ; and, look thou stand
 Within the arras : when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth :
 And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
 Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

1 Attend. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scraples ! Fear not you : look to't.—
 [Exeunt Attendants.]

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
 To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me !

Methinks, no body should be sad but I :
 Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
 Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
 So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,

[1] Bacon, in his *History of Henry VII.* speaking of Simnel's march, observes that "their snow-ball did not gather as it went." JOHNSON.

I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me :
He is afraid of me, and I of him :
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son ?
No, indeed, is't not ; And I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. *[Aside.*

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-day :
In sooth, I would you were a little sick ;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you :
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. *[Showing a paper.]* How
now, foolish rheum ! *[Aside.*

Turning dispiteous torture out of door !
I must be brief ; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you ?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart ? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again :
And with my hand at midnight held your head ;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time ;
Saying, What lack you ? and, Where lies your grief ?
Or, What good love may I perform for you ?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning ; Do, an if you will :
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes ?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you ?

Hub. I have sworn to do it ;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it !
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,³
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence :
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron ?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. Do, as I bid you do. [Stamps.

' Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough ?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !
Nay, hear me, Hubert ! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily :
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

1 At. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed. [Exe.

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend ;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven !—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense !
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,

[3] The participle *heat*, though now obsolete, was in use in our author's time. So in the sacred writings ; " He commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be *heat*." *Dan. iii. 19* MALONE.

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert !
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes ; O, spare mine eyes ;
Though to no use, but still to look on you !
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes :⁴ See else yourself ;
There is no malice in this burning coal ;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;
And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.⁶
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office : only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu ;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

[4] This is according to nature. We imagine no evil so great as that which is near us. JOHNSON.

[5] The sense is: *the fire*, being created not to hurt, but *to comfort* is dead with grief for finding itself used in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have not deserved. JOHNSON.

[6] i. e. stimulate, set him on. STEEVENS

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ; no more : Go closely in with me ;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in the Palace. Enter King JOHN, crowned ; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other Lords. The King takes his State.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous :⁷ You were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off ;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt ;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard⁸ a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told ;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigur'd :
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about ;
Startles and frights consideration ;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness :⁹
And, oftentimes excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse ;

[7] This one time more was one time more than enough. JOHNSON.

It should be remembered, that King John was at present crowned for the fourth time. STEEVENS.

[8] To guard, is to fringe. JOHNSON.

[9] i. e. not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation, an intense desire of excelling. THEOBALD.

As patches, set upon a little breach,
 Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
 Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
 We breath'd our counsel : but it pleas'd your highness
 To overbear it ; and we are all well pleas'd ;
 Since all and every part of what we would,
 Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
 I have possess'd you with, and think them strong ;
 And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear,)
 I shall indue you with : Mean time, but ask
 What you would have reform'd, that is not well ;
 And well shall you perceive, how willingly
 I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pemb. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
 To sound the purposes of all their hearts)¹
 Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,
 Your safety, for the which myself and them
 Bend their best studies,) heartily request
 Th' enfranchisement of Arthur ; whose restraint
 Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
 To break into this dangerous argument,—
 If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
 Why then your fears, (which, as they say, attend
 The steps of wrong,) should move you to mew up
 Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
 With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
 The rich advantage of good exercise ?²
 That the time's enemies may not have this
 To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
 That you have bid us ask his liberty ;
 Which for our goods we do no further ask,
 Than whereupon our weal, on you depending
 Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so ; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you ?

Pemb. This is the man should do the bloody deed ;

[1] 'To declare, to publish the desires of all those. JOHNSON.

[2] In the middle ages, the whole education of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, &c. These could not be easily had in a prison, where mental improvements might have been afforded as well as any where else ; but this sort of education never entered into the thoughts of our active, warlike, but illiterate nobility. PERCY.

He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine :
 'The image of a wicked heinous fault
 Lives in his eye ; that close aspect of his
 Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast ;
 And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
 Between his purpose and his conscience,
 Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set :
 His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
 The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand :—
 Good lords, although my will to give is living,
 The suit which you demand is gone and dead :
 He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
 Before the child himself felt he was sick :
 This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?
 Think you, I bear the shears of destiny ?
 Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play ; and 'tis shame,
 That greatness should so grossly offer it :
 So thrive it in your game ! and so farewell.

Pemb. Stay yet, lord Salisbury ; I'll go with thee,
 And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
 His little kingdom of a forced grave.
 That blood, which ow'd the breath of all this isle,
 Three foot of it doth hold ; Bad world the while !
 This must not be thus borne : this will break out
 To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt Lords.*]

K. John. They burn in indignation ; I repent ;
 There is no sure foundation set on blood ;
 No certain life achiev'd by other's death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast ; Where is that blood,
 That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks ?
 So foul a sky clears not without a storm :
 Pour down thy weather :—How goes all in France ?

Mess. From France to England.³—Never such a power

[3] The king asks how all goes in France, the messenger catches the word goes, and answers, that whatever is in France goes now into England. JOHNSON

For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land !
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them ;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk ?
Where hath it slept ? Where is my mother's care ?
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it ?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust ; the first of April, died
Your noble mother : And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before : but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard ; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion !
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers !—What ! mother dead ?
How wildly then walks my estate in France !—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here ?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard, and PETER of POMFRET.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings ? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin ; for I was amaz'd⁴
Under the tide : but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood ; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied :
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams ;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear :
And here's a prophet⁵ that I brought with me

[4] i. e. stunned, confounded. STEEVENS.

[5] This man was a hermit in great repute with the common people. Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he had prophesied, the poor fellow

From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels ;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes)
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so ?

Peter. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him : imprison him ;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd :
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,

[*Exit HUBERT with PETER.*]

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd ?

Bast. The French, my lord ; men's mouths are full
of it :

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,)
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies :
I have a way to win their loves again ;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste ; the better foot before.—
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion !—
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels ;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[*Exit.*]

K. John. Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman.—
Go after him ; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers ;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege.

[*Exit.*]

K. John. My mother dead !

was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet. DOUCE.

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night.
Four fixed ; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons ?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophecy upon it dangerously :
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear ;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist ;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news ;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)
Told of many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent :
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these
fears ?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death ?
Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord ! why, did you not provoke
me ?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life :
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law ; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.⁶

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven
and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation !

[6] i. e. deliberate consideration, reflection. STEEVENS.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done ! Hadest not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted,⁷ and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind :
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death :
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord——

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head,⁸ or made a
pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed ;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words ;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me :
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my sight, and never see me more !
My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive : This hand of mine

[7] *Quoted*, i. e. observed, distinguished. STEEVENS.

[8] There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches, vented against Hubert, are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another. This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn *ab ipsis recessibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind, particularly that line in which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale in express words*, would have struck him dumb : nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges. JOHNSON

Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet
 The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
 And you have slander'd nature in my form ;
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to the peers,
 Throw this report on their incensed rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience !
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 O, answer not ; but to my closet bring
 The angry lords, with all expedient haste :
 I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

The same. Before the Castle. Enter ARTHUR on the Walls.

Arth. The wall is high ; and yet will I leap down :^a—
 Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not !—
 There's few, or none, do know me ; if they did,
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
 I am afraid ; and yet I'll venture it.
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away :
 As good to die, and go, as die, and stay. [Leaps down.]
 Oh me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones :—
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones !
[Dies.]

[9] Our author has here followed the old play. In what manner Arthur was deprived of his life is not ascertained. Mathew Paris, relating the event, uses the word *exarsit* ; and, indeed, as King Philip afterwards publicly accused King John of putting his nephew to death, without either mentioning the manner of it, or his accomplices, we may conclude that it was done with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians, however, say, that John coming in a boat during the night-time, to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, ordered him to be brought forth, and having stabbed him while supplicating for mercy, the King fastened a stone to the dead body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some colour to a report, which he afterwards caused to be spread, that the prince attempting to escape out of a window of the tower of the castle, fell into the river, and was drowned. MALONE

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmund's-Bury ;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal ?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France ;
 Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love,¹
 Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather then set forward : for 'twill be
 Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.²

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords !
 The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us ;
 We will not line his thin bestained cloak .
 With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
 That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks :
 Return, and tell him so ; we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were
 best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now,³

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief ;
 Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true ; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison : What is he lies here ?

[*Seeing ARTHUR.*

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely
 beauty !

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
 Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
 Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you ? Have you beheld,
 Or have you read, or heard ? or could you think ?
 Or do you almost think, although you see,

[1] i. e. whose private account of the Dauphin's affection to our cause is much more ample than the letters. POPE.

[2] This phrase, so frequent in our old writers, is not well understood. Or is here the same as *ere*, i. e. *before*. PERCY.

[3] To *reason*, in Shakespeare, is not so often to *argue*, as to *talk*. JOHNSON

That you do see ? could thought, without this object,
Form such another ? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms : this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in this :
And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sin of time ;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Example'd by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work ;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that be the work of any hand ?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue :
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king :—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow ;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,⁴
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.⁵

Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :
Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death :—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law ? *[Drawing his sword.]*

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say ;

[4] This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry.

[5] The *morship* is the dignity, the honour. We still say *worthiful* of magistrates. JOHNSON.

By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours :
 I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
 Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ;⁶
 Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
 Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill ! dar'st thou brave a nobleman ?

Hub. Not for my life : but yet I dare defend
 My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so ;
 Yet, I am none :⁷ Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
 Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury :
 If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
 Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
 I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime ;
 Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
 That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge ?
 Second a villain, and a murderer ?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince ?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well :
 I honour'd him, I lov'd him ; and will weep
 My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
 For villany is not without such rheum ;
 And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
 Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
 Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
 Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house ;
 For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there !

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Bast. Here's a good world !—Knew you of this fair
 work ?
 Beyond the infinite and boundless reach

[6] *Honest* defence ; defence in a good cause. JOHNSON.

[7] Do not make me a murderer, by compelling me to kill you ; I am *Attainted*
 not a murderer. JOHNSON.

Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha ! I'll tell thee what ;
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black ;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer :
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.*

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on ; or would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me !
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd, methinks ; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up !
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven ; and England now is left
To tug and scramble,⁹ and to part by th' teeth
The unowed interest¹ of proud-swelling state.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :

[8] I remember once to have met with a book, printed in the time of Henry VIII. (which Shakespeare possibly might have seen,) where we are told that the deformity of the condemned in the other world, is exactly proportioned to the degrees of their guilt. The author of it observes how difficult it would be, on this account, to distinguish between Belzebub and Judas Iscariot. STEEVENS.

[9] *Scamble* and *scramble* have the same meaning. STEEVENS.

[1] That is, the interest which is not at this moment legally *possessed* by any one, however rightfully entitled to it. On the death of Arthur, the *right* to the English crown devolved to his sister, Eleanor. MALONE.

NOW powers from home, and discontents at home,
Met in one line ; and vast confusion waits
 (As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,) ³
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed ; I'll to the king :
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. A room in the Palace. Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH with the Crown, and Attendants.*

King John.

Thus have I yielded up into your hand,
 The circle of my glory.

Pand. Take again [Giving JOHN the Crown,
 From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
 Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word : go meet the
 French ;
 And from his holiness use all your power
 'To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
 Our discontented counties do revolt ;
 Our people quarrel with obedience ;
 Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
 To stranger blood, to foreign royalty
 This inundation of mistemper'd humour
 Rests by you only to be qualified.
 Then pause not ; for the present time's so sick,
 That present medicine must be minister'd,
 Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
 Upon your stubborn usage of the pope :
 But, since you are a gentle convertite,³
 My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
 And make fair weather in your blustering land.
 On this Ascension-day, remember well,

[2] *Wrested pomp*, is greatness obtained by violence. JOHNSON.

[3] *A convertite* is a convert. STEVENS.

Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [Exit

K. John. Is this Ascension-day ? Did not the prophet
Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off ? Even so I have :
I did suppose, it should be on constraint ;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded ; nothing there holds out,
But Dover castle : London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers :
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy ;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive ?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets :
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop ? why look you sad ?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought ;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye :
Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away ; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field :
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there ? and make him tremble there ?
O, let it not be said !—Forage,⁴ and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors ;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,

[4] To *forage* is here used in its original sense, for to *range abroad*. JOHNSON

And I have made a happy peace with him ;
 And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
 Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league !
 Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
 Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
 Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
 To arms invasive ? shall a beardless boy,
 A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
 Mocking the air with colours idly spread,^a
 And find no check ? Let us, my liege, to arms :
 Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace ;
 Or if he do, let it at least be said,
 They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage ; yet, I know,
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [Exeunt]

SCENE II.

A Plain near St. Edmund's-Bury. Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
 And keep it safe for our remembrance :
 Return the precedent^b to these lords again ;
 That, having our fair order written down,
 Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
 May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
 And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
 A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,
 To your proceedings ; yet, believe me, prince,
 I am not glad that such a sore of time
 Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
 And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
 By making many : O, it grieves my soul,
 That I must draw this metal from my side
 To be a widow-maker ; O, and there,
 Where honourable rescue, and defence,

[5] He has the same image in *Macbeth* :

" Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
 And fan our people cold." JOHNSON.

[6] i. e. the rough draught of the original treaty between the Dauphin and the English lords. STEEVENS.

Cries out upon the name of Salisbury :
 But such is the infection of the time,
 That, for the health and physic of our right,
 We cannot deal but with the very hand
 Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
 And is't not pity, O my grieved friends !
 That we, the sons and children of this isle,
 Were born to see so sad an hour as this ;
 Wherein we step after a stranger march
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
 Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
 Upon the spot of this enforced cause,)'
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,
 And follow unacquainted colours here ?
 What, here ?—O nation, that thou could'st remove !
 That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
 And grapple thee unto a pagan shore ;
 Where these two Christian armies might combine
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,
 And not to spend it so unneighbourly !

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this ;
 And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
 Do make an earthquake of nobility.
 O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
 Between compulsion and a brave respect !
 Let me wipe off this honorable dew,
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks :
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
 Being an ordinary inundation ;
 But this effusion of such manly drops,
 This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
 Lift up thy brow, renown'd Salisbury,
 And with a great heart heave away this storm :
 Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
 That never saw the giant world enrag'd ;
 Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
 Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
 Come, come / for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep

[7] Spot probably means, stain or disgrace. M. MASON.

Into the purse of rich 'prosperity,
As Lewis himself :—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake :
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven ;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of France !
The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome :
Therefore, thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war ;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back ;
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart ;
And come you now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome ? What is that peace to me ?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine ;
And, now it is half conquered, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome ?
Am I Rome's slave ? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action ? is't not I,
That undergo this charge ? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,

Sweat in this business, and maintain this war ?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roi ! as I have bank'd their towns ?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,
 'To win this easy match play'd for a crown ?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set ?
 No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
 Till my attempt so much be glorified
 As to my ample hope was promised
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 To outlook conquest, and to win renown
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us ?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
 Let me have audience ; I am sent to speak :——
 My holy lord of Milan, from the king
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him ,
 And, as you answer, I do know the scope
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
 And will not temporize with my entreaties ;
 He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
 The youth says well :—Now hear our English king ;
 For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
 He is prepar'd ; and reason too, he should :
 'This apish and unmannerly approach,
 This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
 This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,
 The king doth smile at ; and is well prepar'd
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
 From out the circle of his territories.
 That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
 To cudgel you and make you take the hatch ;⁹
 To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells ;

[8] *Bank'd their towns* may mean, throw up entrenchments before them.

[9] To take the hatch, is to leap the hatch. To take a hedge or a ditch is the hunter's phrase STEEVENS.

To crouch in litter of your stable planks ;
 To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks ;
 To hug with swine ; to seek sweet safety out
 In vaults and prisons ; and to thrill, and shake,
 Even at the crying of your nation's crow,¹
 Thinking his voice an armed Englishman ;—
 Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?
 No : Know, the gallant monarch is in arms ;
 And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,²
 To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame :
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums ;
 Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
 Their needs to lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace ;
 We grant, thou canst outscold us : fare thee well ;
 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a brabblers.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither :—
 Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war
 Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out ;
 And so shall you, being beaten : Do but start
 An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
 And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ;
 Sound but another, and another shall,
 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
 And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder : for at hand
 (Not trusting to this halting legate here,
 Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,)
 Is warlike John ; and in his forehead sits
 A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
 To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

[1] *Lé.* at the crowing of a cock ; *gallus* meaning both a cock and a Frenchman.
 DOUCE

[2] An *airy* is the nest of an eagle. STEEVENS

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Field of Battle. Alarums. Enter King JOHN and HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us ? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear : How fares your majesty ?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me ; O, my heart is sick !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field ;
And send him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey
there.

Mess. Be of good comfort ; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now :
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me ! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinstead : to my litter straight ;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. Another part of the same. Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and others.

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Up once again ; put spirit in the French ;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the
field.

Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pem. It is the count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold ;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet ;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads : Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury ;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible ? may this be true ?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life ;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire ?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?
Why should I then be false ; since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth ?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east :
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire ;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king ;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence

[3] This is said in allusion to the images made by witches. *Resolve and dissolve* had anciently the same meaning. STEEVENS.

From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,⁴
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right⁵ in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness, that intends old right.⁶

[Exeunt, leading off MELUN.]

SCENE V.

The same. The French Camp. Enter LEWIS and his Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set;
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measur'd backward their own ground,
In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd⁷ colours clearly up,
East in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here:—What news?

Mess. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off:

[4] *Rank*, as applied to water, here signifies *exuberant, ready to overflow*: as applied to the actions of the speaker and his party, it signifies *inordinate*.

MALONE.

[5] *Right* signifies immediate. It is now obsolete. STEEVENS.

[6] Happy innovation, that purposed the restoration of the antient rightful government. JOHNSON.

[7] It is remarkable through such old copies of our author as I have hitherto seen, that wherever the modern editors read *tatter'd*, the old editions give us *totter'd* in its room. Perhaps the present broad pronunciation, almost peculiar to the Scots, was at that time common to both nations. STEEVENS

And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Who ever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night;

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

*An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinestead-Abbey.
Enter the Bastard and HUBERT, meeting.*

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night,^o
Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

[8] So, Pindar calls the moon, the eye of night. WARBURTON.

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news ;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk :⁹
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil ; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it ? who did taste to him ?

Hub. A monk, I tell you ; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out : the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty ?

Hub. Why, know you not ? the lords are all come
back,
And brought prince Henry in their company ;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power !
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devoured them ;
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away, before ! conduct me to the king ;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey. Enter Prince HENRY,
SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

P. Hen. It is too late ; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly ; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

[9] Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years after the death of King John, mentions this very improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poisoned a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself, to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. According to the best accounts, John died at Newark of a fever. MALONE.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak ; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage ? *[Exit BIGOT.]*

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him ; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness ! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible ; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies ;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,¹
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should
sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death ;
And, from the organ pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince ; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in King JOHN in a chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room .
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust :
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment ; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty ?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill-fare,—dead, forsook, cast off ;²
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course

[1] In their tumult and hurry of resorting to the last tenable part. JOHNSON.

[2] This scene has been imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Wife for a Month*, Act IV. STEEVENS.

Through my burn'd bosom ; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold :—I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you !

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell ; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye :
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd ;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair :
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.*

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward ;
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him :
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies*]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.
—My liege ! my lord !—But now a king,—now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay !

Bast. Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge ;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers ? Show now your mended faiths ;

[8] *Module* and *model*, were in our author's time, only different modes of spelling the same word. *Model* signified not an archetype after which something was to be formed, but the thing formed after an archetype ; and hence it is used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries for a representation. MALONE.

And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land :
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought ;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we ;
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin ;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already ;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal :
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so :—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd ;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land !
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot forevermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,¹
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, (nor never shall,)

[1] A stone coffin containing the body of King John, was discovered in the cathedral church at Worcester, July 17, 1797. STEEVENS.

[2] Let us now indulge in sorrow, since there is abundant cause for it. England has been long in a scene of confusion, and its calamities have anticipated our tears. By those which we now shed, we only pay her what is her due. MALONE.

Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them : Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [Exeunt

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

OBSERVATIONS.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.] But this history comprises little more than the two last years of this prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the Duke of Norfolk, on an accusation of high treason, which fell out in the year 1398; and it closes with the murder of King Richard at Pomfret Castle towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the ensuing year. THEOBALD.

It is evident from a passage in Camden's *Annals*, that there was an old play on the subject of Richard the Second; but I know not in what language. Sir Gillie Merick, who was concerned in the hare-brained business of the Earl of Essex, who was hanged for it, with the ingenious Cuffe, in 1601, is accused, amongst other things, "quod exoletam tragediam de tragicâ abdicatione regis Ricardi Secundi in publico theatro coram conjuratis datâ pecuniâ agi curasset."

I have since met with a passage in my Lord Bacon, which proves this play to have been in English. It is in the arraignments of *Cuffe and Merick*, Vol. IV. p. 412, of Mallet's edition: "The afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing *King Richard the Second*;—when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was *old*, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play, and so thereupon played it was."

It may be worth inquiry, whether some of the *rhyming* parts of the present play, which Mr. Pope thought of a different hand, might not be borrowed from the old one. Certainly, however, the general tendency of it must have

been very different; since, as Dr. Johnson observes, there are some expressions in this of Shakespeare, which strongly inculcate the doctrine of *indefeasible right*.

FARMER.

Bacon elsewhere glances at the same transaction: "And for your comparison with Richard II. I see you follow the example of them that *brought him upon the stage, and into print in Queen Elizabeth's time.*" *Works*, Vol. IV. p. 278. The partizans of Essex had, therefore, procured the publication as well as the acting of this play. HOLT WHITE.

It is probable, I think, that the play which Sir Gilly Merick procured to be represented, bore the title of HENRY IV. and not of RICHARD II.

Camden calls it—"exoletam tragediam de tragica abdicatione regis Ricardi secundi;" and (Lord Bacon in his account of *The Effect of that which passed at the arraignment of Merick and others*,) says: "That the afternoon before the rebellion, *Merick* had procured to be played before them, the play of *deposing King Richard the Second.*" But in a more particular account of the proceeding against *Merick*, which is printed in the *State Trials*, Vol. VII. p. 60, the matter is stated thus: "The story of *Henry IV.* being set forth in a play, and in that play there being set forth the killing of the king upon a stage; the Friday before, Sir *Gilly Merick* and some others of the earl's train having an humour to see a play, they must needs have *The Play of HENRY IV.* The players told them that was stale; they should get nothing by playing that; but no play else would serve: and Sir *Gilly Merick* gives forty shillings to *Philips* the player to play this, besides whatsoever he could get."

Augustine Philipps was one of the patentees of the Globe playhouse with *Shakespeare*, in 1603; but the play here described was certainly not *Shakespeare's HENRY IV.* as that commences above a year after the death of Richard.

TYRWHITT.

This play of Shakespeare was first entered at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wise, Aug. 29, 1597. STEEVENS.

It was written, I imagine, in the same year. MALONE

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King RICHARD the second.

*EDMUND OF LANGLEY, duke of York, }
JOHN OF GAUNT, duke of Lancaster, } uncles to the king.*

*HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, duke of Hereford,
son to John of Gaunt, afterwards king Henry IV.*

Duke of AUMERLE, son to the duke of York.

MOWBRAY, duke of Norfolk.

Duke of SURREY.

Earl of SALISBURY.

Earl BERKLEY.

*BUSHY, }
BAGOT, } creatures to king Richard.
GREEN. }*

Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND.

HENRY PERCY, his son.

Lord ROSS.

Lord WILLOUGHBY.

Lord FITZWATER.

Bishop of Carlisle.

Abbot of Westminster.

Lord Marshal ; and another Lord.

Sir PIERCE OF EXTON.

Sir STEPHEN SCROOP.

Captain of a band of Welchmen.

Queen to king Richard.

Duchess of GLOSTER.

Duchess of YORK.

Lady attending on the Queen.

*Lords, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper,
Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.*

SCENE—dispersedly in England and Wales.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING RICHARD II.

—
ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Palace. Enter King RICHARD, attended; JOHN of GAUNT, and other Nobles, with him.*

King Richard.

OLD John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,¹
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,—
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
Th' accuser, and th' accused, freely speak:

[Exeunt some Attendants.]

—High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.

Boling. May many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both; yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—

[1] When these public challenges were accepted, each combatant found a pledge for his appearance at the time and place appointed. *Band and bend* were formerly synonymous. STEEVENS.

Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First, (heaven be the record to my speech!)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn² sword may
prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this,
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and naught at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable³
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—

[2] Drawn in a right or just cause. JOHNSON.

[3] That is, not habitable, uninhabitable. JOHNSON.

By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of a king ;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except :
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop ;
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Nor. I take it up ; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial :
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight !

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge ?
It must be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak my life shall prove it true ;—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers ;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,⁴
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death ;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries ;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood :
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me, for justice, and rough chastisement ;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

[4] *Lewd* here signifies *wicked*. It is so used in many of our old statutes.
It sometimes signifies *idle*. STEEVENS. MALONE

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what says't thou to this?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,⁵
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears :
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son,)
Now by my sceptre's awe⁶ I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul ;
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou ;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest !
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers :
The other part reserv'd I by consent ;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen :
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloucester's death,—
I slew him not ; but to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul :
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it ; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault : As for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor :
Which in myself I boldly will defend ;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom :
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray

[5] i. e. this reproach to his ancestry. STEEVENS.

[6] The reverence due to my sceptre JOHNSON.

Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me ;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood :
This we prescribe though no physician ;
Deep malice makes too deep incision :
Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be agreed ;
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun :
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age :—
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry ? when ?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down ; we bid ; there is no boot.⁸

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot :
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame :
The one my duty owes ; but my fair name,
(Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,)⁹
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here :
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear ;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood .
Give me his gage :—Lions make leopards tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change their spots : take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. (My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
Take honour from me, and my life is done :
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;
In that I live, and for that will I die.)

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage ; do you begin.

[7] This obsolete exclamation of impatience is likewise found in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613. STEEVENS.

[8] That is, no advantage, no use in delay or refusal. JOHNSON.

[9] That is, my name that lives on my grave in despite of death. JOHNSON

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such foul sin !
 Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight ?
 Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
 Before this outdar'd dastard ? Ere my tongue
 Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
 Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
 The slavish motive of recanting fear ;
 And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
 Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[*Exit GAUNT.*]

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command :
 Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
 Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
 At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day ;
 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
 The swelling difference of your settled hate ;
 Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
 Justice design the victor's chivalry.¹
 —Marshal, command our officers at arms
 Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Duke of LANCASTER'S Palace.
Enter GAUNT, and Duchess of GLOSTER.²

Gaunt. Alas ! the part I had in Gloster's blood³
 Doth more solicit me than your exclams,
 To stir against the butchers of his life.
 But since correction lieth in those hands,
 Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
 Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven ;
 Who, when he sees the hours ripe on earth,
 Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur ?
 Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ?
 Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
 Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
 Or seven fair branches springing from one root :
 Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
 Some of those branches by the destinies cut :
 But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—

[1] To design in our author's time signified to mark out. MALONE.

[2] The Duchess of Gloster was Eleanor Bohun, widow of Duke Thomas, son of Edward III. WALPOLE.

[3] That is, my relation of consanguinity to Gloster. HANMER

One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
 Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
 By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
 Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
 That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
 Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,
 Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
 In some large measure to thy father's death,
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the model of thy father's life.
 Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
 That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
 What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's substitute,

His deputy anointed in his sight,
 Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,
 Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
 An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.

Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
 Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
 O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
 That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
 Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
 Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
 That they may break his foaming courser's back,
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
 A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
 Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife.

[4] *Caitiff* originally signified a *Prisoner*; next a *Slave*, from the condition of prisoners; then a *Scoundrel*, from the qualities of a slave. In this passage it partakes of all these significations. JOHNSON.

I do not believe that *Caitiff* in our language ever signified a *Prisoner*. I take it to be derived, not from *captif*, but from *chétif*, Fr. poor, miserable. TYRWHITT.

With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell : I must to Coventry :
As much good stay with thee, as go with me !

Duch. Yet one word more ;—Grief boundeth where it
falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight :

I take my leave before I have begun ;

For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.

Lo, this is all :—Nay, yet depart not so ;

Though this be all, do not so quickly go ;

I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what ?—

With all good speed at Plashy visit me.

Alack, and what shall good old York there see,

But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,

Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones ?

And what cheer there for welcome, but my groans ?

Therefore commend me ; let him not come there,

To seek out sorrow that dwells every where :

Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die ;

The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

Gosford Green, near Coventry. Lists set out, and a Throne.

*Heralds, &c. attending. Enter the Lord Marshal,⁵ and
AUMERLE.⁶*

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd ?

Aum. Yea, at all points ; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach,

*Flourish of Trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, who takes his
seat on his throne ; GAUNT, and several Noblemen, who
take their places. A Trumpet is sounded, and answered
by another Trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK in
armour, preceded by a Herald.*

[5] Mowbray Duke of Norfolk was Earl Marshal of England ; but being himself one of the combatants, the Duke of Surrey officiated as Earl Marshal for the day.

MALONE.

[6] Edward Duke of Aumerle, so created by his cousin german, King Richard II. in 1397. He was the eldest son of Edmund of Langley Duke of York, fifth son of Edward the Third, and was killed in 1415, at the battle of Agincourt. He officiated at the lists of Coventry, as High Constable of England. MALONE.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms :
Ask him his name ; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms :
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel :
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy-oath ;
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour !

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk ;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heaven defend, a knight should violate !)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me ;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me :
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

[He takes his seat

Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, in armour ; preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war ;
And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name ? and wherefore com'st thou
hither,
Before king Richard, in his royal lists ?
Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy quarrel ?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven !

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I ; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of Heaven, king Richard, and to me ;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

[7] Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, observes, both from Matthew Paris and Holinshed, that the duke of Hereford, appellant, entered the lists first ; and this indeed must have been the regular method of the combat ; for the natural order of things requires, that the accuser or challenger should be at the place of appointment first STEEVENS.

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists ;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's
hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty :
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
—Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight !
Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear :
As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving lord, [*To Lord Marshal.*] I take my leave of
you ;—

Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle :—
Not sick, although I have to do with death ;
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet :
O thou, the earthly author of my blood, [*To GAUNT*
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;
And with thy blessing steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,^a
And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution ;

[9] *Waxen* may mean *soft*, and consequently *penetrable* or *flexible*. The brigandines or coats of mail, then in use, were composed of small pieces of steel quilted over one another, and yet so flexible as to accommodate the dress they form to every motion of the body. Of these many are still to be seen in the Tower of London. STEEVENS.

And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy :
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency, and Saint George to thrive.

[He takes his seat.]

Nor. *[Rising.]* However heaven, or fortune, cast
my lot,

There lives or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman :
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontrol'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years :
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,
Go I to fight ; *(Truth hath a quiet breast.)*—

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord : securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[The King and the Lords return to their seats]

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance ; and God defend the right !

Boling. *[Rising.]* Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance *[To an Officer.]* to Thomas
duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal ;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets ; and set forward, combatants
[A charge sounded.]

—Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.^a

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again :—
Withdraw with us :—and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

Draw near,

[*A long flourish.
To the Combatants.*]

And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered ;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords ;
[And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;]^b
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray ;
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood ;—
Therefore, we banish you our territories :—
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done : This must my comfort be,—
That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me ;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile ;—
The hopeless word of—never to return
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd-for from your highness' mouth :

[9] A *warder* appears to have been a kind of truncheon carried by the person who presided at these single combats. STEEVENS.

[1] These five verses are omitted in the other editions, and restored from the first of 1598. POPE

A dearer merit, not so deep a maim,¹
 As to be cast forth in the common air,
 Have I deserved at your highness' hand.
 The language I have learn'd these forty years,
 My native English, now I must forego :
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
 Than an unstringed viol, or a harp ;
 Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
 Or, being open, put into his hands
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
 Within my mouth you have engaul'd my tongue,
 Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips ;
 And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance,
 Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
 Too far in years to be a pupil now ;
 What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate ;²
 After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
 To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [*Retiring*]

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
 Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;
 Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
 (Our part therein we banish with yourselves,)³
 To keep the oath that we administer :—
 You never shall (so help you truth and heaven !)
 Embrace each other's love in banishment ;
 Nor never look upon each other's face ;
 Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
 This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate ;
 Nor never by advised⁴ purpose meet,
 To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
 'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

[1] To deserve a merit, is a phrase of which I know not any example. I wish some copy would exhibit,—'A dearer *mede*, and not so deep a maim.' To deserve a *meed* or *reward*, is regular and easy. JOHNSON.

[2] Compassionate ; for *plaintive*. Warburton.

[3] It is a question much debated among the writers of the law of nations, whether a banished man may be still tied in his allegiance to the state which sent him into exile. Tully and lord chancellor Clarendon declare for the affirmative : Hobbes and Puffendorf hold the negative. Our author, by this line, seems to be of the same opinion. Warburton.

[4] i. e. concerted, deliberated. STEEVENS

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy ;⁵—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm ;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke ; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heav'n banish'd, as from hence !
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know ;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege :—Now no way can I stray ;
Save back to England, all the world's my way. [Exit.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart : thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away ;—Six frozen winters spent,
Return [To BOLING.] with welcome home from banish-
ment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word !
(Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word ; Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile :
But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night ;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give :
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow :⁶
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,

[5] The first folio reads *fare* : the second *farre*. Bolingbroke only uses the phrase by way of caution, lest Mowbray should think he was about to address him as a friend. Norfolk, says he, so far as a man may speak to his enemy, &c.

[6] It is matter of very melancholy consideration, that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good. JOHNSON RITSON

But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ;
 Thy word is current with him for my death ;
 But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.)

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
 Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave ;
 Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower ?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour.
 You urg'd me as a judge ; but I had rather,
 You would have bid me argue like a father :—
 O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
 To smooth his fault I should have been more mild :
 A partial slander⁷ sought I to avoid,
 And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
 Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
 I was too strict, to make mine own away ;
 But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
 Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell :—and, uncle, bid him so ;
 Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt K. RICHARD, and Train*

Aum. Cousin, farewell : what presence must not know,
 From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I ; for I will ride,
 As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
 That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
 When the tongue's office should be prodigal
 To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters ? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy ; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
 Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
 Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
 The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make⁸

[7] That is, the reproach of *partiality*. This is a just picture of the struggle between principle and affection. JOHNSON.

[8] This, and the six verses which follow, I have ventured to supply from the old quarto. THEOBALD.

Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages ; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grief ?⁹

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,¹
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
— There is no virtue like necessity. —

Think not, the king did banish thee ;
But thou the king : Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not—the king exil'd thee : or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st :
Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd ;²
The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure,³ or a dance :
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast ?
Or wallow naked in December's snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?
O, no ! the apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.)

[9] I am afraid our author in this place designed a very poor quibble, as *journey* signifies both *travel* and a *day's work*. However he is not to be censured for what he himself rejected. JOHNSON.

[1] The fourteen verses that follow are found in the first edition. POPE.

I am inclined to believe, that what Mr. Theobald and Mr. Pope have restored were expunged in the revision by the author: if these lines are omitted, the sense is more coherent. Nothing is more frequent among dramatic writers than to shorten their dialogues for the stage. JOHNSON.

[2] Shakespeare has other allusions to the ancient practice of strewing rushes over the floor of the *presence chamber*. HENLEY.

[3] A *measure* was a formal court dance.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way :

Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell ; sweet soil, adieu ;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !

Where'er, I wander, boast of this I can,—

Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the King's Castle. Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN ; AUMERLE following.

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle, How far brought you high Hereford on his way ?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so, But to the next high-way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed ?

Aum. Faith, none by me : except the north-east wind, Which then blew bitterly against our faces, Awak'd the sleeping rheum ; and so, by chance, Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with him ?

Aum. Farewell :

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue Should so profane the word, that taught me craft To counterfeit oppression of such grief, That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave. Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd hours, And added years to his short banishment, He should have had a volume of farewells ; But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin ; but 'tis doubt, When time shall call him home from banishment, Whether our kinsman come to see his friends. Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green, Observ'd his courtship to the common people :— How he did seem to dive into their hearts, With humble and familiar courtesy ; What reverence he did throw away on slaves ; Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles And patient underbearing of his fortune.

As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;
 A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
 And had the tribute of his supple knee,⁴
 With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends ;—*
 As were our England in reversion his,
 And he our subject's next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone ; and with him go these thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland ;—
 Expedient manage must be made, my liege ;
 Ere further leisure yield them further means,
 For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
 And, for our coffers—with too great a court,
 And liberal largess,—are grown somewhat light,
 We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm ;
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us
 For our affairs in hand : If that come short,
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters ;
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
 And send them after to supply our wants ;
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

—Bushy, what news ?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord ;
 Suddenly taken ; and hath sent post-haste
 To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he ?

Bushy. At Ely-house.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,
 To help him to his grave immediately !
 The lining of his coffers shall make coats
 To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
 Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him :
 Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late !

[*Exeunt.*]

[4] To illustrate this phrase, it should be remembered that *courtlying* (the act of reverence now confined to women) was anciently practised by men.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in Ely-House. GAUNT on a Couch; the Duke of YORK and others standing by him.*

Gaunt. WILL the king come? that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaïd youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more must say, is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before;

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds
As, praises of his state: then, there are found
Lascivious metres; to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy;⁴
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.

(Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.⁵
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;⁶
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new-inspir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him;—
His rash, fierce blaze of riot cannot last;

[4] Our author, who gives to all nations the customs of England, and to all ages the manners of his own, has charged the times of Richard with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in Shakespeare's time, and much lamented by the wisest and best of our ancestors. JOHNSON.

[5] Where the will rebels against the notices of the understanding. JOHNSON.

[6] Do not attempt to guide him, who, whatever thou shalt say, will take his own course. JOHNSON.

For violent fires soon burn out themselves :
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
 He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes ;
 With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder :
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
 This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise ;
 This fortress, built by nature for herself,
 Against infection,⁷ and the hand of war ;
 This happy breed of men, this little world ;
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands ;
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 (For Christian service, and true chivalry,)
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son :
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it,)
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm :
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds ;
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself :
 O, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

*Enter King RICHARD and QUEEN ;⁸ AUMERLE, BUSHY,
 GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY.*

York. The king is come : deal mildly with his youth ;
 For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

[7] I once suspected that for *infection* we might read *invasion* ; but the copies all agree, and I suppose Shakespeare meant to say, that islanders are secured by their situation both from *war* and *pestilence*. JOHNSON.

[8] Shakespeare, as Mr. Walpole suggests to me, has deviated from historical truth in the introduction of Richard's queen as a woman in the present piece.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?

K. Rich. What comfort, man ? How is't with aged Gaunt ?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition !

Old Gaunt, indeed ; and gaunt in being old :

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;

And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt ?

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd ;

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt :

The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,

Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks ;

And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt :

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,

Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names ?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself :

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,

I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live ?

Gaunt. No, no ; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh ! no ; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill ;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick :

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee :

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame ;

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame, to let this land by lease :

But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,

for Anne his first wife, was dead before the play commences, and Isabella, his second wife, was a child at the time of his death. MALONE

Is it not more than shame, to shame it so ?
 Landlord of England art thou now, not king :
 Thy state of law is bonds slave to the law ;⁹
 And thou——

K. Rich. ——a lunatic lean-witted fool,
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheeks ; chasing the royal blood,
 With fury, from his native residence.
 Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
 Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
 For that I was his father Edward's son ;
 That blood already, like the pelican,
 Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd :
 My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
 (Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls !)
 May be a precedent and witness good,
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood :
 Join with the present sickness that I have ;
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee !—
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be !—
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave :
 Love they¹ to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants*]

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have ;
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. 'Beseech your majesty, impute his words
 To wayward sickness and age in him :
 He love's you, on my life, and holds you dear
 As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right ; you say true : as Hereford's love, so his :
 As theirs, so mine ; and all be as it is.

[9] The reasoning of Gaunt, I think, is this ; " By setting thy royalties to farm thou hast reduced thyself to a state below sovereignty, thou art now no longer king but landlord of England, subject to the same restraint and limitations as other landlords ; by making thy condition a state of law, a condition upon which the common rules of law can operate, thou art become a bonds slave to the law ; thou hast made thyself amenable to laws from which thou wert originally exempt."

[1] That is, Let them love. JOHNSON.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he now ?

North. Nay, nothing ; all is said :

His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;

Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so !
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he ;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be :

So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars :

We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns ;

Which live like venom, where no venom else,²

But only they, hath privilege to live. .

And for these great affairs do ask some charge,

Towards our assistance we do seize to us

The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,

Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient ? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong ?

Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,

Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke

About his marriage,³ nor my own disgrace,

Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,

Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—

I am the last of noble Edward's sons,

Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first ;

In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce,

In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,

Than was that young and princely gentleman :

His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,

Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours ;

But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,

And not against his friends : his noble hand

Did win what he did spend, and spent not that

Which his triumphant father's hand had won :

[2] This alludes to a tradition that St. Patrick freed the kingdom of Ireland from venomous reptiles of every kind. STEEVENS.

[3] When the duke of Hereford, after his banishment, went into France, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match. STEEVENS.

His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.

O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O, my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attornies-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,⁴
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by, the while: My liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.]

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight;
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
To see this business: To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York, lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—

[4] That is, refuse to admit the homage, by which he is to hold his lands.

Come on, our queen : to-morrow must we part ;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. *[Flourish.*

*[Exeunt King, Queen, Bushy, Aumerle,
Green, and Bagot.*

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too ; for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great ; but it must break with silence,

Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind ; and let him ne'er speak more,

That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm !

Willo. Tends that thou'dst speak, to th' duke of Hereford ?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man ;

Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all, that I can do for him ;

Unless you call it good, to pity him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs are borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more

Of noble blood in this declining land.

The king is not himself, but basely led

By flatterers ; and what they will inform,

Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,

That will the king severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,

And lost their hearts : the nobles hath he fin'd

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd ;

As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what :

But what, o'God's name, doth become of this ?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise

That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows :

More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman : most degenerate king !
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm :
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not,⁴ but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer ;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so ; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering ; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost
ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland :
We three are but thyself ; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts ; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus :—I have, from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
[The son of Richard Earl of Arundel,]
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,⁶
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis
Quint,——

All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore :
Perhaps, they had ere this ; but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out⁷ our drooping country's broken wing,

[5] ' To strike the sails ' is, to contract them when there is too much wind.

JOHNSON.

[6] Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, brother to the Earl of Arundel who was beheaded in this reign, had been banished by the parliament, and was afterwards deprived by the Pope of his see, at the request of the King ; whence he is here called, *late of Canterbury*. STEEVENS.

[7] As this expression frequently occurs in our author, it may not be amiss to explain the original meaning of it. When the wing feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called to *imp a hawk*. STEEVENS.

Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
 Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
 And make high majesty look like itself,
 Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg :
 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
 Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse ! urge doubts to them that fear.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Palace. Enter Queen, Bushy and Bagot.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad :
 You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
 To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
 And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did ; to please myself,
 I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause
 Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
 Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
 As my sweet Richard : Yet, again, methinks,
 Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
 Is coming towards me ; and my inward soul
 With nothing trembles : at something it grieves,
 More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
 Which show like grief itself, but are not so :
 For sorrow's eye glazed, with blinding tears,
 Divides one thing entire to many objects ;
 Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
 Show nothing but confusion ; ey'd awry,
 Distinguish form :^a so your sweet majesty,
 Looking awry upon your lord's departure,

[8] This is a fine similitude, and the thing meant is this ; among mathematical recreations, there is one in optics, in which a figure is drawn, wherein all the rules of perspective are inverted : so that, if held in the same position with those pictures which are drawn according to the rules of perspective, it can present nothing but confusion : and to be seen in form, and under a regular appearance, it must be looked upon from a contrary station ; or, as Shakespeare says, *ey'd awry*.

WARBURTON.

The *perspectives* here mentioned, were round crystal glasses, the convex surface of which was cut into faces like those of the rose-diamond ; the concave left uniformly smooth. These crystals—which were sometimes mounted on tortoise-shell box-lids, and sometimes fixed into ivory cases—if placed as here represented, would exhibit the different appearances described by the poet.

HENLEY

Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wait;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not
seen:

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,^a—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bush. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known;^b what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty!—and well met, gentle-
men:—

I hope, the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope, he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his
power,^c

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.

[9] The involuntary and unaccountable depression of the mind, which every one has sometimes felt, is here very forcibly described. JOHNSON.

[1] To possess a man, is, in Shakespeare, to inform him fully, to make him comprehend. To be possessed, is, to be fully informed. I therefore imagine the queen says thus:

'Tis in reversion—that I do possess:—

The event is yet in futurity—that I know in full conviction—but what it is, that is not yet known. In any other interpretation she must say that she possesses what is not yet come, which, though it may be allowed to be poetical and figurative language, is yet, I think, less natural than my explanation. JOHNSON.

[2] Might have drawn it back. A French sense JOHNSON.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid !

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true : and that is worse,—
The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumber-
land,
And all the rest of the revolting faction
Traitors ?

Green. We have : whereon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir :
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy ;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me ?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope ; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck ;
O, full of careful business are his looks !—
Uncle,

For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts :
Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :
Here am I left to underprop his land ;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :—
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!—

The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—

Sirrah,

Get thee to Plashy,³ to my sister Gloster;

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:—

Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:

To-day, as I came by, I called there;—

But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!

I know not what to do:—I would to God,

(So my untruth⁴ had not provok'd him to it,)

The king had cut off my head with my brother's.⁵—

What, are there posts despatch'd for Ireland?—

How shall we do for money for these wars?—

Come, sister,—cousin, I would say:⁶ pray, pardon me.—

Go, fellow, [*To the Servant.*] get thee home, provide
some carts,

And bring away the armour that is there.—

[*Exit Servant*]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know

How, or which way, to order these affairs,

Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,

Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;—

The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath

And duty bids defend; the other again,

Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;

Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.

Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll

Dispose of you:—Go, muster up your men,

And meet me presently at Berkley-castle.

I should to Plashy too;—

[3] The lordship of Plashy was a town of the duchess of Gloster's in Essex.

THEOBALD.

[4] That is, disloyalty, treachery. JOHNSON.

[5] None of York's brothers had his head cut off, either by the king or any one else. The Duke of Gloster, to whose death he probably alludes, was secretly murdered at Calais, being smothered between two beds. RITSON.

[6] This is one of Shakespeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the queen his cousin, but the recent death of his sister is uppermost in his mind.

STEEVENS.

But time will not permit :—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt YORK and Queen.*]

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons : for their
love

Lies in their purses ; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle ;
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you : for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us ;
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us ?

Bagot. No ; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell : if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke,

Green. Alas, poor duke ! the task he undertakes
Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry ;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Bushy. Farewell at once ; for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*The Wilds in Glostershire. Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTH-
UMBERLAND, with Forces.*

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now ?

North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome :
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,

Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold, will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company ;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel :
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess :
And hope to joy, is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd : by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short ; as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here ?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle ?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his
health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen ?

Percy. No, my good lord ; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason ?
He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford ;
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there ;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy ?

Percy. No, my good lord ; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember : to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now ; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young ;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy ; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,

As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends ;
 And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
 It shall be still thy true love's recompense :
 My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley ? And what stir
 Keeps good old York there, with his men of war ?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
 Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard :
 And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour ;
 None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
 Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords : I wot, your love pursues
 A banish'd traitor ; all my treasury
 Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
 Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, th' exchequer of the poor ;
 Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
 Stands for my bounty. But who comes here ?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster ;
 And I am come to seek that name in England :
 And I must find that title in your tongue,
 Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord : 'tis not my meaning,
 To raze one title of your honour out :—
 To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
 From the most glorious regent of this land,
 The duke of York ; to know, what pricks you on
 To take advantage of the absent time,⁶
 And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter York, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you ;
 Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle !

[*Kneels*

[6] i. e. Time of the king's absence. JOHNSON

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle !—

York. Tut, tut !

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle :⁷
I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground ?
But then more why ;—Why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom ;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms ?
Com'st thou because th' anointed king is hence ?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French ;
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault !

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault ;
On what condition⁸ stands it, and wherem ?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion, and detested treason :
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford ;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye :⁹
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive ; O, then, my father !
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond ; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away

[7] The reading of the folio is preferable :

Tut, tut ! grace me no grace, nor uncle me. RITSON.

[8] It should be 'in what condition,' i. e. in what degree of guilt. The particles in the old editions are of little credit. JOHNSON.

[9] i. e. with an impartial eye. Every jurymen (says Sir Edward Coke,) ought to be impartial and indifferent. MALONE.

To upstart unthrifths ? Wherefore was I born ?
 If that my cousin king be king of England,
 It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
 You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman ;
 Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
 He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
 To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
 I am denied to sue my livery here,¹
 And yet my letters-patent give me leave :
 My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold ;
 And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
 What would you have me do ? I am a subject,
 And challenge law Attornies are denied me ;
 And therefore personally I lay my claim
 To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your grace upon, to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
 I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
 And labour'd all I could to do him right :
 But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
 Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
 To find out right with wrong,—it may not be ;
 And you, that do abet him in this kind,
 Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
 But for his own : and, for the right of that,
 We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ;
 And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms ;
 I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
 Because my power is weak, and all ill left :
 But, if I could, by him that gave me life,
 I would attach you all, and make you stoop
 Unto the sovereign mercy of the king ;
 But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
 I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;—
 Unless you please to enter in the castle,
 And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.

[1] To what purpose serves birth and lineal succession ? I am duke of Lancaster by the same right of birth as the king is king of England. JOHNSON.

[2] A law phrase belonging to the feudal tenures. STEEVENS.

But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol castle ; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you :—but yet I'll
pause ;

For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are :
Things past redress, are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.:

A Camp in Wales. Enter SALISBURY, and a Captain.

Capt. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king ;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves : farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman ;
The king repositeth all his confidence
In thee.

Capt. 'Tis thought, the king is dead ; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,⁴
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change ;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war :
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—
Farewell ; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead. [Exit.

Sal. Ah, Richard ! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,

[3] Here is a scene so unartfully and irregularly thrust into an improper place, that I cannot but suspect it accidentally transposed ; which, when the scenes were written on single pages, might easily happen in the wildness of Shakespeare's drama. This dialogue was, in the author's draught, probably the second scene in the ensuing act, and there I would advise the reader to insert it, though I have not ventured on so bold a change. My conjecture is not so presumptuous as may be thought. The play was not in Shakespeare's time, broken into acts ; the editions published before his death exhibit only a sequence of scenes from the beginning to the end, without any hint of a pause of action. In a drama so desultory and erratic, left in such a state, transpositions might easily be made.

JOHNSON.

(4) This enumeration of prodigies is in the highest degree poetical and striking.

JOHNSON

Fall to the base earth from the firmament !
 Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
 Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest :
 Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes ;
 And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol. Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS : Officers behind with BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.—

Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls
 (Since presently your souls must part your bodies,)
 With too much urging your pernicious lives,
 For 'twere no charity : yet, to wash your blood
 From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
 I will unfold some causes of your death.
 You have misled a prince, a royal king,
 A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
 By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean.⁵
 You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
 Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him ;
 Broke the possession of a royal bed,
 And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
 With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
 Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth ;
 Near to the king in blood ; and near in love,
 Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
 Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
 And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment :
 Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
 Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods ;
 From my own windows torn my household coat,⁶
 Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,⁷—

[5] *Clean*, i. e. quite, completely. REED.

[6] It was the practice when coloured glass was in use, of which there are still some remains in old seats and churches, to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the house. JOHNSON.

[7] The *impress* was a device or motto. Ferne in his *Blazon of Gentry*, observes, "that the arms, &c. of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed, whereas ever they are fixed, or set." STEEVENS.

Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
To show the world I am a gentleman.

This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death :—See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is,—that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd.

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND and others with
prisoners.]

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house ;
For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated :
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends ;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away ;
To fight with Glendower and his complices ;
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.*

*The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view. Flourish: Drums
and Trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, Bishop of Carlisle,
AUMERLE, and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand ?

Aum. Yea, my lord : How brooks your grace the air,
After late tossing on the breaking seas ?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well ; I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs :
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting ;
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense :
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,

[8] Here may be properly inserted the last scene of the 2d act. JOHNSON.

And heavy-gated toads, lie in their way ;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies :
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder ;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords ;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall fault under foul rebellious arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord ; that Power that made you
king,

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected ; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse ;
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here ;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,⁹
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with th' antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea

[9] It is not easy to point out an image more striking and beautiful than this, in any poet, whether ancient or modern. STEEVENS.

Can wash the balm from an anointed king :
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose
 The deputy elected by the Lord :¹
 For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
 To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
 God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
 A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,
 Weak men must fall ; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord ; how far off lies your power ?

Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
 Than this weak arm : Discomfort guides my tongue,
 And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
 One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :
 O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men !
 To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
 O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state ;
 For all the Welchmen, bearing thou wert dead,
 Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege : why looks your grace so pale ?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;
 And, till so much blood thither come again,
 Have I not reason to look pale and dead ?
 All souls that will be safe, fly from my side ;
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege ; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself : Am I not king ?
 Awake, thou sluggard majesty ! thou sleep'st.
 Is not the king's name forty thousand names ?
 Arm, arm, my name ! a puny subject strikes
 At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
 Ye favourites of a king ; Are we not high ?
 High be our thoughts : I know, my uncle York
 Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
 Comes here ?

[1] Here is the doctrine of indefeasible right expressed in the strongest terms ; but our poet did not learn it in the reign of king James, to which it is now the practice of all writers, whose opinions are regulated by fashion or interest, to impute the original of every tenet which they have been taught to think false or foolish. JOHNSON.

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;²
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints³
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows⁴
Of double-fatal yew⁵ against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

[2] It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest the reader in his favour. He gives him only passive fortitude, the virtue of a confessor rather than of a king. In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious.

JOHNSON.

[3] Mr. Pope more elegantly reads—and *clasp*. MALONE.

Clasp would be still nearer than *clasp*. RITSON.

[4] The king's 'beadsmen' were his chaplains. Beadsmen might likewise be any man maintained by charity to pray for their benefactor. JOHNSON.

[5] Called so because the leaves of the yew are poison, and the wood is employed for instruments of death. Warburton.

From some of the ancient statutes it appears that every Englishman, while archery was practised, was obliged to keep in his house either a bow of yew or some other wood. It should seem therefore that yews were not only planted in churchyards to defend the churches from the wind, but on account of their use in making bows; while by the benefit of being secured in enclosed places, their poisonous quality was kept from doing mischief to cattle. STEEVENS.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltshire ? where is Bagot ?
What is become of Bushy ? where is Green ?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps ?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroup. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption !
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man !
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart !
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas !
Would they make peace ? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence !

Scroup. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate :—
Again uncurse their souls ; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands : those whom you curse,
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead ?

Scroup. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power ?

K. Rich. No matter where ; of comfort no man speak :
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills :
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death ;
And that small model of the barren earth,⁶
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings :—
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war ;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd ;
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd ;
All murder'd :—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,

[6] He used *model* for *mould*. That earth, which closing upon the body takes its form. This interpretation the next line seems to authorise. JOHNSON.

Keeps death his court : and there the antic sits,⁷
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks ;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable ; and, humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king !
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn rev'rence ; throw away respect,
 Tradition,⁸ form, and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while :
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends :—Subjécted thus,
 How can you say to me—I am a king ?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
 But presently prevent the ways to wail.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
 And so your follies fight against yourself.
 Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come, to fight :
 And fight and die, is death destroying death ;⁹
 Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him ;
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well :—Proud Bolingbroke
 I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
 This ague-fit of fear is over-blown ;
 An easy task it is, to win our own.—
 Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?
 Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
 The state and inclination of the day :
 So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
 My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

[7] Here is an allusion to the *antic* or *fool* of old farces, whose chief part is to deride and disturb the graver and more splendid personages. JOHNSON.

If there be any such allusion intended, it is to the *old Vice*, who, indeed, appears to have been such a character as Dr. Johnson describes. The *Fool* was rather introduced to be laughed at. RITSON.

[8] This word seems here used for *traditional practices* : that is, established or customary homage. JOHNSON.

[9] That is, to die fighting, is to return the evil that we suffer, to destroy the destroyers. JOHNSON.

I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken :-
Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke ;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
[To AUMERLE.

Of that sweet way I was in to despair !
What say you now ? What comfort have we now ?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.¹
Go, to Flint castle ; there I'll pine away ;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge ; and let them go
To ear the land² that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none :—Let no man speak again
To alter this. for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue,
Discharge my followers, let them hence ;—Away,
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Wales. Before Flint Castle. Enter, with Drum and Colours, BOLINGBROKE, and Forces ; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd ; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord ;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland,
To say—king Richard :—Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head !

[1] This sentiment is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without a remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irresistible calamity, than these petty and conjectured comforts which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer. JOHNSON.

[2] I. e. to plough it. STEEVENS.

North. Your grace mistakes me ; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head,³ your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mis-take : The heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle ; and oppose not
Myself against their will.—But who comes here ?

Enter PERCY.

Well, Harry ; what, will not this castle yield ?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally !
Why, it contains no king ?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king ; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone :
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop ; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord [To NORTH.]
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle ;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.

Harry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand ;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person : hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power ;
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted :
If not, I'll use th' advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen :
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.

[3] To take the head is, to act without restraint ; to take undue liberties. We now say, we give the horse his head, when we relax the reins. JOHNSON.

Go, signify as much ; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—

[NORTHUMBERLAND advances to the Castle,
with a Trumpet.

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from the castle's totter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water :
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A parle sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within.
Flourish. Enter, on the walls, King RICHARD, the Bishop
of Carlisle, AUMERLE, SCROOP and SALISBURY.

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east ;
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king ; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty ; Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show !

K. Rich. We are amaz'd ; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [To NORTH.
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence ?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship ;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends ;—
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,

Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike
 Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
 That lift your vassal hands against my head,
 And threat the glory of my precious crown.
 Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,) ⁴
 That every stride he makes upon my land,
 Is dangerous treason : He is come to ope
 The purple testament of bleeding war ;
 But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face ;⁵
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
 To scarlet indignation, and bedew
 Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The king of heaven forbid, our lord the king
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms
 Be rush'd upon ! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
 Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand ;
 And by the honourable tomb he swears,
 That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones ;
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head ;
 And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt ;
 And by the worth and honour of himself,
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
 His coming hither hath no further scope,
 Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees :
 Which on thy royal party granted once,
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faithful service of your majesty.
 This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king re-
 turns ;—

[4] I believe our author uses the word *testament* in its legal sense. Bolingbroke is come to open the testament of war, that he may peruse what is decreed there in his favour. *Purple* is an epithet referring to the future effusion of blood.

STEEVENS.

[5] By *the flower of England's face*, is meant the choicest youths of England, who shall be slaughter'd in this quarrel, or have *bloody crowns*. *The flower of England's face*, to design her choicest youth, is a fine and noble expression. Pericles, by a similar thought, said that the destruction of the Athenian youth was a fatality like cutting off the spring from the year. WARBURTON.

His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;
 And all the number of his fair demands
 Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
 We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,
 To look so poorly, and to speak so fair ?
 Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

[To Aum.]

Aum. No, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle words,
 Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God ! O God ! that e'er this tongue of
 mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment
 On you proud man, should take it off again
 With words of sooth !⁶ O, that I were as great
 As is my grief, or lesser than my name !
 Or that I could forget what I have been !
 Or not remember what I must be now !
 Swell'st thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to beat,
 Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now ? Must he submit ?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd ?
 The king shall be contented : Must he lose
 The name of king ? o'God's name, let it go :
 I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads ;
 My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage ;
 My gay apparel,⁷ for an alms-man's gown ;
 My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood ;
 My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff ;
 My subjects, for a pair of carved saints ;
 And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
 A little little grave, an obscure grave :—
 Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
 Some way of common trade,⁸ where subjects' feet

[6] *Sooth is sweet*, as well as *true*. In this place, sooth means sweetness, or softness, a signification yet retained in the verb, to sooth. JOHNSON.

[7] Dr. Gray observes, " that King Richard's expense in regard to dress, was very extraordinary. Holinshed has the same remark ; and adds that he had " one cote which he caused to be made for him of gold and stone, valued at 30,000 marks." STEEVENS.

[8] The phrase is still used by common people. When they speak of a road much frequented, they say, " it is a road of muck traffic " STEEVENS.

May hourly trample on their sov'reign's head :⁹
 For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live ;
 And, buried once, why not upon my head ?—
 Aumerle, thou weep'st ; My tender-hearted cousin !—
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears ;
 Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears ?
 As thus ;—To drop them still upon one place,
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
 Within the earth ; and, therein laid,—*There lies*
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes ?
 Would not this ill do well ?—Well, well, I see
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
 Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
 What says king Bolingbroke ? will his majesty
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die ?
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.¹

North. My lord, in the base court² he doth attend
 To speak with you ; may't please you to come down ?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come ; like glistening Phaeton,
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*NORTH. retires to BOLING.*

In the base court ? Base court, where kings grow base,
 To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
 In the base court ? Come down ? Down, court ! down
 king !

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing:
 [*Exeunt from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty ?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
 Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man :
 Yet he is come.

Enter King RICHARD, and his Attendants below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
 And show fair duty to his majesty.—
 My gracious lord,—

[*Kneeling.*

[9] Shakespeare is very apt to deviate from the pathetic to the ridiculous. Had the speech of Richard ended at this line it had exhibited the natural language of submissive misery, conforming its intention to the present fortune, and calmly ending its purposes in death. JOHNSON.

[1] Here is another instance of injury done to the poet's metre by changing his orthography. *I*, which was Shakespeare's word, rhymed very well with *die* ; but *ay* has quite a different sound. TYRWHITT.

[2] Bas cour, Fr. STEEVENS

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it :
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up ; your heart is up I know,
Thus high at least, [*Touching his own head.*] although your
knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve :—They well deserve to
have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand : nay, dry your eyes ;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too ;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London :—Cousin, is it so ?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, no. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Langley. *The Duke of York's Garden. Enter the Queen,
and two Ladies.*

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care ?

1 Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think,
The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune
Runs 'gainst the bias.

1 Lady. Madam, we will dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief :
Therefore, no dancing, girl ; some other sport.

1 Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy ?

1 Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl :
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow ;

Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy :
For what I have, I need not to repeat ;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1 *Lady*. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause ;
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

1 *Lady*. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here comes the gardeners :
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state ; for every one doth so
Against a change : Woe is forerun with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*]

Gard. Go bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth :
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 *Serv*. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate ?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds ; her fairest flowers choak'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd,³ and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars ?

Gard. Hold thy peace :—
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf :

[3] *Knots* are figures planted in box, the lines of which frequently intersect each other. So, Milton :

“ Flowers, worthy Paradise, which not nice art
“ In beds and curious *knots*, but nature boon
“ Pour'd forth.” STEEVENS.

The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke ;
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 *Serv.* What, are they dead ?

Gard. They are ; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—Oh ! What pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden ! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees ;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself :
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live :
Had he done so, himself had borne the frown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 *Serv.* What, think you then, the king shall be depos'd ?

Gard. Depress'd he is already ; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be : Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death,
Through want of speaking !—Thou, old Adam's likeness,
Set to dress this garden,⁴ how dares
Thy harsh-rude tongue sound this displeasing news ?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man ?
Why dost thou say, king Richard is depos'd ?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall ? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings ? Speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam : little joy have I,
To breathe this news ; yet, what I say, is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke ; their fortunes both are weigh'd ;
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light ;

[4] This was the technical language of Shakespeare's time. So, in Holy Writ:
"—and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it, and keep it." *Gen. ii. 15.*
MALONE.

But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
 Besides himself, are all the English peers,
 And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
 Post you to London, and you'll find it so ;
 I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
 Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
 And am I last that knows it ? O, thou think'st
 To serve me last, that I may longest keep
 Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
 To meet at London London's king in woe.—
 What, was I born to this ! that my sad look
 Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke ?—
 Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
 I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

Gard. Poor queen ! so that thy state might be no worse,
 I would, my skill were subject to thy curse.—
 Here did she drop a tear ; here, in this place,
 I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace :
 Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
 In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*London. Westminster Hall. The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne ; the Lords temporal on the left ; the Commons below. Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants. Officers behind, with BAGOT.*

Bolingbroke.

CALL forth Bagot :—

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind ;
 What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death ;
 Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
 The bloody office of his timeless end.^a

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue

[5] Timeless, for untimely. WARBURTON.

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
 In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
 I heard you say,—*Is not my arm of length,
 That reacheth from the restful English court
 As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?*
 Amongst much other talk, that very time,
 I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
 The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
 Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
 Adding withal, how blest this land would be,
 In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
 What answer shall I make to this base man?
 Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,⁶
 On equal terms to give him chastisement?
 Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
 With the attainder of his sland'rous lips.—
 There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
 That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
 And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false,
 In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
 To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
 In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitzw. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
 There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:⁷
 By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,
 I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
 That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
 If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
 And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
 Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitzw. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

[6] The birth is supposed to be influenced by the stars, therefore our author with his usual licence takes *stars* for *birth*. JOHNSON.

We learn from Pliny's Natural History that the vulgar error assigned the bright and fair stars to the rich and great. "*Stellæ singulis attributa nobis, et clara diviti-bus, minora pauperibus,*" &c. Lib. i. chap. 8. ANON.

[7] Aumerle has challenged Bagot with some hesitation, as not being his equal, and therefore one whom, according to the rules of chivalry, he was not obliged to fight, as a nobler life was not to be staked in a duel against a baser. Fitzwater then throws down his gage, a pledge of battle; and tells him that if he stands upon *sympathies*, that is, upon equality of blood, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferior to his own. *Sympathy* is an affection incident at once to two subjects. This community of affection implies a likeness or equality of nature, and thence our poet transferred the term to equality of blood. JOHNSON.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest ; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust :
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to th' extremest point
Of mortal breathing ; seize it, if thou dar'st

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe !

Lord. I take the earth to th' like, forsworn Aumerle ;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun : there is my honour's pawn ;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else ? by heaven, I'll throw at all :
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitzw. My lord, 'tis true : you were in presence then ;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fitzw. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy !
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn ;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitzw. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse !
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,⁸
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies : there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world,⁹
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal :
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,

[8] I dare meet him where no help can be had by me against him. JOHNSON.

[9] In this world where I have just begun to be an actor. Surrey has, a few lines above, called him boy. JOHNSON.

That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies : here do I throw down this,¹
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd : repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and signories ; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Carl. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, 'Turks, and Saracens :
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy ; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ.
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?

Carl. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham !—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard ; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand :
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth !

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Carl. Marry, God forbid !—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard ; then true nobless² would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.

[1] Holinshed says, that on this occasion " he threw down a hood that he had borrowed." STEEVENS.

2] i. e. nobleness ; a word now obsolete. STEEVENS.

What subject can give sentence on his king ?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject ?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them :
And shall the figure of God's majesty,³
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present ? O, forbid it, God !
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed !
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king :
And if you crown him, let me prophecy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act ;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound ;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.
O, if you rear this house against this house,
It will the woofullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth :
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—woe !

North. Well have you argu'd, sir ; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here :—
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.—
May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender ; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct.

[*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer :—

[3] Here is another proof that our author did not learn in king James's court his elevated notions of the right of kings. I know not any flatterer of the Stuarts who has expressed this doctrine in much stronger terms. It must be observed that the poet intends, from the beginning to the end, to exhibit this bishop as brave, pious and venerable. JOHNSON.

Little are we beholden to your love, [To CARLISLE.
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, with King RICHARD, and Officers bearing the Crown, &c.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd ? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee :—
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men :⁴ Were they not mine ?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail ! to me ?
So Judas did to Christ : but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one ; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king !—Will no man say, amen ?
Am I both priest and clerk ? well then, amen.
God save the king ! although I be not he ;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither ?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown :—Here, cousin, seize
the crown ;
Here, on this side, my hand ; on that side, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another ;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water :
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am ; but still my griefs are
mine :

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs ; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your
crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares
down.

[4] The countenances the features. JOHNSON.

My care is—loss of care, by old care done ;⁵
 Your care is—gain of care, by new care won :
 The cares I give, I have, though given away ;
 They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown ?

K. Rich. Ay, no ;—no, ay ;—for I must nothing be ;
 Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
 Now mark me how I will undo myself ;
 I give this heavy weight from off my head,
 And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
 The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm,⁶
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
 With mine own breath release all duteous oaths :
 All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
 My manors, rents, revenues, I forego ;
 My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny :
 God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me !
 God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee !
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd ;
 And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd !
 Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
 And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit !
 God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,
 And send him many years of sunshine days !—
 What more remains ?

North. No more, but that you read [*Offering a paper*
 These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
 Committed by your person, and your followers,
 Against the state and profit of this land ;
 That, by confessing them, the souls of men
 May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so ? and must I ravel out
 My weav'd-up follies ? Gentle Northumberland,
 If thy offences were upon record,
 Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop,
 To read a lecture of them ? If thou would'st,⁷

[5] Shakespeare often obscures his meaning by playing with sounds. Richard seems to say here, that his cares are not made less by the increase of Bolingbroke's cares ; for this reason, that his care is the loss of care, his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, by the cessation of the care to which he had been accustomed. JOHNSON.

[6] The oil of consecration. He has mentioned it before. JOHNSON.

[7] That is, if thou wouldst read over a list of thy own deeds. JOHNSON

There should'st thou find one heinous article,—
 Containing the deposing of a king,
 And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
 Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven :—
 Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—
 Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
 Showing an outward pity ; yet you Pilates
 Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
 And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch ; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see :
 And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
 But they can see a sort⁸ of traitors here.
 Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
 I find myself a traitor with the rest :
 For I have given here my soul's consent,
 To undeck the pompous body of a king ;
 Make glory base ; and sovereignty, a slave ;
 Proud majesty, a subject ; state, a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught,⁹ insulting man,
 Nor no man's lord ; I have no name, no title,—
 No, not that name was given me at the font,—
 But 'tis usurp'd :—Alack the heavy day,
 That I have worn so many winters out,
 And know not now what name to call myself !
 O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
 To melt myself away in water-drops !—
 Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)
 An if my word be sterling yet in England,
 Let it command a mirror hither straight ;
 That it may show me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking glass.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend ! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied : I'll read enough,

[8] A sort, a pack, a company. WARBURTON.

[9] Haught, i. e. haughty. STEEVENS.

When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ,¹ and that's—myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a Glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face,
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face,
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[Dashes the glass against the ground.]

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport.—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—

'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than a king:
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

[1] This phrase is from the 139th Psalm, v. 15: "— and in thy book were all my members written" STEEVENS.

K. Rich. And shall I have ?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither ?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good ! Convey ?—Conveyers are you all,²
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt King RICHARD, some Lords, and a Guard.*]

Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down
Our coronation : lords prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle,
and AUMERLE*]

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come ; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.³

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot ?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury⁴ mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise :—
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears ;
Come home with me to supper ; I will lay
A plot, shall show us all a merry day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*London. A Street leading to the Tower. Enter
Queen and Ladies.*

Queen.

THIS way the king will come ; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,⁵

[2] To *convey* is a term often used in an ill sense, and so Richard understands it here. Pistol says of stealing, *convey, the wise it call* ; and to convey is the word for sleight of hand, which seems to be alluded to here. "Ye are all," says the deposed prince, "jugglers, who rise with this nimble dexterity by the fall of a good king." JOHNSON.

[3] This pathetic denunciation shews that Shakespeare intended to impress his auditors with a dislike of the deposal of Richard. JOHNSON.

[4] To conceal, to keep secret. JOHNSON.

[5] The tower of London is traditionally said to have been the work of Julius Cæsar. JOHNSON.

To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke :
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.*

Enter King RICHARD and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither :⁶ Yet look up ; behold ;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—
Ah, thou, the model⁷ where old Troy did stand ;
Thou map of honour ; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard ; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest ?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden :⁸ learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream ;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this : I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity ;¹ and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house :
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd, and weakened ? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect ? hath he been in thy heart ?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,

[5] " Here rest, if any rest can harbour here." MILTON.

[6] Even the *Cronykil* of A. of Wyntown, on this occasion is not unpoetical :

" The king Richard of Yngland

" Wes in his flowris than Règnand :—

" Bot his flowris eftyr sone

" Fadyt, and ware all undone." B. IX. ch. xviii. v. 61. &c.

STEEVENS.

[7] Thou picture of greatness. JOHNSON.

Model, it has already been observed, is used by our author, for a thing made after a pattern. He is, I believe, singular in this use of the word.

MALONE.

[9] Do not thou unite with grief against me ; do not, by thy additional sorrows, enable grief to strike me down at once. My own part of sorrow I can bear, but thy affliction will immediately destroy me. JOHNSON.

[1] I have reconciled myself to necessity, I am in a state of amity with the constraint I have sustained. JOHNSON.

The expression—*sworn brother*, alludes to the *fratres jurati*, who in the ages of adventure, bound themselves by mutual oaths, to share fortunes together.

STEEVENS.

And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd ; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly ? kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts ?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed ; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France :
Thick, I am dead ; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks ; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid :
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,²
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out :
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.³

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd ;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you ;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption : thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all ;
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear ;
That fear, to hate ; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

[2] To retaliate their mournful stories. JOHNSON.

[3] This is certainly childish prattle, as Johnson calls it : but it is of the same stamp with the other speeches of Richard, after the landing of Bolingbroke, which are a strange medley of sense and puerility. M. MASON.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part ; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd ?—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage ; 'twixt my crown and me ;
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me ;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.⁴
—Part us, Northumberland ; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime ;
My wife to France ; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided ? must we part ?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from
heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.⁵

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here :
Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.⁶
Go, count thy way with sighs ; I, mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being
short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part :

Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart. [*They kiss.*

Queen. Give me mine own again ; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiss again.*
So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay :
Once more, adieu ; the rest let sorrow say.

[*Exeunt.*

[4] A kiss appears to have been an established circumstance in our ancient nuptial ceremony. STEEVENS.

[5] So, in the book of *Ruth*, i. 16 :—"for whither thou goest I will go."

STEEVENS.

[6] To be never the nigher, or as it is commonly spoken in the midland counties, ne'er the ne'er, is, to make no advance towards the good desired.

JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace. Enter YORK, and his Duchess.

Duch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave ?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke !
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage ; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had said at once,⁷—
Jesu preserve thee ! welcome, Bolingbroke !
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen :
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard ! where rides he the while ?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard ; no man cried, God save him ;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

[7] Our author probably was thinking of the painted clothes that were hung in the streets, in the pageants that were exhibited in his own time ; in which the figures sometimes had labels issuing from their mouths, containing sentences of gratulation. MALONE.

But heaven hath a hand in these events ;
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was ;
 But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
 And, madam, you must call him Rutland now :
 I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
 And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Duch. Welcome, my son : Who are the violets now,
 That strew the green lap of the new-come spring ?⁸

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not :
 God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
 Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
 What news from Oxford ? hold those justs and triumphs ?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not ; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom ?⁹

Yea, look'st thou pale ? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it :
 I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me ;
 It is a matter of small consequence,
 Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
 I fear, I fear,——

Duch. What should you fear ?
 'Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into
 For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself ? what doth he with a bond
 That he is bound to ? Wife, thou art a fool.—
 Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me : I may not show it

[8] So Milton, in one of his songs,

“——who from her *green lap* throws

“The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.” STEEVENS.

[9] The seals of deeds were formerly impressed on slips or labels of parchment appendant to them. MALONE.

York. I will be satisfied ; let me see it, I say.

[Snatches it, and reads]

Treason ! foul treason !—villain ! traitor ! slave !

Duch. What is the matter, my lord ?

York. Ho ! who is within there ? *[Enter a Servant.]*

Saddle my horse

God for his mercy ! what treachery is here !

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord ?

York. Give me my boots, I say ; saddle my horse :—
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain. *[Exit Servant.]*

Duch. What's the matter ?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace :—What is the matter, son ?

Aum. Good mother, be content ; it is no more than
My poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer !

Re-enter Servant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art
amaz'd :—

Hence, villain ; never more come in my sight.—

[To the Servant]

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do ?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own ?

Have we more sons ? or are we like to have ?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time ?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name ?

Is he not like thee ? is he not thine own ?

York. Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy ?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,

To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none ;

We'll keep him here : Then what is that to him ?

York. Away,

Fond woman ! were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,

As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.

But now I know thy mind ; thou dost suspect,

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
 And that he is a bastard, not thy son :
 Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind :
 He is as like thee as a man may be,
 Not like to me, or any of my kin,
 And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman.

[*Exit.*

Duch. After, Aumerle ; mount thee upon his horse ;
 Spur, post ; and get before him to the king,
 And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
 I'll not be long behind ; though I be old,
 I doubt not but to ride as fast as York :
 And never will I rise up from the ground,
 Till Bolingbroke have pardoned thee : Away ;
 Begone.

[*Excunt.*

SCENE III.

Windsor. *A Room in the Castle. Enter BOLINGBROKE, as King ; PERCY, and other Lords.*

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son ?
 'Tis full three months, since I did see him last :
 If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
 I would to God, my lords, he might be found :
 Inquire at London, 'mong'st the taverns there,¹
 For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
 With unrestrained loose companions ;
 Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
 And beat our watch, and rob our passengers ;
 While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
 Takes on the point of honour, to support
 So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince ;
 And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant ?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews ;
 And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
 And wear it as a favour ; and with that
 He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

[1] This is a very proper introduction to the future character of Henry the Fifth, to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatness in his manhood.

JOHNSON.

Shakespeare seldom attended to chronology. The prince was at this time but twelve years old, for he was born in 1388, and the conspiracy on which the present scene is formed, was discovered in the beginning of the year 1400. MALONE.

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate : yet, through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here ?

Enter AUMERLE, hastily.

Aum. Where is the king ?

Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly ?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone
[*Exeunt PERCY and Lords.*

—What is the matter with our cousin now ?

Aum. Forever may my knees grow to the earth, [*Kneels*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault ?
If but the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [*AUMERLE locks the door.*

York. [*Within.*] My liege, beware ; look to thyself ;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing*

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand ;
Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy
king :

Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face ?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*BOLINGBROKE opens the door.*

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle ? speak ;
Recover breath ; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past :
I do repent me ; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king ;
 Fear, and not love, begets his penitence :
 Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
 A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy !—
 O loyal father of a treacherous son !
 Thou sheer,² immaculate, and silver fountain,
 From whence this stream through muddy passages
 Hath held his current, and defil'd himself !
 Thy overflow of good converts to bad ;
 And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
 This deadly blot in thy digressing son.³

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd ;
 And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
 As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
 Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
 Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies :
 Thou kill'st me in his life ; giving him breath,
 The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*Within.*] What ho, my liege ! for God's sake
 let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager
 cry ?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king ; 'tis I .
 Speak with me, pity me, open the door ;
 A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious thing,
 And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King*.⁴—
 My dangerous cousin, let your mother in ;
 I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
 More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
 This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound ;
 This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man :
 Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here ?
 Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear ?

[2] Sheer, is pellucid, transparent. Transparent muslin is still called sheer muslin. STEEVENS.

[3] To digress is to deviate from what is right or regular. STEEVENS.

[4] *The King and Beggar* was perhaps once an interlude. STEEVENS

Duch. Sweet York, be patient : Hear me, gentle liege.
[*Kneels.*]

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech :
Forever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
'Till thou give joy ; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.

[*Kneels.*]

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be.

[*Kneels.*]

Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace !

Duch. Pleads he in earnest ? look upon his face ;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest ;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast :
He prays but faintly, and would be denied ;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside :
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know ;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow :
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy ;
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his ; then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up ;
But, pardon, first ; and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now ;
Say—pardon, king ; let pity teach thee how :
The word is short, but not so short as sweet ;
No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king ; say, *pardonnez moi.*⁶

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy ?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That set'st the word itself against the word !—
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land ;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there :
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear ;
That, hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,

[5] That is, *excuse me*, a phrase used when any thing is civilly denied. The whole passage is such as I could well wish away. JOHNSON.

Pity may move thee, pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand,

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet am I sick for fear : speak it again ;

Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,

But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart

I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,⁶—and the
abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,—

Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—

Good uncle, help to order several powers

To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are :

They shall not live within this world, I swear,

But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too, adieu :

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son ;—I pray God, make thee
new.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter EXTON, *and a* Servant.

Exton. Did'st thou not mark the king, what words he
spake ?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear ?

Was it not so ?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend ?* quoth he ; he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together ; did he not ?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistfully look'd on me ;
As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man

That would divorce this terror from my heart ;

Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go ;

I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*]

[6] The brother-in-law meant, was John duke of Exeter and earl of Huntingdon (own brother to King Richard II.) and who had married with the lady Elizabeth, sister of Henry Bolingbroke. THEOBALD.

SCENE V.

Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle. Enter king RICHARD

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
 This prison, where I live, unto the world :
 And, for because the world is populous,
 And here is not a creature but myself,
 I cannot do it ;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
 My brain I'll prove the female to my soul ;
 My soul, the father : and these two beget
 A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
 And these same thoughts people this little world ;
 In humours, like the people of this world,
 For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
 As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
 With scruples, and do set the word itself
 Against the word :⁷
 As thus,—*Come, little ones ;* and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders : how these vain weak nails
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls ;
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
 Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars,
 Who, sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,—
 That many have, and others must sit there :
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back
 Of such as have before endur'd the like.
 Thus play I, in one person, many people,
 And none contented : Sometimes am I king ;
 Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
 And so I am : Then crushing penury
 Persuades me I was better when a king ;
 Then am I king'd again : and, by-and-by,
 Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
 And straight am nothing :—But, whate'er I am,
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd

[7] By the word, I suppose, is meant, the holy word. MALONE.

With being nothing.—Music do I hear ? [Music.]
 Ha, ha ! keep time .—How sour sweet music is,
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept !
 So is it in the music of men's lives.
 And here have I the daintiness of ear,
 To check time broke in a disorder'd string ;
 But, for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
 For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock :
 My thoughts are minutes ; and, with sighs, they jar
 Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward watch,
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
 Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell : So sighs, and tears, and groans,
 Show minutes, times, and hours :—but my time
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' th' clock.*
 This music mads me, let it sound no more ;
 For, though it have help madmen to their wits,
 In me, it seems it will make wise men mad.
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me !
 For 'tis a sign of love ; and love to Richard
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince !

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer ;
 The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
 What art thou ? and how com'st thou hither,
 Where no man never comes, but that sad dog^o
 That brings me food, to make misfortune live ?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
 When thou wert king ; who, travelling towards York,
 With much ado, at length have gotten leave
 To look upon my sometimes master's face.

[8] That is, I strike for him. One of these automatons is alluded to in *King Richard III.* Act iv. sc. iii.

"Because that, like a *Jack*, thou keep'st the stroke,

"Between thy begging and my meditation." STEEVENS.

[9] The word *sad* was in the time of our author used for *grave*. The expression will then be the same as if he had said, *that grave, that gloomy villain.*

STEEVENS.

O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

[To the Groom]

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart
shall say. *[Exit.]*

Keep. My lord, wilt please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; sir Pierce of Exton, who
Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[Beats the Keeper.]

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude
assault?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[Snatching a weapon, and killing one]
(Go thou, and fill another room in hell.)

[He kills another, then EXTON strikes him down]
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
 Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
 Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.¹

[Dies.

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood:
 Both have I spilt; O, would the deed were good!
 For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
 Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
 This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—
 Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Windsor. A Room in the Castle. Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, and YORK, with Lords and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear,
 Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire
 Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;
 But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
 The next news is,—I have to London sent
 The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:
 The manner of their taking may appear
 At large discoursed in this paper here.

[Presenting a paper.

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
 And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
 The heads of Brocas, and sir Bennet Seely;
 Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
 That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
 Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,

[1] The representation here given of the king's death is perfectly agreeable to Hall and Holinshed. But the fact was otherwise. He refused food for several days, and died of abstinence and a broken heart. See Walsingham, Otterbourne, the Monk of Evesham, the continuator of the History of Croyland, and the anonymous Godstow Chronicle. RITSON.

With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave ;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom :—
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife :
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter *Exton*, *with Attendants bearing a Coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear : herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee ; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour :
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow :
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent ;
I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand :—
March sadly after ; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier.

[*Exeunt.*

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

OBSERVATIONS.

KING HENRY IV. PART I.] The transactions contained in this historical drama are comprised within the period of about ten months ; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald earl of Douglas at Holmedon, (or Halidown-hill,) which battle was fought on Holy-rood day, (the 14th of September,) 1402 ; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury ; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21st of July, (the eve of Saint Mary Magdalen,) in the year 1403. THEOBALD.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 25, 1597, by Andrew Wise. Again, by M. Woolff, Jan. 9, 1598. For the piece supposed to have been its original, see *Six old Plays on which Shakespeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEVENS.

Shakespeare has apparently designed a regular connection of these dramatic histories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy Land, which he resumes in the first speech of this play. The complaint made by King Henry in the last Act of Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolics which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited.

JOHNSON.

This comedy was written, I believe, in the year 1597. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY the Fourth.
HENRY, Prince of Wales,
Prince JOHN of Lancaster,¹ } *sons to the king.*
Earl of Westmoreland, }
Sir WALTER BLUNT, } *friends to the king.*
THOMAS PERCY, earl of Worcester.
HENRY PERCY, earl of Northumberland.
HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, earl of March.
SCROOP, archbishop of York.
ARCHIBALD, earl of Douglas.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
Sir RICHARD VERNON.
Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
POINS.
GADSHILL.
PETO.
BARDOLPH.

Lady PERCY, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.
Lady MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.
Mrs. QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

*Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers,
 Two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.*

SCENE, England.

[1] The persons of the drama were originally collected by Mr. Rowe, who has given the title of *Duke of Lancaster* to *Prince John*, a mistake which Shakespeare has nowhere been guilty of in the first part of this play, though in the second he has fallen into the same error. King Henry IV. was himself the last person that ever bore the title of *Duke of Lancaster*. But all his sons (till they had peerages, as *Clarence*, *Bedford*, *Gloucester*,) were distinguished by the name of the royal house, as *John of Lancaster*, *Humphrey of Lancaster*, &c. and in that proper style the present John (who became afterwards so illustrious by the title of *Duke of Bedford*,) is always mentioned in the play before us. STEEVENS.

FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

—
ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Palace. Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and others.*

King Henry.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils¹
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty Erinnyss² of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces : those opposed eyes,
Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,——
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way ; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies :
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,³

[1] That is, let us soften peace, to rest awhile without disturbance, that she may recover breath to propose new wars. JOHNSON.

[2] By *Erinnys* is meant the fury of discord. M. MASON.

[3] The lawfulness and justice of the holy wars have been much disputed ; but perhaps there is a principle on which the question may be easily determined. If it be part of the religion of the Mahometans to extirpate by the sword all other religions, it is, by the laws of self-defence, lawful for men of every other religion, and for Christians among others, to make war upon Mahometans, simply as Mahometans, as men obliged by their own principles to make war upon Christians, and only lying in wait till opportunity shall promise them success. JOHNSON.

Upon this note Mr. Gibbon makes the following observation : " If the reader will turn to the first scene of the *First part of King Henry IV.* he will see in the

(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
 We are impressed and engag'd to fight,)
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
 Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go;
 Therefore we meet not now:—Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience.³

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits⁴ of the charge set down
 But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
 Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butchered:
 Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done,⁵ as may not be,
 Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil
 Break off our business for the Holy land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord;
 For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did import.
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy,⁶ and brave Archibald,
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met,

text of Shakespeare, the natural feelings of enthusiasm; and in the notes of Dr. Johnson, the workings of a bigotted, though vigorous mind, greedy of every pretence to hate and persecute those who dissent from his creed."—*Gibbon's Hist.* Vol. VI. 9, 4to. edit. REED.

[3] For *expedition*.

[4] *Limits* for estimates. WARBURTON.

[5] Thus Holinshed, "—such shameful villanie executed upon the carcasses of the dead men by the Welshwomen; as the like (I doo beleve) hath never or sildome beene practised." See *T. Walsingham*, p. 557. STEEVENS.

[6] Holinshed's History of Scotland, says: "This Harry Percy was surnamed, for his often pricking, *Henry Hotspur*, as one that seldom times rested, if there were anie service to be done abroad." TOLLET

Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;
 For he that brought them, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
 Stain'd with the variation of each soil
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
 The earl of Douglas is discomfited ;
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
 Balk'd in their own blood,⁷ did Sir Walter see
 On Holmedon's plains : Of prisoners, Hotspur took
 Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beaten Douglas ; and the earls of Athol,
 Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
 And is not this an honourable spoil ?
 A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

West. In faith,
 It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me
 sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland
 Should be the father of so blest a son :
 A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue ;
 Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant ;
 Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride :
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow
 Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
 In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
 And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet !
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
 But let him from my thoughts :—What think you, coz',
 Of this young Percy's pride ? the prisoners,
 Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
 To his own use he keeps ; and sends me word,
 I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

[7] I should suppose, that the author might have written either *balk'd* or *bal'd*, that is, encrusted over with blood dried upon them. STEEVENS.

Balk is a ridge ; and particularly a ridge of land, and is a common expression in Warwickshire and the northern counties. WARTON.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects ;⁸
Which makes him prune himself,⁹ and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this ;
And, for this cause, a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords :
But come yourself with speed to us again ;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.¹

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The same. Another Room in the Palace. Enter HENRY,
Prince of Wales, and FALSTAFF.*

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad ?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know.² What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day ? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata ; I see no reason, why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal : for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars ; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair.* And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say ; for grace thou wilt have none,)——

P. Hen. What ! none ?

Fal. No, by my troth ; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

[8] An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented as a malignant star that influenced the conduct of Hotspur. HENLEY.

[9] The metaphor is taken from a cock, who in his pride prunes himself ; that is, picks off the loose feathers to smooth the rest. To *prune*, and to *plume*, spoken of a bird, is the same. JOHNSON.

[1] That is, " More is to be said than anger will suffer me to say ; more than can issue from a mind disturbed like mine." JOHNSON.

[2] The Prince's objection to the question seems to be, that Falstaff had asked in the night what was the time of the day. JOHNSON.

P. Hen. Well, how then ? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty ;³ let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon : And let men say, we be men of good government ; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well ; and it holds well too : for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea ; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now : A purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning : got with swearing—lay by ;⁴ and spent with crying—bring in :⁵ now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder ; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench ?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance ?⁶

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag ? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities ? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin ?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern ?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part ?

Fal. No ; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch ; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

[3] There is, I have no doubt, a pun on the word *beauty*, which in the western counties is pronounced nearly in the same manner as *booty*. MALONE.

[4] i. e. Swearing at the passengers they robbed, 'lay by your arms' ; or rather, 'lay by,' was a phrase that then signified 'stand still,' addressed to those who were preparing to rush forward. WARBURTON.

[5] i. e. more wine. MALONE.

[6] To understand the propriety of the Prince's answer, it must be remarked that the sheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff. So that when Falstaff asks whether his 'hostess is not a sweet wench,' the prince asks in return, whether 'it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison by running in debt to this sweet wench.'

JOHNSON

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and, in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat,⁸ or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.⁹

P. Hen. What sayest thou to a hare,¹ or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative,² rascalliest,—sweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.³

[7] *Suit*, spoken of one that attends at court, means a *petition*; used with respect to the hangman, means the clothes of the offender. JOHNSON.

[8] A *gib cat* means, I know not why, an old cat. JOHNSON.

[9] I suspect that by the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe is meant the *dull creak of a frog*, one of the native musicians of that waterish county: STEEVENS.

[1] A hare may be considered as melancholy, because she is upon her form always solitary; and according to the physic of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy. JOHNSON.

[2] Moor-ditch, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London. between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, opened to an unwholesome and impassable morass.

T. WARTON.

[3] *Comparative* here means quick at comparisons, or fruitful in similes.

JOHNSON.

[4] Proverbs i. 20 and 24. H. WHITE.

Fal. O thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.*

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.) Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you

[5] *Baffled* in this place means treated with the greatest ignominy imaginable.

will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns ; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear me, Yedward ; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops ?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one ?

P. Hen. Who, I rob ? I a thief ? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well, then once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone ; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake,) prove a false thief ; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell ; You shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring ! Farewell, All-hallown summer !⁶

[Exit FALSTAFF

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow ; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid ; yourself, and I, will not be there : and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth ?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail ; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves : which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

[6] *All-hallown's*, is All-hallowntide, or All saints' day, which is the first of November, Shakespeare's allusion is designed to ridicule an old man with youthful passions.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce,⁷ to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper; how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof⁸ of this, lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord.

[Exit Poins.]

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;⁹

[7] *For the nonce* is an expression in daily use amongst the common people in Suffolk, to signify *on purpose*; *for the turn*. HENLEY.

[8] Reproof, is confutation. JOHNSON.

[9] To falsify hope is to exceed hope, to give much where men hope for little.— This speech is very artfully introduced to keep the Prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares them for his future reformation; and what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuses to itself, and palliating those follies which it can neither justify nor forsake.

JOHNSON)

And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off,
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ;
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

The same. Another Room in the Palace. Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,
 And you have found me ; for, accordingly,
 You tread upon my patience : but, be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition ;¹
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect,
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
 And that same greatness too which our own hands
 Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,——

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I see danger
 And disobedience in thine eye : O, sir,
 Your presence is too bold and peremptory,
 And majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier of a servant brow.²
 You have good leave to leave us ; when we need
 Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[Exit WORCESTER

You were about to speak.

[To NORTH.]

North. Yea, my good lord.
 Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
 Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
 Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
 As is deliver'd to your majesty :

[1] *Condition* for disposition. Shakespeare uses it very frequently for temper of mind, and in this sense the vulgar still say a good or ill-conditioned man. JOHN.

[2] *Frontier* was anciently used for *forehead*. STEEVENS.

Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home ;
He was perfumed like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box,³ which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again ;——
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff :⁴—and still he smil'd, and talk'd ;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,⁵
Out of my grief⁶ and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ;
He should, or he should not ;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark !)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

[3] *Pouncet-box*—A small box for musk or other perfumes then in fashion: the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name; from *poisoner*, to prick, pierce, or engrave. **WARBURTON.**

[4] *Snuff* is equivocally used for anger and a powder taken up the nose.

STEEVENS.

[5] A *popinjay* is a parrot. **JOHNSON.**

[6] i. e. pain. In our ancient translations of physical treatises *dolor ventris* is commonly called *belly-grief*. **STEEVENS.**

This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.⁷

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war;—To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds,⁸ which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment⁹ with great Glendower:

[7] Let what he then said never rise to impeach him, so he unsay it now.

JOHNSON.

[8] "To prove the loyalty of Mortimer," says Hotspur, "one speaking witness is sufficient; for his wounds proclaim his loyalty, those mouthed wounds," &c.

JOHNSON.

[9] *Hardiment*—an obsolete word, signifying hardness, bravery, stoutness. Spenser is frequent in his use of it.

STEEVENS.

Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,¹
 Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,²
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisp head³ in the hollow bank
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
 Never did bare and rotten policy⁴
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer
 Receive so many, and all willingly :
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him,
 He never did encounter with Glendower ;
 I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone,
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
 Art not ashamed ? But, sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
 We license your departure with your son :—
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.*]

Hot. And if the devil come and rear for them,
 I will not send them :—I will after straight,
 And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
 Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler ? stay, and pause awhile :
 Here comes your uncle.

[1] It is the property of wounds to excite the most impatient thirst. The poet therefore hath with exquisite propriety introduced this circumstance, which may serve to place in its proper light the dying kindness of Sir Philip Sidney ; who, though suffering the extremity of thirst from the agony of his own wounds, yet, notwithstanding, gave up his own draught of water to a wounded soldier.

HENLEY.

[2] This passage has been censured as sounding nonsense, which represents a stream of water as capable of fear. It is misunderstood. Severn is here not the flood, but the tutelary power of the flood, who was affrighted and hid his head in the hollow bank.

JOHNSON.

[3] Crisp is curled. STEEVENS.

[4] " Never did policy lying open to detection so colour its workings." JOHNSON

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?

'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' th' dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' th' air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew
mad. [To Wor]

Wor. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransome once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,⁵
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?⁶

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be deposed, and shortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide
mouth

Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man;
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot

[5] That is, an eye menacing death. Hotspur seems to describe the king as trembling with rage rather than fear. JOHNSON.

[6] Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, who was born in 1371, was declared heir apparent to the crown in the 9th year of King Richard II. (1385.) See Grafton, p. 347. But he was killed in Ireland in 1398. The person who was proclaimed by Richard as heir apparent to the crown, previous to his last voyage to Ireland, was Edmund Mortimer, (the son of Roger,) who was then but seven years old; but he was not Percy's wife's brother, but her nephew. MALONE.

Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be,
 That you a world of curses undergo ;
 Being the agents, or base second means,
 The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather ?
 O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
 To show the line, and the predicament,
 Wherein you range under this subtle king:—
 Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
 That men of your nobility and power,
 Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
 As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
 And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke ?
 And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
 By him, for whom these shames ye underwent ?
 No ; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again :
 Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd⁹ contempt,
 Of this proud king, who studies, day and night,
 To answer all the debt he owes to you,
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
 Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more :
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous ;
 As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
 As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.⁹

Hot. If he fall in, good night :—or sink or swim :—
 Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it from the north to south,
 And let them grapple ;—O ! the blood more stirs,
 To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon ;

[7] The canker-rose is the dog-rose, the flower of the Cynosbaton.

STEEVENS.

[8] For disdainful. JOHNSON.

[9] That is, of a spear laid across. WARBURTON.

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks ;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities :
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship !

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,¹
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,——

Hot. I'll keep them all ;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them :
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will ; that's flat :—
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer ;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ;
But I will find him, when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer !

Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you,
Cousin ; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke :
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,²—
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman ! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool

[1] *Figure* is here used equivocally. As it is applied to Hotspur's speech it is a rhetorical mode ; as opposed to form it means appearance or shape.

[2] A *royster* or turbulent fellow, that fought in taverns, or raised disorders in the streets, was called a Swash-buckler. In this sense *sword-and-buckler* is here used.

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood ;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own ?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with
rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—What do you call the place ?—

A plague upon't !—it is in Gloucestershire ;—

'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept ;

His uncle York ;—where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,

When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true :—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy³

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !

Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age,*⁴

And,—*gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin,—*

O, the devil take such cozeners !—God forgive me !—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again ;

We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

Deliver them up without their ransome straight,

And make the Douglas' son your only mean

For powers in Scotland ; which,—for divers reasons,

Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd,

Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,— [To NORTH

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,—

Shall secretly into the bosom creep

Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,

The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not ?

Wor. True ; who bears hard

His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.

I speak not this in estimation,⁵

As what I think might be, but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted, and set down ,

And only stays but to behold the face

Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

[3] i. e. what a deal of candy courtesy. MALONE.

[4] Alluding to what passed in King Richard, act 2, sc. 3.

[5] Estimation. for conjecture. WARBURTON.

Hot. I smell it ; upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st slip.⁶

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot :—

And then the power of Scotland, and of York,—

To join with Mortimer, ha ?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,

To save our heads by raising of a head :⁷

For, bear ourselves as even as we can,

The king will always think him in our debt ;⁸

And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,

Till he hath found a time to pay us home.

And see already, how he doth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does ; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell :—No further go in this,

Than I by letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly,)

I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer ;

Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,

(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,

To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,

Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother : we shall thrive, I trust

Hot. Uncle, adieu :—O, let the hours be short,

Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Rochester. An Inn Yard. Enter a Carrier, with a Lantern in his hand.*

1 *Carrier.*

HEIGH ho ! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged : Charles' wain⁹ is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler !

[6] To let slip, is to loose the greyhound. JOHNSON.

[7] A head, a body of forces. JOHNSON.

[8] This is a natural description of the state of mind between those that have conferred, and those that have received, obligations too great to be satisfied. That this would be the event of Northumberland's disloyalty was predicted by king Richard in the former play. JOHNSON.

[9] Charles's wain, is the vulgar name given to the constellation called the Bear. It is a corruption of the Charles or Charles wain. RITSON.

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 Car. I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.¹

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Peas and beans are as dank² here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots:³ this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 Car. Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think, this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 Car. Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.⁴

1 Car. What, ostler! come away and be hanged, come away.

2 Car. I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger,⁵ to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 Car. 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—Hast no faith in thee?

[1] Out of all *cess*, means out of all measure: the phrase being taken from a *cess*, a tax or subsidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant or out of measure, it was said to be out of all *cess*. WARBURTON.

[2] Dank, i. e. wet, rotten. POPE.

[3] Bots are worms in the stomach of a horse. JOHNSON.

[4] The *loach* is a very small fish, but so exceedingly prolific, that it is seldom found without spawn in it; and it was formerly a practice of the young gallants to swallow loaches in wine, because they were considered as invigorating, and apt to communicate their prolific quality. The carrier therefore means to say, that "your chamber-lie breeds fleas as fast as a loach" breeds, not fleas, but loaches. MASON.

A passage in *Coriolanus* likewise may be produced in support of the interpretation here given:—"and he no more remembers his mother than an eight-year-old horse" i. e. than an eight year old horse remembers his dam. MALONE.

[5] As our author in several passages mentions a *raze* of ginger, I thought proper to distinguish it from the *raze* mentioned here. The former signifies no more than a single root of it, but a *raze* is the Indian term for a bale of it. THEO.

Enter GADSHILL

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 Car. I think it be two o'clock.⁶

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 Car. Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. *[Exeunt Carriers.]*

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. *[Within.]* At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin⁷ in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks,⁸ I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old

[6] The carrier, who suspected Gadshill, strives to mislead him as to the hour, because the first observation made in this scene is, that it was four o'clock.

STEEVENS.

[7] A franklin is a freeholder. M. MASON.

[8] St. Nicholas was the patron saint of scholars: and Nicholas, or old Nick is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, *St. Nicholas's clerks.* WARBURTON.

sir John hangs with me ; and, thou knowest, he's no starveling. Tut ! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace ; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers,⁹ no long-staff, sixpenny strikers ; none of these mad, mustachio purple-hued malt-worms : but with nobility, and tranquillity ; burgomasters, and great oneyers ;¹ such as can hold in ; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray :² And yet I lie ; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth ; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her ; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots ? will she hold out water in foul way ?

Gads. She will, she will ; justice hath liquored her.³ We steal as in a castle, cock sure ; we have the receipt of fern-seed,⁴ we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith ; I think you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand : thou shalt have a share in our purchase,⁵ as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to ; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

[9] That is, with no paddlers, no wanderers on foot. No 'long-staff, sixpenny strikers,'—no fellows that infest the roads with long staffs and knock men down for six-pence. 'None of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms,'—none of those whose faces are red with drinking ale. JOHNSON.

[1] Perhaps Shakespeare wrote—*onyers*, that is, *public accountants* ; men possessed of large sums of money belonging to the state. MALONE.

[2] 'Such as can hold in,' may mean, such as can curb old father antic the law, or such as will not blab. STEEVENS.

[3] A satire on the chicanery in the courts of justice ; which supports ill men in their violations of the law, under the very cover of it. WARBURTON.

[4] *Fern* is one of those plants which have their seed on the back of the leaf so small as to escape the sight. Those who perceived that fern was propagated by semination, and yet could never see the seed, were much at a loss for the solution of the difficulty ; and as wonder always endeavours to augment itself, they ascribed to fern-seed many strange properties, some of which the rustic virgins have not yet forgotten or exploded. JOHNSON.

[5] *Purchase* is the term used in law for any thing not inherited but acquired. JOHNSON.

Anciently the cant term for stolen goods. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

The road by Gadshill. Enter Prince HENRY and POINS; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. *[Pretends to seek POINS.]*

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him,⁶ I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is three-score and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! *[They whistle.]* Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt⁷ me thus?

[6] Alluding to the vulgar notion of *love-powder* JOHNSON.

[7] To *colt*, is to fool, to trick; but the prince taking it in another sense, opposes it by *uncolt*, that is *unhorse*. JOHNSON.

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse ; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue ! shall I be your ostler !

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters !⁸ If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison : When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter : I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. What news ?

Gads. Case ye, case ye ; on with your visors ; there's money of the king's coming down the hill ; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue ; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane ; Ned Poins, and I will walk lower : if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them ?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds ! will they not rob us ?

P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch ?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather ; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge ; when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises ?

Poins. Here, hard by ; stand close.

[Exeunt P. HENRY and POINS.]

[8] Alluding to the order of the garter, in which he was enrolled as heir-apparent. JOHNSON.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I ; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 *Trav.* Come, neighbour ; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill : we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us !

Fal. Strike ; down with them ; cut the villains' throats : Ah ! whorson caterpillars ! bacon-fed knaves ! they hate us youth : down with them ; fleece them.

1 *Trav.* O, we are undone, both we and ours, forever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied⁹ knaves ; are ye undone ? No, ye fat chuffs ;¹ I would your store were here ! On, bacons, on ! What, ye knaves ? young men must live : You are grand-jurors, are ye ? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exe. FALSTAFF, &c. driving the Travellers out.*

Re-enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men : Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring : there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money. [*Rushing out upon them.*

Poins. Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and POINS set upon them. FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving their booty behind them.*]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse : The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other ; Each takes his fellow for an officer. Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,

[9] That is, fat and corpulent. STEEVENS.

[1] *Chuff*, is the same word with *cuff*, both signifying a clown, and being in all probability derived from a Saxon word of the latter sound. RITSON.

And lards the lean earth as he walks along :
Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.* Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.*

——But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house—He could be contented,—Why is he not then ? In respect to the love he bears our house :—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous ;*—Why, that's certain ; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink : but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.) *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous ; the friends you have named, uncertain ; the time itself, unsorted ; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so ? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this ? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid ; our friends true and constant : a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation : an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this ? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself ? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower ? Is there not, besides, the Douglas ? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month ? and are they not, some of them set forward already ? What a pagan rascal is this ? an infidel ? Ha ! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. 'O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action ! Hang him ! let him tell the king : We are prepared : I will set forward to-night.

[2] This letter was from George Dunbar, earl of March, in Scotland.
Mr. Edwards's MS. Notes.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate ? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone ?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed ?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep ?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth ;
And start so often when thou sit'st alone ?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks ;
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy ?
In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars :
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed ;
Cry, *Courage !—to the field !* And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies, and retires ; of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers,³ parapets ;
Of basilisks,⁴ of cannon, culverin ;
Of prisoners' ransome, and of soldiers slain,
And all the 'currents' of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream :
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these.
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho ! is Gilliams with the packet gone ?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff ?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse ? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not ?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

[3] Frontiers formerly meant not only the bounds of different territories, but also the forts built along, or near those limits. STEEVENS.

[4] A *basilisk* is a cannon of a particular kind. STEEVENS.

[5] i. e. the occurrences. In old languages *occurrens* was used instead of occurrences. MALONE.

Well, I will back him straight : O *esperance* !⁶

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Serv.*]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st, my lady ?

Lady. What is it carries you away ?

Hot. My horse,

My love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape !

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,

As you are toss'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title ; and hath sent for you,

To line his enterprize : But if you go——

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifler !—Love ?—I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate : this is no world,

To play with mamnets,⁷ and to tilt with lips :

We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,⁸

And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse !—

What say'st thou, Kate ? what would'st thou have with me ?

Lady. Do you not love me ? do you not, indeed ?

Well, do not then ; for, since you love me not,

I will not love myself. Do you not love me ?

Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest ; or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride ?

And when I am o'horse-back, I will swear

I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate ;

I must not have you henceforth question me

Whither I go, nor reason whereabout :

Whither I must, I must ; and, to conclude,

This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.

I know you wise ; but yet no further wise,

[6] This was the motto of the Percy family.

MALONE.

[7] Puppets. JOHNSON.

[8] Cracked crowns, signifies at once, 'cracked money' and a 'broken head'.
'Current,' will apply to both ; as it refers to money, its sense is well known ; as it
is applied to a broken head, it insinuates that a soldier's wounds entitle him to uni-
versal reception JOHNSON

Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are ;
 But yet a woman : and for secrecy,
 No lady closer ; for I well believe,
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate !

Lady. How ! so far ?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate ?
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
 Will this content you, Kate ?

Lady. It must, of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern. Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal ?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers ; and can call them all by their christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy ; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff ; but a Corinthian,⁹ a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me ; and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call—drinking deep, dying scarlet : and when you breathe in your watering, they cry—hem ! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now in my hand by an under-skinker ;¹ one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are welcome* ; with

[9] *Corinthian*, a wench. JOHNSON.

[1] A tapster, an under-drawer. *Skink* is drink, and *skinker* is one that serves drink at table JOHNSON.

this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon, or so.* But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[*Exit Poins.*]

*Enter FRANCIS.*²

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five year, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and to show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would, it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-mor-

[2] This scene, helped by the distraction of the drawer, and grimaces of the Prince, may entertain upon the stage, but affords not much delight to the reader. The author has judiciously made it short. JOHNSON.

morrow, Francis ; or, Francis, on Thursday ; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord ?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, nott-pated,³ agate-ring, puke-stocking,⁴ caddis-garter,⁵ smooth-tongue, Spanish pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean ?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard⁶ is your only drink : for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully : in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir ?

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis !

P. Hen. Away, you rogue ; Dost thou not hear them call ? [*Here they both call him : the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What ! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling ? Look to the guests within. [*Exit FRANCIS.*] My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door ; Shall I let them in ?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] *Poins !*

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door ; Shall we be merry ?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye ; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer ? come, what's the issue ?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have show'd themselves humours since the old days of goodman

[3] A person is said to be *nott-pated* when the hair was cut short and round.

PERCY.

[4] The Prince intends to ask the drawer, whether he will rob his master, whom he denotes by many contemptuous distinctions. JOHNSON.

In Barret's *Alvearie*, an old Latin and English dictionary, printed in 1580, I find a *puke* colour explained as being a colour between russet and black, and is rendered in Latin, *pallus*. STEEVENS.

[5] *Caddis* was, I believe, a kind of coarse ferret. The garters of Shakespeare's time were worn in sight, and consequently were expensive. He who would submit to wear a coarser sort, was probably called by this contemptuous distinction.

STEEVENS.

[6] *Bastard* was a kind of sweet wine. The prince finding the waiter not able, or not willing to understand his instigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away. JOHNSON.

Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter FRANCIS with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind,⁷ the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands and says to his wife,—*Fye upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou killed to day? Give my roan horse a drench,* says he; and answers, *Some fourteen,* an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo,*⁸ says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue—Is there no virtue extant?⁹ [*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the son?⁹ if thou did'st, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it;¹ a

[7] The drawer's answer had interrupted the train of the Prince's discourse. He was proceeding thus, "I am now of all humours that have shewed themselves humours—I am not yet of Percy's mind,"—that is, I am willing to indulge myself in gaiety and frolic, and try all the varieties of human life. "I am not yet of Percy's mind," who thinks all the time lost that is not spent in bloodshed, forgets decency and civility, and has nothing but the barren talk of a brutal soldier. JOHNS.

[8] Ribi, that is, drink. HANMER.

[9] Our author might have written—*pitiful-hearted Titan, who melted at the sweet tale of his son*; i. e. of Phaeton, who, by a plausible story, won on the easy nature of his father so far, as to obtain from him the guidance of his own chariot for a day. STEEVENS.

[1] Sack, the favourite beverage of sir John Falstaff, was, according to the information of a very old gentleman, a liquor compounded of sherry, cyder, and

villanous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would, I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing:^b A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards still, say I. *[He drinks.]*

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a

sugar. Sometimes it should seem to have been brewed with eggs, i. e. mulled. And that the vintners played tricks with it, appears from Falstaff's charge in the text. It does not seem to be at present known; the sweet wine so called, being apparently of a quite different nature. RITSON.

[2] In the persecution of the protestants in Flanders under Philip II. those who came over into England on that occasion, brought with them the woollen manufactory. These were Calvinists, who were always distinguished for their love of Psalmody. Warburton.

dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,——

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.³

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,——

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,——

P. Hen. What, four? thou said'st but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? Why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

[3] The natives of Palestine were called *Hebreus*, by way of distinction from the stranger Jews denominated *Greeks*. STEEVENS.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone ; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal ?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,——

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,——

Poins. Down fell their hose.⁴

Fal. Began to give me ground : But I followed me close, came in foot and hand ; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid,

P. Hen. O monstrous ! eleven buckram men grown out of two !

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal⁵ green, came at my back, and let drive at me ;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them ; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts ; thou knotty-pated fool ; thou where-son, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,⁶——

Fal. What, art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the truth, the truth ?

P. Hen. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand ? come tell us your reason ; What sayest thou to this ?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion ? No ; were I at the strappado,⁷ or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion ! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

[4] To understand Poins's joke, the double meaning of *point* must be remembered, which signifies the sharp end of a weapon, and the lace of a garment. The cleanly phrase for letting down the hose, *ad levandum alvum*, was, *to untruss a point*.
JOHNSON.

[5] Kendal in Westmoreland, is a place famous for making cloths, and dying them with several bright colours. STEEVENS.

[6] A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler. It is the proper word in use now. PERCY.

A *keech* is what is called a *tallow-loaf* in Sussex, and in its form resembles the rotundity of a fat man's belly. COLLINS.

[7] The *strappado* is when the person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly let him fall half way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh all his joints out of joint. STEEVENS.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin,⁸ you dried neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true-prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

[8] Shakespeare had historical authority for the leanness of the prince of Wales. Stowe, speaking of him, says, "he exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body slender and lean, and his bones small." STEVENS

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,——

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fye!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men.⁹ I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,¹ and ever since thou hast blushed extempore: Thou hadst fire and sword² on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

[9] i. e. the men with whom they fought, of honest men opposed to thieves.

JOHNSON

[1] *Manour*, or *mainour*, or *maynour*, an old law term, (from the French *mainever* or *manier*, Lat. *manu tractare*.) signifies the thing which a thief takes away or steals: and to be taken with the *manour*, or *mainour*, is to be taken with the thing stolen about him, or doing an unlawful act, *flagrante delicto*, or, as we say, in the fact. The expression is much used in the forest laws. HAWKINS.

[2] The fire was in his face. A red face is termed a fiery face. JOHNSON.

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers³ and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.——

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast?⁴ How long is't ago, Jack since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liege-man upon the cross of a Welsh hook,⁵—what, a plague, call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law. Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o'horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O'horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

[3] i. e. drunkenness and poverty. To drink, was, in the language of those times, to heat the liver. JOHNSON.

[4] Bombast is the stuffing of clothes. Stubbs in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1595, observes that in his time, "the doublettes were so hard quilted, stuffed, bombasted, and sewed, as they could neither work, nor yet well play in them;—they were stuffed with soure, five, or sixe pound of bombast at least." Bombast is cotton. STEEVENS.

[5] The *Welsh hook* is probably a weapon of the same kind with the Lochabar axe. STEEVENS.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps⁶ more : Worcester is stolen away to-night ; thy father's beard is turned white with the news ; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.⁷

P. Hen. Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true ; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard ? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower ? Art thou not horribly afraid ? doth not thy blood thrill at it ?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i'faith ; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father : if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I ? content :—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown !

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept ; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyzes⁸ vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.⁹

Fal. And here is my speech :—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

[6] A name of ridicule given to the Scots from their *blue bonnets*. JOHNSON.

[7] In former times the prosperity of the nation was known by the value of land, as now by the price of stocks. Before Henry the Seventh made it safe to serve the king regnant, it was the practice at every revolution, for the conqueror to confiscate the estates of those that opposed, and perhaps of those that did not assist him. Those, therefore, that foresaw the change of government, and thought their estates in danger, were desirous to sell them in haste for something that might be carried away. JOHNSON.

[8] "A lamentable tragedy, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the life of Cambyses, king of Persia. By Thomas Preston." THEOBALD.

[9] My obeisance to my father JOHNSON.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,
For fears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry
players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—
Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy
time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the
camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows,
yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears.¹
That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word,
partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villanous trick of
thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that
doth warrant me. If then, thou be son to me, here lies
the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed
at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher,² and
eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the
son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question
to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast
often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the
name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report,
doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for,
Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears;
not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in
woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I
have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a
cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble car-
riage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady,
inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his
name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given,

[1] This whole speech is supremely comic. The simile of camomile used to illustrate a contrary effect, brings to my remembrance an observation of a late writer of some merit, whom the desire of being witty has betrayed into a like thought. Meaning to enforce with great vehemence the mad temerity of young soldiers, he remarks, that "though Bedlam be in the road to Hogden, it is out of the way to promotion." JOHNSON.

[2] I. e. truant; to *mich* is to lurk out of sight, a hedge-creeper. WARB.— A *micher*, I believe, means only a lurking thief, distinguished from one more daring. REED.

he deceiveth me ; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff : him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month ?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king ? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me ? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker,³ or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand :—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry ? whence come you ?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false :—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy ? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace : there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man : a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch⁴ of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack,⁵ that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years ?⁶ Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it ? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it ? wherein cunning,⁷ but in craft ? wherein crafty, but in villany ? wherein villanous, but in all things ? wherein worthy, but in nothing ?

Fal. I would, your grace would take me with you ;⁸ Whom means your grace ?

[3] *Rabbit-sucker*, is, I suppose, a sucking rabbit. The jest is in comparing himself to something thin and little. So a *poulterer's hare* ; a hare hung up by the hind legs without a skin, is long and slender. JOHNSON.

[4] The wooden receptacle into which the meal is bolted. STEEVENS.

[5] A *bombard* is a barrel. STEEVENS.

[6] The *Vice*, *Iniquity*, and *Vanity*, were personages exhibited in the old moralities. MALONE.

[7] *Cunning* was not yet debased to a bad meaning ; it signified knowing, or skillful. JOHNSON.

[8] I. e. go no faster than I can follow. Let me know your meaning. JOHNS

P. Hen. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know, thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; Banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack. and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will.

[*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest

[1] Falstaff clearly intends a quibble between the principal officer of a corporation, now called a *mayor*, to whom the *sheriff* is generally next in rank, and one of the parts of a logical proposition.

walk up above.—Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had : but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Excunt all but the Prince and Poins.*]

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff ; what's your will with me ?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men ?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord ; A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here ;³ For I myself at this time have employ'd him. And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal : And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord : There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so : if he have robb'd these men, He shall be answerable ; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow ; is it not ?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Excunt Sheriff and Carrier*]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff !—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath : Search his pockets. [*POINS searches.*] What hast thou found ?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be : read them.

Poins. Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

[2] Every reader must regret that Shakespeare would not give himself the trouble to furnish Prince Henry with some more pardonable excuse ; without obliging him to have recourse to an absolute falsehood, and that too uttered under the sanction of so strong an assurance. STEEVENS

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one halfpenny worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score.³ The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good, my lord. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House*
Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLEN-
DOWER.

Mortimer.

THESE promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction⁴ full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
Will you sit down?—

And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur:
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets;⁵ and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat had

[3] i. e. It will kill him to march so far as twelve score yards. JOHNSON

[4] i. e. entrance, beginning. JOHNSON.

[5] A cresset was a great light set upon a beacon, light-house, or watch-tower from the French word *croisette*, a little cross, because the beacons had anciently crosses on the top of them. HANMER.

But kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature⁶ often times breaks forth
In strange eruptions : oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb ; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth,⁷ and topples down
Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes ;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;
And all the courses of my life do show,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh :—
I will to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy ; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I ; or so can any man :
But will they come, when you do call for them ?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

[6] The poet has here taken from the perverseness and contrariness of Hotspur's temper, an opportunity of raising his character by a very rational and philosophical confutation of superstitious error. JOHNSON.

[7] *Beldams* is not used here as a term of contempt, but in the sense of *ancient mother*. *Belle-age*, Fr. STEEVENS.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,
By telling truth ; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
(And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.)

Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power : thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too !
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name ?

Glend. Come, here's the map ; Shall we divide our right,
According to our three-fold order ta'en ?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally :
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,⁷
By south and east, is to my part assign'd :
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower :—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn :
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute,)
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days :—
Within that space, [To GLEND.] you may have drawn
together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,
And in my conduct shall your ladies come :
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave ;
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,⁸

[7] i. e. to this spot (pointing to the map.) MALONE.
[8] A moiety was frequently used by the writers of Shakespeare's age, as a portion
of any thing, though not divided into two equal parts. MALONE.

In quantity equals not one of yours :
 See, how this river comes me cranking in,
 And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
 A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle out.⁹
 I'll have the current in this place damm'd up ;
 And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
 In a new channel, fair and evenly :
 It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
 To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see, it doth.

Mort. Yea,

But mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up
 With like advantage on the other side ;
 Gelding the opposed continent as much,
 As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
 And on this north side win this cape of land ;
 And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then,
 Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you ;
 For I was train'd up in the English court :¹
 Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
 Many an English ditty, lovely well,
 And gave the tongue² a helpful ornament ;
 A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart ;
 I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
 Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers :
 I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,³
 Or a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree ;

[9] A *cantle* is a corner, or piece of any thing.—*Canton*, Fr. *canto*, Ital. signify a corner. STEEVENS.

[1] Owen Glendower, whose real name was Owen ap-Gryffyth Vaughan, took the name of Glyndour or Glendower from the lordship of Glyndourdw, of which he was owner. He was crowned Prince of Wales in the year 1402. and for near twelve years was a very formidable enemy to the English. He died in great distress in 1415. MALONE. [2] The English language. JOHNSON.

[3] The word *candlestick*, which destroys the harmony of the line is written *canstick* in the quartos, and so it was pronounced. STEEVENS.

And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,

Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;

'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag. —

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care : I'll give thrice so much land

To any well-deserving friend ;

But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,

—I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night :

I'll haste the writer,⁴ and, withal,

Break with your wives of your departure hence :

I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,

So much she doateth on her Mortimer. [Exit

Mort. Fye, cousin Percy ! how you cross my father !

Hot. I cannot choose : sometimes he angers me,

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,⁵

Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies ;

And of a dragon and a finless fish,

A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,

A couching lion, and a ramping cat,

And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff

As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—

He held me, but last night, at least nine hours,

In reckoning up the several devils' names,

That were his lackeys : I cried, humph,—and well,—go
to,⁶—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious

As is a tired horse, a railing wife ;

Worse than a smoky house :—I had rather live

With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,

Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,

In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman ;

Exceedingly well read ; and profited

In strange concealments ;⁷ valiant as a lion,

And wond'rous affable ; and as bountiful

As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?

He holds your temper in a high respect,

[4] He means the writer of the articles. POPE.

[5] This alludes to an old prophesy, which is said to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms against king Henry. POPE.

[6] These two senseless monosyllables seem to have been added by some foolish player, purposely to destroy the measure. RITSON.

[7] Skilled in wonderful secrets. JOHNSON.

And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
 When you do cross his humour ; 'faith, he does :
 I warrant you, that man is not alive,
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,
 Without the taste of danger and reproof ;
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame ;³
 And since your coming hither have done enough
 To put him quite beside his patience.
 You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault :
 Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,
 (And that's the dearest grace it renders you,)
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
 Defect of manners, want of government,
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain :
 The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
 Loseth men's hearts ; and leaves behind a stain
 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
 Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd ; good manners be your speed !
 Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—
 My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glen. My daughter weeps ; she will not part with you,
 She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my aunt
 Percy,
 Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[GLENDOWER speaks to his daughter in Welsh, and
 she answers him in the same.]

Glend. She's desperate here ; a peevish self-will'd
 harlotry,
 One no persuasion can do good upon.

[Lady M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.]

Mort. I understand thy looks : that pretty Welsh
 Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,
 I am too perfect in ; and, but for shame,
 In such a parley would I answer thee. [Lady M. speaks.
 I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,

[3] This is a mode of speech with which I am not acquainted. Perhaps it might be read, too wilful blunt or, too wilful bent. JOHNSON

And that's a feeling disputation :
 But I will never be a truant, love,
 Till I have learn'd thy language ; for thy tongue
 Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
 Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
 With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*Lady M. speaks again.*]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you,
 Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,^a
 And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
 And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
 Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness ;
 Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,^b
 As is the difference betwixt day and night,
 The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
 Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing :
 By that time will our book,^c I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so ;
 And those musicians that shall play to you,
 Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence ;
 Yet straight they shall be here : sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down :
 Come, quick, quick ; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

[*GLENDOWER speaks some Welsh words, and
 then the music plays.*]

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh ;
 And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
 By'r lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical ; for
 you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye
 thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Would'st thou have thy head broken ?

Hot. No.

[9] It was the custom in this country, for many ages to strew the floors with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. JOHNSON.

[1] She will lull you by her song into soft tranquillity, in which you shall be so near to sleep as to be free from perturbation, and so much awake as to be sensible of pleasure ; a state partaking of sleep and wakefulness, as the twilight of night and day. JOHNSON.

[2] Our paper conditions. JOHNSON

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither ; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee !

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that ?

Hot. Peace ! she sings. [*A Welsh Song sung by Lady M.*
Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth ! 'Heart, you swear like
a comfit-maker's wife ! Not you, in good sooth ; and, As
true as I live ; and, As God shall mend me ; and, As sure
as day :

And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walkd'st further than Finsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath ; and leave in sooth,

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,³

To velvet-guards,⁴ and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast
teacher.⁵ An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within
these two hours ; and so come in when ye will. [*Exit*

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer ; you are as slow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book's drawn ; we'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*London. A Room in the Palace. Enter King HENRY,
Prince of Wales, and Lords.*

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave ; the Prince of Wales and I,
Must have some conference : But be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.—

[*Exeunt Lords.*

[3] i. e. protestations as common as the letters which children learn from an alphabet of gingerbread. What we now call *spice* gingerbread was then called *pepper* gingerbread. STEEVENS. Such protestations as are uttered by the makers of gingerbread. MALONE.

[4] To such as have their clothes adorned with shreds of velvet, which was, I suppose, the finery of cockneys. JOHNSON. "The cloaks, doublets," &c. says Stubbs in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, "were guarded with velvet guards, or else laced with costly lace." STEEVENS.

[5] The next way is the nearest way STEEVENS.

I know not whether God will have it so,
 For some displeasing service I have done,
 That in his secret doom, out of my blood
 He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me ;
 But thou dost, in thy passages of life,⁶
 Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd
 For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
 To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
 Could such inordinate, and low desires,
 Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
 Such barren pleasures, rude society,
 As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
 And hold their level with thy princely heart ?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would, I could
 Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
 As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
 Myself of many I am charg'd withal :
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,
 As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,⁷—
 Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
 By smiling pick-thanks,⁸ and base newsmongers,
 I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
 Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
 Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee !—yet let me wonder, Harry,
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied ;
 And art almost an alien to the hearts
 Of all the court and princes of my blood :
 The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is ruin'd ; and the soul of every man
 Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company ;
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession ;⁹

[6] In the passages of thy life. STEEVENS.

[7] Reproof here means disproof. M. MASON.

[8] i. e. officious parasites. STEEVENS.

[9] True to him that had then possession of the crown.

JOHNSON.

And left me in reputeless banishment;
 A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at :
 That men would tell their children, *This is he ;*
 Others would say,—*Where ? which is Bolingbroke ?*
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,¹
 And dress'd myself in such humility,
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.
 Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new ;
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at : and so my state,
 Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast ;
 And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,²
 Soon kindled, and soon burn'd : carded his state ;³
 Mingled his royalty with capering fools ;
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns ;
 And gave his countenance, against his name,
 To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
 Of every beardless vain comparative :⁴
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity :⁵
 That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
 They surfeited with honey ; and began
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,
 As, sick and blunted with community,

[1] The meaning, I apprehend is,—I was so affable and popular that I engrossed the devotion and reverence of all men to myself, and thus defrauded heaven of its worshippers. MALONE.

[2] *Rash* is heady, thoughtless: *Bavin*, is brushwood, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is soon out. JOHNSON.

[3] By *carding his state*, the King means that his predecessor set his consequence to hazard, played it away (as a man loses his fortune) at cards. RITSON.

[4] Of every boy whose vanity incited him to try his wit against the king's. When Louis XIV. was asked, why, with so much wit, he never attempted raillery, he answered, that he who practised raillery, ought to bear it in his turn, and that to stand the butt of raillery was not suitable to the dignity of a king. *Scudary's Conversation*. JOHNSON.

[5] To *enfeoff*, is a law term, signifying to invest with possession. STEEVENS.

Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries ;
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou :
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation ; not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg ;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession :⁶
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm ;
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws ;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas ; whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ ?
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior in his enterprizes
Discomfited great Douglas : ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.

[6] He better deserves to inherit the kingdom than thyself, who art intitled by birth to that succession of which thy vices render thee unworthy. RITSON.

And what say you to this ? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate⁷ against us, and are up.

But wherefore do I tell these news to thee ?

Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,

Which art my near'st and dearest⁸ enemy ?

Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,

Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—

To fight against me under Percy's pay,

To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,

To show how much degenerate thou art.

P. Hen. Do not think so, you shall not find it so ;

And God forgive them, that have so much sway'd

Your majesty's good thoughts away from me !

I will redeem all this on Percy's head,

And, in the closing of some glorious day,

Be bold to tell you, that I am your son ;

When I will wear a garment all of blood,

And stain my favours in a bloody mask,

Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,

That this same child of honour and renown,

This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,

And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet :

For every honour sitting on his helm,

'Would they were multitudes ; and on my head

My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,

That I shall make this northern youth exchange

His glorious deeds for my indignities.

Percy is but my factor, good my lord,

To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf ;

And I will call him to so strict account,

That he shall render every glory up,

Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,

Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.

This, in the name of God, I promise here :

The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,

I do beseech your majesty, may salve

The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :

If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;⁹

[7] *Capitulate*, combine, confederate, indent. To *capitulate* is to draw up any thing in heads or articles. Johnson's Dictionary. HITSON.

[8] *Dearest*, is most fatal, most mischievous. JOHNSON.

[9] i. e. *bonds*, for thus the word was anciently spelt. STEEVENS

And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this :—
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—
That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury :
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state,

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to day ;
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster ;
For this advertisement is five days old :—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set
Forward ; on Thursday, we ourselves will march :
Our meeting is Bridgnorth : and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire ; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business : let's away ;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. *[Exeunt*

SCENE III.

*Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern. Enter
FALSTAFF, and BARDOLPH.*

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking;⁶ I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse:⁷ the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it :—come, sing me a bawdy song : make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentle-

[6] While I have some flesh, some substance. MALONE. So, in the book of Job, xxxix. 4 : "—their young ones are in good liking. STEEVENS.

[7] A brewer's horse, is the cross beam on which beer barrels are carried into cellars, &c. STEEVENS

man need to be ; virtuous enough : swore little ; diced, not above seven times a week ; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour ; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times ; lived well, and in good compass : and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass ; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life : Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee ; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.⁷

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn ; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori* : I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple ; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face ; my oath should be, By this fire : but thou art altogether given over ; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money.⁸ O, thou art a perpetual triumph,⁹ an everlasting bonfire-light ! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern ; but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap,⁹ at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years ; Heaven reward me for it !

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly !

Fal. God-a-mercy ! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet¹ the hen ? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket ?

[7] The knight of the burning lamp and the knight of the burning pestle, are both the heroes of separate romances. STEEVENS.

[8] A *triumph* was a general term for any public exhibition, such as a royal marriage, a grand procession, &c. &c. which commonly being at night, were attended by multitudes of torch-bearers. STEEVENS.

[9] *Cheap*, is *market*, and *good cheap* therefore is a *bon-marche*. JOHNSON.

[1] *Dame Partlet*, is the name of the hen in the old story-book of Reynard the Fox. STEEVENS.

Host. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee: I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John: I know you, sir John: you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS, marching. FALSTAFF meets the Prince, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion?

[3] A face set with carbuncles is called a rich face. Legend of Capt. Jones.
STEEVENS.

[4] A younker is a novice, a young inexperienced man easily gulled. STE.

[5] As prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together.
JOHNSON.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly ? How does thy husband ? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack ?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked : this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What did'st thou lose, Jack ?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal ? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord ; and I said, I heard your grace say so : And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is ; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What ! he did not ?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune ;⁶ nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox ;⁷ and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee.⁸ Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing ? what thing ?

Fal. What thing ? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it ; I am an honest man's wife : and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou ?

Fal. What beast ? why an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, sir John ! why an otter ?

Fal. Why ? she's neither fish, nor flesh ; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so ; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou !

[6] *A dish of stewed prunes* was not only the ancient designation of a brothel, but the constant appendage to it. STEEVENS.

[7] Mr. Heath observes, that "a fox drawn over the ground to leave a scent, and exercise the hounds, may be said to have no truth in it, because it deceives the hounds, who run with the same eagerness as if they were in pursuit of a real fox." STEEVENS.

[8] *Maid Marian*, is a man dressed like a woman, who attends the dancers of the morris. JOHNSON.

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess ; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord ; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound ?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal ? a million : thy love is worth a million ; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph ?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea ; if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 'tis copper : Darest thou be as good as thy word now ?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare : but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not, as the lion ?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion : Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father ? nay an I do, I pray God, my girdle break !

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees ! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine ; it is filled up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket ! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal,⁹ if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long winded ; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it ; you will not pocket up wrong : Art thou not ashamed ?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal ? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell ; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villany ? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man ; and therefore more frailty. — You confess then, you picked my pocket ?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee : Go, make ready breakfast ; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests : thou shalt find me tractable to any honest

[9] *Embossed* is swollen, puffy. JOHNSON.

reason : thou seest, I am pacified.—Still ?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court : for the robbery, lad,—How is that answered ?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee :—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well ? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or thereabouts ! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous ; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph——

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster, My brother John ; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—Go, Poins, to horse, to horse ; for thou, and I, Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.—
Jack,

Meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall,
At two o'clock i' th' afternoon :

There shalt thou know thy charge ; and there receive
Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning ; Percy stands on high ;
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, POINS, and BARDOLPH*]

Fal. Rare words ! brave world !——Hostess, my breakfast ; come :—

O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum. [*Exit*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Rebel Camp, near Shrewsbury. Enter*
HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hotspur.

WELL said, my noble Scot : If speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter ; I defy
The tongues of soothers ; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself :
Nay, task me to the word ; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour :
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.¹

Hot. Do so, an 'tis well :—

Enter a Messenger, with Letters.

What letters hast thou there ?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him ! why comes he not himself ?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord ; he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds ! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time ? Who leads his power ?
Under whose government come they along ?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed ?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth ;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited ;
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now ! droop now ! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize ;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—

[1] This phrase, which soon lost its original signification, appears to have been adopted from romance. In ancient language, to *head* a man was to *cut off his head*, and to *beard* him, signified to *cut off his beard* ; a punishment which was frequently inflicted by giants on such unfortunate princes as fell into their hands.

He writes me here,—that inward sickness—
 And that his friends by deputation could not
 So soon be drawn ; nor did he think it meet,
 To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
 On any soul remov'd,² but on his own.
 Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—
 That with our small conjunction, we should on,
 To see how fortune is dispos'd to us :
 For, as he writes, there is no quailing now ;³
 Because the king is certainly possess'd
 Of all our purposes. What say you to it ?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off :—
 And yet, in faith, 'tis not ; his present want
 Seems more than we shall find it :—Were it good,
 To set the exact wealth of all our states
 All at one cast ? to set so rich a main
 On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?
 It were not good : for therein should we read
 The very bottom and the soul of hope ;
 The very list, the very utmost bound
 Of all our fortunes.⁴

Doug. 'Faith, and so we should ;
 Where now remains a sweet reversion :
 We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
 Is to come in :
 A comfort of retirement⁵ lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
 If that the devil and mischance look big
 Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
 The quality and hair of our attempt⁶
 Brooks no division : It will be thought
 By some, that know not why he is away,
 That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
 Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence ;

[2] On any less near to himself ; on any whose interest is remote. JOHNSON.

[3] To *quail* is to languish, to sink into dejection. Perhaps from the timid caution occasionally practised by the bird of that name. STEEVENS.

[4] The *list* is the *selvage* ; figuratively, the utmost line of circumference, the utmost extent. JOHNSON

[5] A support to which we may have recourse. JOHNSON.

[6] The *hair* seems to be, the complexion, the character. The metaphor appears harsh to us, but, perhaps, was familiar in our author's time. We still say something is "against the hair," as "against the grain," that is, against the natural tendency. JOHNSON.

And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause :
For, well you know, we of the offering side⁷
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement ;
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us :
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.

I, rather, of his absence make this use ;—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprize,
Than if the earl were here : for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom ; with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think : there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards ; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm : What more ?

Ver. And further, I have learned,—
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,⁸
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind ;

[7] The *offering side*, may mean simply the assallant, in opposition to the defendant : and it is likewise true of him that offers war, or makes an invasion, that his cause ought to be kept clear from all objections. JOHNSON.

[8] Shakespeare rarely bestows his epithets at random. Stowe says of the prince, " he was passing swift in running, insomuch that he with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild-buck. or doe, in a large park " STEEVENS.

Bated like eagles having lately bath'd ;⁹
 Glittering in golden coats, like images ;¹
 As full of spirit as the month of May,
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
 I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs,² gallantly arm'd,—
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more ; worse than the sun in March
 This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ;
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
 All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To bear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours :—Come, let me take my horse,
 Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
 Against the bosom of the prince of Wales :
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
 Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
 O, that Glendower were come !

Ver. There is more news :
 I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto ?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be ;
 My father and Glendower being both away,
 The powers of us may serve so great a day.
 Come, let us make a muster speedily :
 Doomsday is near ; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying ; I am out of fear
 Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year. [*Exe.*]

[9] To *bate* is, in the style of falconry, to *beat the wing* from the French, *battre*, that is, to flutter in preparation for flight. JOHNSON.

[1] This alludes to the manner of dressing up images in the Romish churches on holy-days ; where they are bedecked in gilt robes richly laced and embroidered. STEEVENS [2] *Cuisses*, Fr. armour for the thighs. POPE.

SCENE II.

A public Road near Coventry. Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry ; fill me a bottle of sack : our soldiers shall march through ; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain ?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour ; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain : farewell. [Exit

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a souced gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons : inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans ; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum ; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services ; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores : and such as, indeed, were never soldiers ; but discarded unjust servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen ; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace ; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient :³ and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat :—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves⁴ on ; for, indeed, I

[3] An old standard, mended with a different colour.

STEEVENS.

[4] i. e. shackles. POPE.

had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company : and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves ; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Albans, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daintry. But that's all one ; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince HENRY and WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack ? how now, quilt ?

Fal. What, Hal ? How now, mad wag ? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire ?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy ; I thought, your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too ; but my powers are there already : The king, I can tell you, looks for us all ; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me ; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed ; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack ; Whose fellows are these that come after ?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut ; good enough to toss ;⁵ food for powder, food for powder ; they'll fill a pit, as well as better : tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare ; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that ; and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn ; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste ; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped ?

West. He is, sir John ; I fear, we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt

[5] i. e. to toss upon a pike.

SCENE III.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury. Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so ? looks he not for supply ?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd ; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well ;
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas : by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you my lord, or any Scot that lives :—
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading,⁶
That you forsee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition : Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up :
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day ;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low ;
The better part of ours is full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours :
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[The trumpet sounds a parley.]

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

[6] Such conduct, such experience in martial business. JOHNSON.

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; And, 'would to God,
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well: and even those some
Envy your great deserving, and good name;
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend; but still I should stand so,
So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty!
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs;⁷ and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty: If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
Which he confesseth to be manifold,—
He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires, with interest;
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,—
My father gave him welcome to the shore:
And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery,⁸ and beg his peace;
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords, and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,

[7] i. e. grievances. MALONE.

[8] This is a law phrase belonging to the feudal tenures; meaning, to sue out the delivery or possession of his lands from those persons who on the death of any of the tenants of the crown, seized their lands, till the heir sued out his livery.

Gave him their heirs ; as pages follow'd him,
 Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
 He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
 Steps me a little higher than his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg ;⁹
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth :
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his country's wrongs ; and, by this face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for.
 Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites, that the absent king
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point.—

In short time after, he depos'd the king ;
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life ;
 And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state :¹
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
 (Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
 Indeed his king,) to be incag'd in Wales,
 There without ransome to-lie forfeited :
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories ;
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;
 Rated my uncle from the council-board ;
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ;
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong :
 And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This head of safety ;² and, withal, to pry
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king ?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter ; we'll withdraw a while.
 Go to the king ; and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again,
 And in the morning early shall mine uncle

[9] In this whole speech he alludes again to some passages in Richard the Second.
 JOHNSON.

[1] *Task'd* is here used for *tax'd*. STEEVENS.

[2] This army, from which I hope for protection. JOHNSON.

Bring him our purposes : and so farewell.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray heaven, you do !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

York. *A Room in the Archbishop's House. Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.*

Arch. Hie, good sir Michael ; bear this sealed brief,³
With winged haste, to the lord mareshal ;
This to my cousin Scroop ; and all the rest
To whom they are directed : if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Gent. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough, you do.
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must 'bide the touch : For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry : and I fear, sir Michael,—
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
(Whose power was in the first proportion,)⁴
And what with Owen Glendower's absence, thence,
(Who with them was a rated sinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,)—
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

Gent. Why, good my lord, you need not fear ; there's
Douglas,
And Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer's not there.

Gent. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry
Percy,
And there's my lord of Worcester ; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is : but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together ;—
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt ;

[3] A *brief* is simply a letter. JOHNSON.

[4] Whose quota was larger than that of any other man in the confederacy.
JOHNSON.

And many more cor-rivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Gent. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear ;
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed :
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
For he hath heard of our confederacy,—
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him ;
Therefore, make haste : I must go write again
To other friends ; and so farewell, sir Michael.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The King's Camp near Shrewsbury. Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN of Lancaster, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.*

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill ! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes ;⁴
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathize ;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.
How now, my lord of Worcester ? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet : You have deceiv'd our trust ;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel :
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't ? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all abhorred war ?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light ;

[4] *i. e.* To the sun's, to that which the sun portends by his unusual appearance
JOHNSON

And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times ?

Wor. Hear me, my liege :
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours ; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought for it ! how comes it
then ?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace.⁵

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myself, and all our house ;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break⁶
In Richard's time ; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time : You swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right.
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :
To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help ; what with the absent king ;
What with the injuries of a wanton time ;
The seeming sufferances that you had borne ;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand :

[5] In an old book of cookery, printed in 1596. I find a receipt to make *Chewets*, which, from their ingredients, seem to have been fat, greasy puddings ; and to these it is probable the prince alludes. STEEVENS.

[6] See Richard the Second. JOHNSON.

Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,⁷
Useth the sparrow : did oppress our nest ;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head :
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself ;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches ;
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation :
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause ;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy : By my hopes,—
This present enterprize set off his head,—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry ;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too :
Yet this before my father's majesty,——
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation ;

[7] The cuckoo's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the sparrow, in whose nest the cuckoo's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurse.

And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it :—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well ; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's part ;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his :
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do :—But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone ;
We will not now be troubled with reply :
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON.*]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life :
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge ;
For, on their answer, will we set on them :
And God befriend us, as our cause is just !

[*Exeunt King, BLUNT, and Prince JOHN.*]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me,⁹ so ; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet ; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me ? Well, 'tis no matter ; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on, how then ? Can honour set to a leg ? No. Or an arm ? No. Or take away the grief of a wound ? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then ? No. What is honour ? A word. What is in that word, honour ? What is that honour ? Air. A trim reckoning ! —Who hath it ? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it ? No. Doth he hear it ? No. Is it insensible then ? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the

[9] In the battle of Agincourt Henry, when king, did this act of friendship for his brother the duke of Gloucester. STEEVENS

living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—
therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon,
and so ends my catechism. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The Rebel Camp. Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes:
For treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen;
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's;—we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; and Officers and Soldiers,
behind.*

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

[1] The name of Hotspur will privilege him from censure. JOHNSON.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arm this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd,² did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Wor. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
But still dispraising praise, valued with you:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause: But let me tell the world,—
If he outliv'd the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear

[2] Engag'd is delivered as an hostage. A few lines before, upon the return of Worcester, he orders Westmoreland to be dismissed. JOHNSON.

Of any prince, so wild, at liberty :³—
 But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
 I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
 That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
 Arm, arm, with speed :—And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
 Better consider what you have to do,
 Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
 Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short ;
 To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
 An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
 If die, brave death, when princes die with us !
 Now, for our conscience,—the arms are fair,
 When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare ; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
 For I profess not talking ; Only this—
 Let each man do his best : and here draw I
 A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
 With the best blood that I can meet withal
 In the adventure of this perilous day.
 Now,—Esperance !⁴—Percy !—and set on.—
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
 And by that music let us all embrace :
 For, heaven to earth,⁵ some of us never shall
 A second time do such a courtesy.

[The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt]

SCENE III.

Plain near Shrewsbury. Excursions, and Parties fighting.

Alarum to the Battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus

[3] Of any prince that played such pranks, and was not confined as a madman.
 JOHNSON.

[4] This was the word of battle on Percy's side. POPE.

[5] I. e. one might wager heaven to earth. WARBURTON.

Thou crossest me ? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head ?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas ;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness ; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him ; so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot ;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[They fight, and BLUNT is slain]

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Helmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won ; here breathless lies the king.

Hot. Where ?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas ? no, I know this face full well
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt ;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes !
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king ?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats ;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away ;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. *[Exeunt.]*

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London,⁶ I
fear the shot here ; here's no scoring, but upon the
pate.—Soft ! who art thou ? Sir Walter Blunt ;—there's
honour for you ; Here's no vanity !—I am as hot as molt-
en lead, and as heavy too ; God keep lead out of me !
I need no more weight than mine own bowels—I have

[6] A play upon shot, as it means the part of a sapping, and a missile weapon discharged from artillery. JOHNSON.

led my raggamuffins where they are peppered : there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive ; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here ?

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here ? lend me thy sword :

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd : Pr'ythee, lend thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms,⁷ as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed ; and living to kill thee.
Lend me thy sword, I pr'ythee.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword ; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me : What, is it in the case ?

Fal. Ay, Hal ; 'tis hot, 'tis hot ; there's that will sack a city.

[The Prince draws out a bottle of sack]

P. Hen. What, is't a time to jest and dally now ?

[Throws it at him, and exit.]

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so : if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me.⁸ I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath : Give me life : which if I can save, so ; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Field. Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself ; thou bleed'st too much :—
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

[7] Meaning Gregory VII. called Hildebrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. **WARBURTON.**

[8] A carbonado is a piece of meat cut cross-wise for the gridiron. **JOHNSON**

P. Hen. I do beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so :—

My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord ? I do not need your help :
And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this ;
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres !

P. John. We breathe too long :—Come, cousin West-
moreland,
Our duty this way lies ; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince JOHN and WESTMORELAND*]

P. Hen. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit :
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John ;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all !

[*Exit*]

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king ! they grow like Hydra's heads ;
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king ?

K. Hen. The king himself ; who, Douglas, grieves at
heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys,
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field :
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee ; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit ;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king :
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoever thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight ; the King being in danger, enter
Prince HENRY.*]

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again ! the spirits

Of Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms :
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee ;
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—

[*They fight; DOUGLAS flies.*]

Cheerly, my lord ; How fares your grace ?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton ; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe a while :—
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion ;⁹
And show'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me

P. Hen. O heaven ! they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.

If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you ;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas Gawsey.
[*Exit King HENRY*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the prince of Wales ; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more :

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come

To end the one of us ; And 'would to God,

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee ;

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal ! to it, Hal !—Nay, you shall find
no boy's play here, I can tell you.

[9] i. e. thy lost reputation ; for in that sense the word was then used. REED

Enter DOUGLAS ; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth,¹
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my
flesh :—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool ;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. (O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue :—) No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—

[Dies.

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy : Fare thee well,
great heart !—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk !

When that this body did contain a spirit,

A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;²

But now, two paces of the vilest earth

Is room enough :—This earth, that bears thee dead,

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so dear a show of zeal :—

But let my favours hide thy mangled face ;

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !

Thy ignomy³ sleep with thee in the grave

But not remember'd in thy epitaph !—

[He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.

What ! old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !

I could have better spar'd a better man.

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity.

[1] Shakespeare has chosen to make Hotspur fall by the hands of the prince of Wales ; but there is, I believe no authority for the fact. Holinshed says, " The king slew that day with his own hand six and thirty persons of his enemies. The other (i. e. troops) of his party encouraged by his doings, fought valiantly and slew the Lord Percy, called Henry Hotspur." Speed says Percy was killed by an unknown hand. MALONE.

[2] " Carminibus confide bonis—Jacet ecce Tibullus ;

Vix manet e toto parva quod urna capit." Ovid. JOHNSON.

[3] So the word ignominy was formerly written. REED.

Death hath not struck so fat a deer⁴ to-day,—

Though many dearer,⁵ in this bloody fray :

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by ;

Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.

Fal. [Rising slowly.] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me,⁶ and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [Stabbing him.] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[Takes Hotspur on his back]

Re-enter Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?

Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding

Upon the ground.—

Art thou alive? or is it phantasy

That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man:⁷ but

[4] There is in these lines a very natural mixture of the serious and ludicrous, produced by the view of Percy and Falstaff. I wish all play on words had been forborne. JOHNSON

[5] Many of greater value. [6] To powder is to salt. JOHNSON.

[7] I. e. I am not Falstaff and Percy together, though having Percy on my back, I seem double. JOHNSON

if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy: [*Throwing the body down.*] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Did'st thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back: For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.*]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the body.*]

SCENE V.

Another part of the field. The trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and others, with WORCESTER, and VERNON, prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,

A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a christian, thou had'st truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to ;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too :
Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.]

How goes the field ?

P. Hen. The noble Scôt, lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest ;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is ; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong :
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomeless, and free :
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose its sway,
Meeting the check of such another day :
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[Exeunt.]

SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

OBSERVATIONS.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.] The transactions comprized in this history take up about nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotspur's being defeated and killed [1403 ;] and closes with the death of King Henry IV. and the coronation of King Henry V. [1412-13.]
THEOBALD.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, August 23, 1600.
STEEVENS.

The Second Part of King Henry IV. I suppose to have been written in 1598. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, Vol. II.
MALONE.

Mr. Upton thinks these two plays improperly called *The First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. The first play ends, he says, with the peaceful settlement of Henry in the kingdom by the defeat of the rebels. This is hardly true ; for the rebels are not yet finally suppressed. The second, he tells us, shows Henry the Fifth in the various lights of a good-natured rake, till, on his father's death, he assumes a more manly character. This is true ; but this representation gives us no idea of a dramatic action. These two plays will appear to every reader, who shall peruse them without ambition of critical discoveries, to be so connected, that the second is merely a sequel to the first ; to be two only because they are too long to be one.
JOHNSON.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle. Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rumour.

OPEN your ears ; For which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks ?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth :
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride ;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepared defence ;
Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter ? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household ? Why is Rumour here ?
I run before king Harry's victory ;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I

To speak so true at first ? my office is
To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword ;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick : the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me ; From Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.
[Exit.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY the Fourth :

*HENRY, Prince of Wales, afterwards
King Henry V;*

THOMAS, Duke of Clarence,

*Prince JOHN of Lancaster, afterwards
(2 Henry V.) Duke of Bedford;*

*Prince HUMPHREY of Gloster, after-
wards (2 Henry V.) Duke of Gloster;*

Earl of WARWICK;

Earl of WESTMORELAND;

GOWER; HARCOURT;

Lord Chief Justice of the king's bench.

A Gentleman attending on the chief justice.

Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND;

SCROOP, Archbishop of York;

Lord MOWBRAY; Lord HASTINGS;

Lord BARDOLPH; Sir JOHN COLEVILE;

TRAVERS and MORTON, domestics of Northumberland.

FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Page.

POINS and PETO, attendants on Prince Henry.

SHALLOW and SILENCE, country justices.

DAVY, servant to Shallow.

*MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCalf, re-
cruits.*

FANG and SNARE, sheriff's officers.

Rumour. A Porter.

A Dancer, speaker of the Epilogue.

Lady NORTHUMBERLAND. Lady PERCY.

Hostess QUICKLY. DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

*Lords and other Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger,
Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.*

SCENE—England.

SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The same. The Porter before the gate ; Enter Lord BARDOLPH.*

Bardolph.

WHO keeps the gate here, ho ?—Where is the earl ?

Port. What shall I say you are ?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard ;
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph ? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem :¹
The times are wild ; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an heaven will !

Bard. As good as heart can wish :—
The king is almost wounded to the death ;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright ; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas : young prince John,
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field ;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,
Is prisoner to your son : O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes !

[1] *Stratagem* means here some important or dreadful event. MASON.

North. How is this deriv'd ?
Saw you the field ? came you from Shrewsbury ?

Bar. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence ;
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way ;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you ?

Tra. My lord, sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings ; and, being better hors'd,
Outrode me. After him, came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse :
He ask'd the way to Chester ; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold :
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels²
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head ; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,³
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha !——Again.
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold ?
Of Hotspur, coldspur ? that rebellion
Had met ill luck !

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what ;—
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point⁴
I'll give my barony : never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode by Travers
Give then such instances of loss ?

Bard. Who, he ?
He was some hilding fellow, that had stol'n
The horse he rode on : and, upon my life,

[2] I think that I have observed in old prints the *rowel* of those times to have been only a single spike. JOHNSON.

[3] So in *Joh. xxxix.* "He swalloweth the ground in fierceness and rage."

[4] A *point* is a string tagged, or lace JOHNSON.

Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume ~~that~~
So looks the strond, whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mort. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say,—Your son did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mort. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:
But, for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mort. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear,⁶ or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:

[5] It may not be amiss to observe, that, in the time of our poet, the title-page to an elegy, as well as every intermediate leaf, was totally black. STEEVENS.

[6] Fear for danger. WARBURTON.

And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead ;
 Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
 Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
 Remember'd knolling a departing friend.⁷

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mort. I am sorry, I should force you to believe
 That, which I would to heaven I had not seen :
 But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
 Rend'ring faint quittance,⁸ wearied and out-breath'd,
 To Harry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat down
 The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
 From whence with life he never more sprung up.
 In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire
 Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,)
 Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
 From the best temper'd courage in his troops :
 For from his metal was his party steel'd ;
 Which once in him abated,⁹ all the rest
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
 And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
 Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed ;
 So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
 That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
 Fly from the field : Then was that noble Worcester
 Too soon ta'en prisoner : and that furious Scot,
 The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
 Had three times slain th' appearance of the king,
 'Gan vail his stomach,¹ and did grace the shame
 Of those that turn'd their backs ; and, in his flight,
 Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
 Is,—that the king hath won ; and hath sent out
 A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
 Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
 And Westmoreland : this is the news at full.

[7] The bell, anciently was rung before expiration, and thence was called the *passing bell*, i. e. the bell that solicited prayers for the soul passing into another world. STEEVENS.

[8] By faint quittance is meant a faint return of blows. STEEVENS

[9] *Abated* is not put here for the general idea of diminished, nor for the notion of blunted, as applied to a single edge. *Abated* means *reduced to a lower temper*, or, as the workmen call it, *let down*. JOHNSON.

[1] Began to fall his courage, to let his spirits sink under his fortune. JOHNS.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
 In poison there is physic ; and these news,
 Having been well, that would have made me sick,
 Being sick, have in some measure made me well :
 And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
 Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,²
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
 Out of his keeper's arms ; even so my limbs,
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
 Are thrice themselves : hence therefore, thou nice crutch
 A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
 Must glove this hand : and hence, thou sickly queif ;
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
 Now bind my brows with iron ; And approach
 The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,
 To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland !
 Let heaven kiss earth ! Now let not nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confin'd ! let order die !
 And let this world no longer be a stage,
 To feed contention in a lingering act ;
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead !³

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
 Lean on your health ; the which, if you give o'er
 To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
 You cast th' event of war, my noble lord,
 And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,—
 Let us make head. It was your presurmise,
 That, in the dole of blows,⁴ your son might drop :
 You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
 More likely to fall in, than to get o'er :
 You were advis'd, his flesh was capable

[2] Bend ; yield to pressure. JOHNSON.

[3] The conclusion of this noble speech is extremely striking. There is no need to suppose it exactly philosophical ; *darkness*, in poetry, may be absence of eyes, as well as privation of light. Yet we may remark, that by an ancient opinion it has been held, that if the human race, for whom the world was made, were extirpated, the whole system of sublunary nature would cease. JOHNSON.

[4] The *dole* of blows is the *distribution* of blows. *Dole* originally signified the portion of alms (consisting either of meat or money) that was given away at the door of a nobleman. STEEVENS.

Of wounds and scars ; and that his forward spirit
 Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd ;
 Yet did you say,—Go forth ; and none of this,
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
 The stiff-borne action : What hath then befallen,
 Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
 More than that being which was like to be ?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
 That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one :
 And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
 Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd ;
 And, since we are o'erset, venture again.
 Come, we will all put forth ; body, and goods.

Mort. 'Tis more than time : And, my most noble lord,
 I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—
 The gentle archbishop of York is up,
 With well-appointed powers ; he is a man,
 Who with a double surety binds his followers.
 My lord your son had only but the corps,
 But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight :
 For that same word, rebellion, did divide
 The action of their bodies from their souls ;
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
 As men drink potions ; that their weapons only
 Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
 This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
 As fish are in a pond : But now the bishop
 Turns insurrection to religion :
 Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
 He's follow'd both with body and with mind ;
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
 Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones :
 Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause ;
 Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,⁵
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;
 And more, and less, do flock to follow him.⁶

North. I knew of this before ; but, to speak truth,
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
 Go in with me ; and counsel every man
 The aptest way for safety, and revenge :

[5] That is, stands over his country to defend her as she lies bleeding on the ground. So Falstaff before says to the prince, "If thou see me down, Hal, and bestride me, so ; it is an office of friendship." JOHNSON.

[6] *More and less* means greater and less. STEEVENS.

Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed;
Never so few, and never yet more need. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

London. A Street. Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page, bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?⁷

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water: but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to vent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake,⁸ thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now:⁹ but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak, and slops?

[7] The method of investigating diseases by the inspection of urine only, was once so much the fashion, that Liæacre, the founder of the College of Physicians, formed a statute to restrain apothecaries from carrying the water of their patients to a doctor, and afterwards giving medicines, in consequence of the opinions they received concerning it. STEEVENS.

[8] *Mandrake* is a root supposed to have the shape of a man; it is now counterfeited with the root of briony. JOHNSON.

[9] That is, I never before had an agate for my man. JOHNSON.

Alluding to the little figures cut in agates, and on the other hard stones, for seals; and therefore he says, I will set you neither in gold nor silver. WARB.

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up,³ then they must stand upon security.—I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.—Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's,⁴ and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

[2] An allusion to the fate of the rich man, who had fared sumptuously every day, when he requested a drop of water to cool his tongue, being tormented with the flames. HENLEY.

[3] That is, if a man by taking up goods is in their debt. To be thorough seems to be the same with the present phrase,—To be in with a tradesman. JOHNSON.

[4] At that time the resort of idle people, cheats, and knights of the post. In an old collection of proverbs, I find the following: "Who goes to Westminster for a wife, to St. Paul's for a man, and to Smithfield for a horse, may meet with a whore, a knave, and a jade." STEEVENS.

Ch. Jus. I am sure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow ; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John,——

Fal. What ! a young knave, and beg ! Is there not wars ? is there not employment ? Doth not the king lack subjects ? do not the rebels need soldiers ? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man ? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside ; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so ! I lay aside that which grows to me ! If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me ; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged : You hunt-counter,⁵ hence ! avaunt !

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord !—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad : I heard say, your lordship was sick : I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time ; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear, his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty :—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him ! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy,

[5] It is not impossible this word may be found to signify a catchpole or bum-bailiff. He was probably the judge's tipstaff. RITSON.

an't please your lordship ; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it ? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief ; from study, and perturbation of the brain : I have read the cause of his effects in Galen ; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into the disease ; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well : rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears ; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord ; but not so patient : your lordship may minister the petition of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty ; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise ; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me : I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound ; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill : you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-seeing that action.

Fal. My lord ?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so : wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What ! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel-candle,⁷ my lord ; all tallow : if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord ; your ill angel is light ; but I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing : and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell :⁸ Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times,⁹ that true valour is turned bear-herd : Pregnancy¹ is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings : all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. (You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young : you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls ; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age ? Have you not a moist eye ? a dry hand ? a yellow cheek ? a white beard ? a decreasing leg ? an increasing belly ? Is not your voice broken ? your wind short ? your chin double ? your wit single ?² and every part about you blasted with antiquity ? and will you yet call yourself young ? Fye, fye, fye, sir John !

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not : the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding ; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' th' ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it ; and the young lion repents : marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth ; but in new silk, and old sack.

[7] A *wassel candle* is a large candle lighted up at a feast. There is a poor quibble upon the word wax, which signifies increase as well as the matter of the honey-comb. JOHNS. [8] I cannot be taken in a reckoning ; I cannot pass current. JON.

[9] A *coster-monger* is a *costard-monger*, a dealer in apples called by that name, because they are shaped like a costard, i. e. man's head. STEEVENS

[1] *Pregnancy* is readiness. STEEVENS.

[2] In ancient language, *single* often means *small*. STEEVENS.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day! for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Jest. Well, be honest, be honest; And God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses.³ Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. [*Ex. C. Just. & Atten.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.⁴—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy!—

In our author's time, small beer was called *single* beer, and that of a stronger quality, *double* beer. MALONE.

[3] I believe a quibble was here intended. A *cross* is a coin so called because stamped with a cross. STEEVENS.

[4] A beetle wielded by three men. POPE.—A diversion is common with boys in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, on finding a toad, to lay a board about two or three feet long, at right angles, over a stick about two or three inches diameter. Then placing the toad at one end, the other is struck by a bat or large stick, which throws the creature forty or fifty feet perpendicular from the earth, and its return in general kills it. This is called *fillipping a toad*. A *three-man beetle* is an instrument used for driving piles; it is made of a log of wood about eighteen or twenty inches diameter, and fourteen or fifteen inches thick, with one short and two long handles. A man at each of the long handles manages the fall of the beetle, and a third man, by the short handle assists in raising it to strike the blow. Such an implement was, without doubt, very suitable for fillipping so corpulent a being as Falstaff. STEEVENS

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of any thing; (I will turn diseases to commodity.)— [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

York. *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace. Enter the Archbishop of York, the Lords HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.*

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—
And first, lord Marshal, what say you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus;
—Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point;
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand:

For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph ; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was, my lord ; who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller¹ than the smallest of his thoughts :
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war ;—
Indeed the instant action, (a cause on foot,)
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see th' appearing buds ; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection :
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices ; or, at least, desist
To build at all ? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up,) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model ;
Consent upon a sure foundation ;
Question surveyors ; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite ; or else,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men, instead of men :
Like one, that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth,)
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd

[5] i. e. which turned out to be much smaller. MUSGRAVE

The utmost man of expectation ;
I think, we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What ! is the king but five and twenty thousand ?

Hast. To us, no more ; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads : one power against the French,
And one against Glendower ; per force, a third
Must take up us : So is the unfirm king
In three divided ; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels : never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither ?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland :
Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Monmouth :
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on ;
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited :—
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many ! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be ?
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard ;
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times ?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave :
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After th' admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, O earth, yield us that king again.

And take thou this ! O thoughts of men accurst !

Past, and to come, seem best ; things present, worst.

Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on ?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*London. A Street. Enter Hostess ; FANG, and his Boy, with her ; and SNARE following.*

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action ?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where is your yeoman ? Is it a lusty yeoman ? will a' stand to't ?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare ?

Host. O Lord, ay : good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good master Snare ; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day ! take heed of him ; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly : in good faith, a' cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out : he will foin like any devil ; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither : I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once ; an a' come but within my vice ;³—

Host. I am undone by his going ; I warrant you, he's an infinite thing upon my score :—Good master Fang, hold him sure ;—good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continuantly to Pie-corner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle ; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head⁴ in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silk man : I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan for a poor lone woman to bear : and I have borne, and borne,

[3] Vice or grasp ; a metaphor taken from a smith's vice. POPE.

The fist is vulgarly called the vice in the West of England. HENLEY.

[4] This is, I suppose, a colloquial corruption of the Libbard's head. JOHS.

and borne ; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing ; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.—

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes ; and that arrant malmsey-nose⁵ knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare ; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now ? whose mare's dead ? what's the matter ?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets !—Draw, Bardolph ; cut me off the villain's head ; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel ? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou ? wilt thou ? thou bastardy rogue ! —Murder, murder ! O thou honey-suckle villain ! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's ? O thou honey-seed rogue !⁶ thou art a honey-seed ; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.⁷

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue ! a rescue !

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou ? thou wo't, wo't thou ? do, do, thou rogue ! do, thou hemp-seed !

Fal. Away, you scullion ! you rampallian ! you fustilarian ! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter ? keep the peace here, ho !

Host. Good my lord, be good to me ! I beseech you, stand to me !

Ch. Just. How now, sir John ? what, are you brawling here ?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business ? You should have been well on your way to York.—Stand from him, fellow ; Wherefore hang'st thou on him ?

[5] i. e. red nose, from the effect of malmsey wine. JOHNSON.

[6] *Honey-suckle villain, honey-seed rogue*—the landlady's corruption of homicidal and homicide. THEOBALD.

[7] Wickliff in his Translation of the New-Testament, uses this word for *Carnifex*, Mark vi. 27. "Herod sent a *man-queller*, and commanded his head to be brought." STEEVENS.

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John? Fye! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed, to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou did'st swear to me upon a parcel-gilt^g goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was a washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false

[g] *Parcel-gilt*, means what is now called by artists *party-gilt*; that is, where part of the work is gilt, and part left plain or ungilded. MALONE

way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration ; you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yea, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace :—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done with her ; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap⁹ without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness : if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous : No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor ; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong : but answer in the effect of your reputation,¹ and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

[*Taking her aside.*

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower ; What news ?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry prince of Wales are near at hand : the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman ;—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman ;—Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking : and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work,² is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and 'draw thy action :³

[9] *Sneap* signifies to *check*. The word is derived from *snayb*, Scotch. We still use *snab* in the same sense. STEEVENS.

[1] i. e. answer in a manner suitable to your character. JOHNSON.

[2] i. e. water colours. WARBURTON.

[3] Draw means here withdraw. M. MASON.

Come, thou must not be in this humour with me ; dost not know me ? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles ; i'faith, I am loath to pawn my plate in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone ; I'll make other shift : you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper : You'll pay me all together ?

Fal. Will I live ?—Go, with her, with her ; [*To BARDOLPH.*] hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper ?

Fal. No more words ; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Page*

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord ?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night ?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well : What's the news, my lord ?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back ?

Gow. No ; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord ?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently : Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord !

Ch. Just. What's the matter ?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner ?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here : I thank you, good sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower ?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John ?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord ; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now, the Lord lighten thee ! thou art a great fool.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Another Street. Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me, to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; viz. these, and those that were the peach-coloured ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that, the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.⁴

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me a hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought, to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with my own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands;⁵ and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph—

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Bard. 'Save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, [*To the Page.*] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter, to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I espied his eyes; and methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

[4] *Ostentation* is here not boastful show, but simply show. JOHNSON.

[5] A tall or proper fellow of his hands was a stout fighting man. JOHNSON.
Proper it has been already observed, in our author's time, signified handsome. MALONE.

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy : What dream, boy ?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand ;⁶ and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [Gives him money.]

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers !—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph ?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town ; there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas, your master ?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician : but that moves not him ; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen⁸ to be as familiar with me as my dog : and he holds his place ; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins. [Reads.] John Falstaff, knight,—Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king ; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt : How comes that ?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive : the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap ; *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter :—

Poins. Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace !

Poins. I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity :⁹—he sure means brevity in breath ; short-winded.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be*

[6] Shakespeare is here mistaken in his mythology, and has confounded Althea's firebrand with Hecuba's. The firebrand of Althea was real ; but Hecuba, when she was big with Paris, dreamed that she was delivered of a firebrand that consumed the kingdom. JOHNSON.

[7] i. e. the autumn, or rather the latter spring. The old fellow with juvenile passions. [8] This sworn excrescence of a man. JOHNSON.

[9] I suppose by the honourable Roman is intended Julius Cesar, whose *veni, vidi, vici*, seems to be alluded to in the beginning of the letter. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee.* The very words of Cesar are afterwards quoted by Falstaff. HEATH

not too familiar with Poins ; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usdest him,) JACK FALSTAFF, with my familiars ; JOHN, with my brothers and sisters ; and SIR JOHN with all Europe.

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned ? must I marry your sister ?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune ! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fool with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us. —Is your master here in London ?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he ? doth the old boar feed in the old frank ?

Bard. At the old place, my lord ; in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company ?

Page. Ephesians, my lord ; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him ?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be ?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town bull—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper ?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord ; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph ;—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town : There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well ; go. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road..

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between St. Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen ?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension!¹ it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Warkworth. Before the Castle. Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, Lady NORTHUMBERLAND, and Lady PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter, Give even way unto my rough affairs: Put not you on the visage of the times, And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more: Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn; And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars! The time was, father, that you broke your word, When you were more endear'd to it than now; When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry, Threw many a northward look, to see his father Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain. Who then persuaded you to stay at home? There were two honours lost; yours, and your son's. For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it! For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light, Did all the chivalry of England move To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves. He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait: And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish, Became the accents of the valiant; For those that could speak low, and tardily, Would turn their own perfection to abuse, To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait, In diet, in affections of delight, In military rules, humours of blood, He was the mark and glass, copy and book,

[1] Mr. Upton proposes that we should read thus by transposition:—'From a god to a bull? a low transformation!—from a prince to a prentice? a heavy descension!'—This reading is elegant, and perhaps right. JOHNSON.

That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him !
 O miracle of men !—him did you leave,
 (Second to none, unseconded by you,)
 To look upon the hideous god of war
 In disadvantage ; to abide a field,
 Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
 Did seem defensible :—so you left him :
 Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
 To hold your honour more precise and nice
 With others, than with him ; let them alone ;
 The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong :
 Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
 To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
 Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
 Fair daughter ! you do draw my spirits from me,
 With new lamenting ancient oversights.
 But I must go, and meet with danger there ;
 Or it will seek me in another place,
 And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
 Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
 Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
 Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
 To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,
 First let them try themselves : So did your son ;
 He was so suffer'd ; so came I a widow ;
 And never shall have length of life enough,
 To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
 That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
 For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me : 'tis with my mind,
 As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
 That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
 Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
 But many thousand reasons hold me back :—
 I will resolve for Scotland ; there am I,
 Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.
Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there ? apple-Johns ? thou know'st, sir John cannot endure an apple-John.

2 *Draw.* Mass, thou sayest true : The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more sir Johns : and, putting off his hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.* It angered him to the heart ; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and set them down : And see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise ;³ mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some music. Despatch :—The room where they supped, is too hot ; they'll come in straight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Poin anon : and they will put on two of our jerkins, and aprons ; and sir John must not know of it : Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis :⁴ it will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see, if I can find out Sneak. [Exit,

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. I'faith, sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality : your pulside beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire ; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose : But, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries ; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say,—What's this ? How do you now ?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said ; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

Fal. When Arthur first in court—Empty the jordan—
And was a worthy king : [Exit Drawer.] How now, mistress Doll ?

Host. Sick of a calm :⁵ yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect ; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me ?

Fal. You make fat rascals,⁶ mistress Doll.

[3] *Sneak* was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen if he can hear him in the neighbourhood. JOHNSON.

[4] An old word yet in use, in some countries, signifying a merry festival, from the French, *huit. Octave festi alicujus.*—SKINNER. POPE.

[5] I suppose she means to say a *qualm*. STEEVENS.

[6] Falstaff alludes to a phrase of the forest. *Lean deer* are called *rascal deer*. He tells her she calls him wrong, being fat he cannot be a *rascal*. JOHNSON.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them : I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll : we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you ; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry ; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and owches ;—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know : To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely ; to venture upon the charged chambers' bravely :—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself !

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion ; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord : you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts ;⁸ you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year !⁹ one must bear, and that must be you : [To DOLL.] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead ? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him ; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack : thou art going to the wars ; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Pistol's' below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal ! let him not come hither : it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here : no, by my faith ; I must live amongst my neighbours ; I'll no swaggerers : I am in good name and fame with the very best :—Shut the door ;—there comes no swaggerers here : I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now :—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess ?—

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John ; there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear ? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, sir John, never tell me ; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master

[7] To understand this quibble, it is necessary to say, that a *chamber* signifies not only an apartment, but a piece of ordinance. STEEVENS.

[8] Which cannot meet but they grate one another. JOHNSON.

[9] Mrs. Quickly's blunder for *goujere*, i. e. *morbus Gallicus*. STEEVENS.

[1] Ancient Pistol—is the same as *Ensign Pistol*. Falstaff was captain, Peto lieutenant, and Pistol ensign or ancient JOHNSON.

Tisick, the deputy, the other day ; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he ;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then ;—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil ; for, saith he, you are in an ill name ;*—now he said so, I can tell whereupon ; *for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on ; therefore take heed what guests you receive : Receive*, says he, *no swaggering companions.*—There comes none here ;—you would bless you to hear what he said :—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess ; a tame cheater, he ; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy-greyhound : he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater,⁹ call you him ? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater : But I do not love swaggering ; by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—swagger : feel, masters, how I shake ; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I ? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf : I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Pist. 'Save you, sir John !

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack : do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir ; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets : I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I..

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy ; I will charge you

Dol. Charge me ? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What ! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate ! Away, you mouldy rogue, away ! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

[9] The humour of this consists in the woman's mistaking the title of Cheater (which our ancestors gave to him whom we now, with better manners, call a Gamester) for that officer of the exchequer called an escheator, well known to the common people of that time ; and named, either corruptly or satirically, a cheater.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—What, with two points¹ on your shoulder? much!²

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes, and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be revenged on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also.³ Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down traitors!⁴ Have we not Hiren here?⁵

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i'faith; I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,

[1] As a mark of his commission. JOHNSON.

[2] *Much*, was a common expression of disdain at that time, of the same sense with that more modern one, Marry come up. Warburton.

[3] Of absurd and fustian passages from many plays, in which Shakespeare had been a performer, I have always supposed no small part of Pistol's character to be composed; and the pieces themselves being now irretrievably lost, the humour of his allusion is not a little obscured. STEEVENS.

[4] i. e. traitors, rascals. STEEVENS.

[5] i. e. Shall I fear, that have this trusty and invincible sword by my side? For, as king Arthur's swords were called Caliburne and Ron; as Edward the Confessor's, Curtana; as Charlemagne's, Joyeuse; Orlando's, Durindana; Rinaldo's, Fushberta; and Rogero's, Ballisarda; so Pistol, in imitation of these heroes calls his sword Hiren. I have been told. Amadis de Gaul had a sword of this name. THEO.

And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,⁶
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with cannibals,⁷
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Begone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins;
Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here.
What the good-year! do you think, I would deny her?
for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then, feed and be fat, my fair Callipolis:⁸
Come, give's some sack.

*Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.*⁹—

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[*Laying down his sword.*

Come we to full points here;¹ and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif:² What! we have
seen the seven stars.

Dol. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a
fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway
nags?³

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat
shilling: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall
be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we im-
brue?—

[*Snatching up his sword.*

[6] These lines are in part a quotation from an old absurd fustian play, entitled. *Tamburlaine's Conquests; or, The Scythian Shepherds.* THEOBALD.

[7] *Cannibal*, is used by a blunder for *Hannibal*. Perhaps the character of a bully on the English stage might have been originally taken from Pistol.

STEEVENS.

[8] This is a burlesque on a line in an old play called *The Battel of Alcasar*, &c. in which Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's flesh on his sword.

STEEVENS.

[9] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads: *Si fortuna me tormenta, ill sperare me contenta*—which is undoubtedly the true reading; but perhaps it was intended that Pistol should corrupt it. JOHNSON.

[1] i. e. shall we stop here, shall we have no further entertainment?

JOHNS

[2] i. e. fist. THEOBALD.

[3] That is, common hacknies.

JOHNS

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days !
 Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
 Untwine the sisters three ! Come, Atropos, I say !

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward !

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.]

Host. Here's a goodly tumult ! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tiritits and frights. So ; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas ! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[Exeunt PISTOL and BARDOLPH.]

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet ; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i' th' groin ? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors ?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk : you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal ! to brave me !

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you ! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st ! Come, let me wipe thy face ;—come on, you whoreson chops :—Ah, rogue ! i' faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain !

Fal. A rascally slave ! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou darest for thy heart : if thou dost, I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play ;—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee.
Dol. A rascal bragging slave ! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,⁴ when

[4] Falstaff had promised to marry Mrs. Quickly, who on this occasion, appears to have had the widow Wadman's solitudes about her. STEEVENS.

[5] *Bartholomew boar-pig* is a little pig made of paste, and sold at Bartholomew fair, and given to children for a fairing. JOHNSON.

From Ben Jonson's play of *Bartholomew Fair* we learn that it was the custom formerly to have booths in Bartholomew Fair, in which pigs were dressed and sold and to these it is probable the allusion is here, and not to the pigs of paste mentioned by Dr. Johnson. REED.

wilt thou leave fighting o'days, and foining o'nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven ?!

Enter behind, P. HENRY and POINS, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Dol. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard;⁶ there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel;⁷ and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons;⁸ and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories,⁹ and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the withered elder hath not his pole clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction!¹⁰ what says the almanac to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon,¹¹ his man,

[6] Tewksbury is a market town in the county of Gloucester, formerly noted for mustard-balls made there and sent into other parts. DR. GRAY.

[7] Greene calls *fennel* "women's weeds,"—"fit generally, for that sex, with while they are maidens they wish wantonly." STEEVENS.

[8] A *flap-dragon* is some small combustible body, fired at one end, and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It is an act of a toper's dexterity to toss off the glass in such a manner as to prevent the flap-dragon from doing mischief. JOHNSON.

[9] We should read—*indiscreet*. WARBURTON.

[10] This was, indeed, a prodigy. The astrologers, says Ficinus, remark, that Saturn and Venus are never conjoined. JOHNSON.

[11] *Trigonum igneum* is the astronomical term when the upper planets meet in a fiery sign. STEEVENS.

be not lipping to his master's old tables ; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. Nay, truly ; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of ?³ I shall receive money on Thursday : thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come : it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou sayest so : prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen. Poins. Anon, anon, sir. *[Advancing.]*

Fal. Ha ! a bastard son of the king's ?—And art not thou Poins his brother ?⁴

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead ?

Fal. A better than thou ; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir ; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace ! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine ! O Jesu, are you come from Wales ?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[Leaning his hand upon DOLL.]

Dol. How ! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine,⁵ you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman ?

Host. 'Blessing o' your good heart ! and so shé is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me ?

P. Hen. Yes ; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill : you knew, I was at your back ; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

[3] A kirtle, I believe, means a long cloak. MALONE.

[4] i. e. Poins' brother, or brother to Poins ; a vulgar corruption of the genitive case. RITSON.

[5] Thou inexhaustible magazine of tallow. JOHNSON.

Fal. No, no, no ; not so ; I did not think, thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse ; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour ; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not ! to dispraise me ; and call me—pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what ?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse !

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world ; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him :—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal ;—none, Ned, none ;—no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us ? Is she of the wicked ? Is thine hostess here of the wicked ? Or is the boy of the wicked ? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked ?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable ; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him ; but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women,——

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul ! For the other,—I owe her money ; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not ; I think, thou art quit for that : Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law ; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so : What's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent ?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,——

Dol. What says your grace ?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door ? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. Hen. Peto, how now ? what news ?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster ;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts,
Come from the north : and, as I came along,
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time ;
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword, and cloak :—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exe.* P. HEN. POINS, PETO, and BARD.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night,
and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door ? [*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*] How now ? what's the matter ?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently ; a dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [*To the Page.*]—Farewell, hostess ;—farewell, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after : the under-server may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches : If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak ;—If my heart be not ready to burst :—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt FAL. and BARD.*

Host. Well, fare thee well : I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time ; but an honest, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet,—

Host. What's the matter ?

Bard. Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master

Host. O run, Doll, run ; run, good Doll. [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace. Enter King HENRY in his nightgown, with a Page.*

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick ;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them : Make good speed.—[*Ex. Page.*

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep !—Sleep, gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber ;
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
 In loathsome beds ; and leav'st the kingly couch,
 A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell ?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
 That, with the hurly,⁸ death itself awakes ?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low, lie down !⁹
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty !

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords ?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
 Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you ?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom

[7] This alludes to the watchmen set in garrison towns upon some eminence, attending upon an alarum-bell, which was to ring out in case of fire, or any approaching danger. He had a case or box to shelter him from the weather, but at his utmost peril, he was not to sleep whilst he was upon duty. These alarum-bells are mentioned in several other places of Shakespeare. HANMER.

[8] *Hurly* is noise, derived from the French *Aurler* to howl, as *Aurly-burly* from *Hurluburly*, Fr. STEEVENS.

[9] The sense seems to be this : " You, who are happy in your humble situations, lay down your heads to rest : the head that wears a crown lies too uneasy to expect such a blessing." STEEVENS.

How foul it is ; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd ;
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine :——
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Hen. O heaven ! that one might read the book of fate ;
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness,) melt itself
Into the sea ! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips ; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors ! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and, in two years after,
Were they at wars : It is but eight years, since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul ;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot ;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,¹
(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember,) [To *WAR.*
When Richard,—with his eye brimfull of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy ?
Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne ;—
Though, then, heaven knows, I had no such intent ;
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss :——
The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption :—so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,

[1] He refers to King Richard II. act v. sc. 2. But whether the king's or the author's memory fails him, so it was, that Warwick was not present at that conversation. JOHNSON.

Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd :
 The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life ; which in their seeds,
 And weak beginnings, lie intreasur'd.)
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time ;
 And, by the necessary form of this,
 King Richard might create a perfect guess,
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,
 Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness ;
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,
 Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things then necessities ?
 Then let us meet them like necessities :—
 And that same word even now cries out on us ;
 They say, the bishop and Northumberland
 Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord ;
 Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
 The numbers of the fear'd :—Please it your grace,
 To go to bed ; upon my life, my lord,
 The powers that you already have sent forth,
 Shall bring this prize in very easily.
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
 A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.
 Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill ;
 And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
 Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel :
 And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
 We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Court before Justice SHALLOW's House in Gloucestershire.

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting ; MOULDY, SHADOW,
 WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, and Servants, behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on ; give me your
 hand, sir ; give me your hand, sir : an early stirrer, by the
 rood.² And how doth my good cousin Silence ?

[2] i. e. the cross. POPE.

Hearne, in his Glossary under the word *cross*, observes, that although the *cross* and the *rood* are commonly taken for the same, yet the *rood* properly signified formerly the image of Christ on the cross ; so as to represent both the cross and the figure of our blessed Saviour, as he suffered upon it. The *roods* that were in churches and chapels were placed in shrines that were called *rood-lofts*. REED.

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow ? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen ?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar : He is at Oxford, still, is he not ?

Sil. Indeed, sir ; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly : I was once of Clement's-Inn ; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called—lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing ; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers³ in all the inns of court again : and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were ; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy ; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers ?

Shal. The same sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack,⁴ not thus high : and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-Inn. O, the mad days that I have spent ! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead !

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain ; very sure, very sure : death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all ; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair ?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet ?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead !—See, see !—he drew a good bow ;—And dead !—he shot a fine shoot :—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead !—he would have clapped i' th' clout at twelve score ;⁵

[3] *Swinge-bucklers* and *swash-bucklers* were words implying rakes or rioters in the time of Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

[4] This is an old Islandic word, signifying a boy or child.

TYRWHITT.

[5] i. e. hit the white mark. WARBURTON.

and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now ?

Sil. Thereafter as they be : a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead !

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.

Sil. Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen : I beseech you, which is justice Shallow ?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir ; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace : What is your good pleasure with me ?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you : my captain, sir John Falstaff : a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir ; I knew him a good backword man : How doth the good knight ? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth ?

Bard. Sir, pardon ; a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir ; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated !—it is good ; yea, indeed, it is : good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated !—it comes from *accommodo* : very good ; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir ; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it ? By this good day, I know not the phrase : but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated ; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated : or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated ; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just :—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand : By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well : welcome, good sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow :—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, sir John ; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fye! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, sir John? a good limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i'faith! things, that are mouldy, lack use: Very singular good!—In faith, well said, sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; Know you where you are?—For the other, sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for

we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.⁶

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Feeble. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Feeble. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Feeble. I would, Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Feeble. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf, till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain,——

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

[6] That is, we have in the muster-book many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men. JOHNSON.

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir ; a cough, sir ; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown ; we will have away thy cold ; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all ?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number ; you must have but four here, sir ;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields ?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive ?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never : she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba.⁷ Doth she hold her own well ?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old ; she cannot choose but be old ; certain, she's old ; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen !——Ha, sir John, said I well ?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have ; in faith, sir John, we have ; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys !*—Come, let's to dinner ; come, let's to dinner :—O, the days that we have seen !——Come, come.

[*Exeunt FAL. SHAL. and SIL.*

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend ; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go : and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do

[7] In our author's time, the common term for a harlot. STEEVENS.

not care ; but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends ; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to ; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend : she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone ; and she is old, and can't not help herself : you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to ; stand aside.

Feeble. By my troth I care not ; a man can die but once ;—we owe God a death ;—I'll ne'er bear a base mind :—an't be my destiny, so ; an't be not, so : No man's too good to serve his prince ; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said ; thou'rt a good fellow.

Feeble. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have ?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you :—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.*

Fal. Go to ; well.

Shal. Come, sir John, which four will you have ?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf :—For you, Mouldy, stay at home still ; you are past service :—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow till you come unto it ; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong ; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man ? Care I for the limb, the thewes,⁹ the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man ! Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart ;—you see what a ragged appearance it is : he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer ; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket.¹ And this same half-faced fellow,

[8] Here seems to be a wrong computation. He had forty shillings for each. Perhaps he meant to conceal part of the profit. JOHNSON.

[9] I. e. the muscular strength or appearance of manhood. STEEVENS.

[1] Swifter than he that carries beer from the vat to the barrel, in buckets hung upon a gibbet or beam crossing his shoulders. JOHNSON.

Shadow,—give me this man ; he presents no mark to the enemy ; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife : And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off ? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones,—Put me a caliver² into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse ; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So :—very well :—go to :—very good :—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.³—Well said, i'faith, Wart ; thou'rt a good scab : hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-End green, (when I lay at Clement's-Inn,—I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,) there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus : and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in : *rah, tah, tah*, would 'a say ; *bounce*, would 'a say ; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come :—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence ; I will not use many words with you :—Fare you well, gentlemen both : I thank you : I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace ! As you return, visit my house ; let our old acquaintance be renewed : peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to ; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW and SILENCE.]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph ; lead the men away. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH, *Recruits*, &c.] As I return, I will fetch off these justices : I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying ! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-Street ; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-Inn, like a man made after supper of

[2] A hand-gun. JOHNSON.

[3] Shot is used for shooter, one who is to fight by shooting. JOHNSON.

a cheese-paring : when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife : he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible : he was the very Genius of famine, yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him—mandrake : he came ever in the rearward of the fashion ; and sung those tunes to the over-scutch'd huswives⁴ that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware—they were his fancies, or his good-nights.⁵ And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire ;⁶ and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him : and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard ; and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it ; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name :⁷ for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin ; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court : and now has he land and beeves. Well ; I will be acquainted with him, if I return : and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me : If the young dace⁸ be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest in Yorkshire. Enter the Archbishop of York, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and others.*

Archbishop.

WHAT is this forest call'd ?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree forest, an't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords ; and send discoverers forth, To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

[4] *Over-scutch'd*, I think, means *dirty*, or *grim'd*. JOHNSON.

[5] *Fancies* and *Good-nights* were the titles of little poems. STEEVENS.

[6] *Vice* was the name given to a droll figure, heretofore much shown upon our stage, and brought in to play the fool and make sport for the populace. His dress was always a long jerkin, a fool's cap with ass's ears, and a thin wooden dagger, such as is still retained in the modern figures of Harlequin and Scaramouch. HANMER.

[7] That is, beat *gaunt*, a fellow so slender, that his name might have been *gaunt*. JOHNSON.

[8] That is, if the pike may prey upon the dace, if it be the law of nature that the stronger may seize upon the weaker, Falstaff may, with great propriety, devour Shallow. JOHNSON.

Arch. 'Tis well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may over live the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mow. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out,
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth,⁹ guarded with rage,¹
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection

[9] *Bloody* youth is only sanguine youth, or youth full of blood, and of those passions which blood is supposed to incite or nourish. JOHNSON.

[1] *Guarded* is an expression taken from dress; it means the same as *faced*, turned up. STEEVENS

With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,
 Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd ;
 Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd ;
 Whose learning and good letters peace hath-tutor'd :
 Whose white investments figure innocence,²
 The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
 Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
 Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
 Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war ?
 Turning your books to graves,³ your ink to blood,
 Your pens to lances ; and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet, and a point of war ?

Arch. Wherefore do I this ?—so the question stands.
 Briefly to this end :—We are all diseas'd ;
 And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
 Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
 And we must bleed for it : of which disease
 Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
 But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
 I take not on me here as a physician ;
 Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
 Troop in the throngs of military men :
 But, rather, show a while like fearful war,
 To diet rank minds, sick of happiness ;
 And purge th' obstructions, which begin to stop
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,⁴
 And find our griefs⁴ heavier than our offences.
 We see which way the stream of time doth run,
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere
 By the rough torrent of occasion :
 And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to show in articles ;
 Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
 And might by no suit gain our audience :
 When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
 We are denied access unto his person
 Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
 The dangers of the days but newly gone,

[2] Formerly all bishops wore white, even when they travelled. GREY.

[3] For *graves* Dr. Warburton very plausibly reads *glaves*, and is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

[4] i. e. our grievances. MALONE.

(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
Of every minute's instance (present now,)
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms :
Not to break peace, or any branch of it ;
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied ?
Wherein have you been galled by the king ?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you ?
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge ?

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.⁵

West. There is no need of any such redress ;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part ; and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before ;
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours ?

West. O my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,⁶
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on ;⁷ Were not you restor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's signiories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's ?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me ?
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him :
And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—

[5] I believe there is an error in the first line, which perhaps may be rectified thus :—' My quarrel general, the commonwealth.' &c.—i. e. my general cause of discontent is public mismanagement ; my particular cause a domestic injury done to my natural brother, who had been beheaded by the king's orders. JOHNSON.

[6] That is,—judge of what is done in these times according to the exigencies that over-rule us.

[7] Whether the faults of government be imputed to the time or the king, it appears not that you have for your part, been injured either by the king or the time. JOHNSON

Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
 Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
 Their armed staves in charge,⁸ their beavers down,⁹
 Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,¹
 And the loud trumpet blowing them together ;
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have staid
 My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
 O, when the king did throw his warder down,
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw :
 Then threw he down himself ; and all their lives,
 That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
 Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

Wes. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not what:
 The earl of Hereford was reputed then
 In England the most valiant gentleman ;
 Who knows, on whom fortune would then have smil'd ?
 But, if your father had been victor there,
 He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :
 For all the country, in a general voice,
 Cry'd hate upon him ; and all their prayers, and love,
 Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
 And bless'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king.
 But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
 Here come I from our princely general,
 To know your griefs ; to tell you from his grace,
 That he will give you audience : and wherein
 It shall appear that your demands are just,
 You shall enjoy them ; every thing set off,
 That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer ;
 And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overweën, to take it so ;
 This offer comes from mercy, not from fear :
 For, lo ! within a ken, our army lies ;
 Upon mine honour, all too confident
 To give admittance to a thought of fear.
 Our battle is more full of names than yours,
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
 Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ;

[8] An armed staff is a lance. To be in charge, is to be fixed in the rest for the encounter. JOHNSON.

[9] *Beaver* meant properly that part of the helmet which let down, to enable the wearer to drink ; but is confounded both here and in *Hamlet* with *visiere*, or used for *helmet* in general. MALONE.

[1] i. e. the perforated part of their helmets, through which they could see to direct their aim. *Visiere*, Fr. STEEVENS.

Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good :—
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence :
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

West. That is intended in the general's name :²
I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, ~~this~~
schedule ;

For this contains our general grievances :—
Each several article herein redress'd ;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form ;³
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, consign'd ;⁴
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I shew the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet :
And either end in peace, which heaven so frame ?
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so.— [Exit *WEST.*

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom, tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that : if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action :
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,

[2] That is, This power is included in the name or office of a general. We wonder that you can ask a question so trifling. JOHNSON.

[3] That is, By a pardon of legal validity. JOHNSON.

[4] I believe we should read—confirm'd. STEEVENS

And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord ; Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances :
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean ;
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance : For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion :
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement :
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true ;—
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Wes. The prince is here at hand : pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies ?

Mowb. Your grace of York in God's name then set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace :—my lord, we come.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Another Part of the Forest. Enter, on one side, MOWBRAY, the
Archbishop, HASTINGS, and others ; from the other side,
Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, Officers, &c.*

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin
Mowbray :—

[5] Alluding to a table-book of slate, or ivory. **WARBURTON.**

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop ;—
 And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—
 My lord of York, it better show'd with you,
 When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
 Encircled you, to hear with reverence
 Your exposition on the holy text ;
 Than now to see you here an iron man,
 Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
 Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
 That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
 And ripens in the sunshine of his favour.
 Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
 Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
 In shadow of such greatness ! With you, lord bishop,
 It is even so :—Who hath not heard it spoken,
 How deep you were within the books of God ?
 To us, the speaker in his parliament ;
 To us, th' imagin'd voice of God himself ;
 The very opener, and intelligencer,
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
 And our dull workings : O, who shall believe,
 But you misuse the reverence of your place ;
 Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
 As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
 In deeds dishonourable ? You have taken up,⁷
 Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
 The subjects of his substitute, my father ;
 And both against the peace of heaven and him,
 Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
 I am not here against your father's peace :
 But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
 The time disorder'd doth, in common sense,
 Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
 To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
 The parcels and particulars of our grief ;
 The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,
 Whereon this Hydra son of war is born :
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,⁸
 With grant of our most just and right desires ;
 And true obedience of this madness cur'd,
 Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

[7] To take up is to levy, to raise in arms. JOHNSON.

[8] Alluding to the dragon charmed to rest by the spells of Medea.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt ;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them :
And so, success⁹ of mischief shall be born ;
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles ?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well :
And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook ;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd ;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,¹
As we will ours : and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace ;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love, and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word :
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, [*To an officer.*] and deliver to the army
This news of peace ; let them have pay, and part :
I know, it will well please them ; Hie thee, captain.

[*Exit Officer.*]

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace : And, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely : but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

[9] Success for succession. **WARBURTON.**

[1] It was Westmoreland who made this deceitful proposal, as appears from Holinshed: 'The earl of Westmoreland using more policie than the rest, said, whereas our people have been long in armour, let them depart home to their wonted trades : in the meane time let us drink together in signe of agreement, that the people on both sides may see it, and know that it is true, that we be light at a point.'

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season ;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever merry ;¹
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore, be merry, coz ;² since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[*Shouts within.*]

P. John. The word of peace is render'd ; Hark, how
they shout !

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.— [Exit *West.*
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us ; that we may peruse the men
We would have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[Exit *Hastings.*]

P. John. I trust, my lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

—Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still ?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already :
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
East, west, north, south ; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings ; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason :—
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray,
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable ?

West. Is your assembly so ?

[1] Thus the poet describes Romeo, as feeling an *unaccustomed* degree of cheerfulness just before he hears the news of the death of Juliet. STEEVENS.

[2] That is—Therefore, notwithstanding this sudden impulse to heaviness, be merry, for such sudden dejections forebode good. JOHNSON.

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none:

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.

But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;

Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—

Some guard these traitors to the block of death;

Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.³ [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*Another part of the Forest. Alarums: Excursions. Enter
FALSTAFF, and COLEVILE, meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you;
and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is—Colevile of
the dale.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is
your degree; and your place, the dale: Colevile shall
still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dun-
geon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you still
be Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye
yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they
are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death:
therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance
to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are sir John Falstaff; and, in that
thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of
mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word
but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I
were simply the most active fellow in Europe: My womb,
my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, and others.

P. John. The heat is past, follow no further now;—

[3] It cannot but raise some indignation to find this horrid violation of faith
passed over thus slightly by the poet, without any note of censure or detesta-
tion. JOHNSON.

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[Exit WEST.]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When every thing is ended, then you come:

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,

One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus; I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,—I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot: To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are, That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me, You should have won them dearer than you have

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou,

like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away ; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit ?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution :—

Blunt, lead him hence ; and see you guard him sure.

[Exeunt some with COLEVILE.]

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords ;

I hear, the king my father is sore sick :

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—

Which, cousin, you shall bear, to comfort him ;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire : and, when you come to court, stand my good lord,⁴ 'pray, in your good report.⁵

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff : I, in my condition, Shall better speak of you than you deserve. *[Exit.]*

Fal. I would, you had but the wit ; 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me ; nor a man cannot make him laugh ;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof :⁷ for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness ; and then, when they marry, they get wenches : they are generally fools and cowards ;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain ; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it : makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive,⁸ full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes ; which delivered o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood ;

[4] *Stand my good Lord*, i. e. be my good patron and benefactor. *Be my good lord* was the old court phrase used by a person who asked a favour of a man of high rank. PERCY.

[5] i. e. *stand my good friend*, in your favourable report of me. STEEVENS.

[6] Falstaff here speaks like a veteran in life. The young prince did not love him, and he despaired to gain his affections, for he could not make him laugh. Men only become friends by community of pleasure. He who cannot be softened into gaiety, cannot easily be melted into kindness. JOHNSON.

[7] i. e. any confirmed state of manhood. The allusion is to armour hardened till it abides a certain trial. STEEVENS.

[8] *Forgetive from forge* ; inventive, imaginative. JOHNSON.

which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice : but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face ; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm : and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart ; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage ; and this valour comes of sherris : So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack ; for that sets it a-work : and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil ;⁹ till sack commences it,¹ and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant : for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris ; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,—to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph ?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire ; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire : I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb,² and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Westminster. A Room in the Palace. Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd,³ our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish :
Only, we want a little personal strength ;

[9] It was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, &c. were guarded by evil spirits. STEEVENS.

[1] I believe, till sack gives it a beginning, brings it into action. STEEVENS.

[2] A very pleasing allusion to the old use of sealing with soft wax. WARB.

[3] i. e. our navy is ready, prepared. STEEVENS.

And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. Hum. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers. cherish it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:—
Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love:
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;⁴
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous as winter,⁵ and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.⁶
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and scope;
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,

[4] i. e. if he has respectful attention shown to him. STEEVENS.

[5] i. e. changeable as the weather of a winter's day. Dryden says of Almanzor, that he is humorous as wind. JOHNSON.

[6] Alluding to the opinion of some philosophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold, (which is most intense towards the morning,) and being afterwards rarified and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called *flaws*. WARBURTON.

(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,) Shall never leak, though it do work as strong As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.'

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art not thou at Windsor with him, Thomas ?

Cla. He is not there to-day ; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied ? can'st thou tell that ?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds ;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them : Therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death ;
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.

For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections⁷ fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay !

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite :
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue : wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd : which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use,
But to be known, and hated.⁸ So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers : and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others ;
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.¹—Who's here ? Westmoreland ?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health to my sovereign ! and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver !

[7] *Ras* is quick, violent, sudden. This representation of the prince is a natural picture of a young man, whose passions are yet too strong for his virtues.

[8] His passions ; his inordinate desires. JOHNSON.

[9] A parallel passage occurs in Terence :

“ —quo modo adolescentulus

“ Meretricum ingenia et mores posset noscere,

“ Mature ut cum cognovit, perpetuo oderit.” ANON

[1] As the bee having once placed her comb in a carcass, stays by her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company, will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him. JOHNSON.

Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand :
 Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
 Are brought to the correction of your law ;
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
 But peace puts forth her olive every where.
 The manner how this action hath been borne,
 Here at more leisure may your highness read ;
 With every course, in his particular.²

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
 Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
 The lifting up of day. Look ! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty ;
 And, when they stand against you, may they fall
 As those that I am come to tell you of !
 The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
 With a great power of English, and of Scots,
 Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown :
 The manner and true order of the fight,
 This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make
 me sick ?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?
 She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
 Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,
 And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
 I should rejoice now at this happy news ;
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy :—
 O me ! come near me, now I am much ill. [*Swoons.*]

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty !

Cla. O my royal father !

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up !

War. Be patient, princes ; you do know, these fits
 Are with his highness very ordinary.
 Stand from him, give him air ; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no ; he cannot long hold out these pangs ;
 Th' incessant care and labour of his mind
 Hath wrought the mure,³ that should confine it in,
 So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me ;⁴ for they do observe

[2] *His* is used for *its* very frequently in the old plays. STEEVENS.

[3] i. e. the wall. POPE

[4] That is, make me afraid. WAR

Unfather'd heirs,⁵ and loathly birds of nature :
 The seasons change their manners, as the year⁶
 Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd,⁷ no ebb between :
 And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
 Say, it did so, a little time before
 That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
 Into some other chamber : softly, 'pray.

*[They convey the king into an inner part of the
 room, and place him on a bed.]*

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends ;
 Unless some dull and favourable hand
 Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence ?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now ! rain within doors, and none abroad !
 How doth the king ?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet ?
 Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords :—sweet prince,
 speak low ;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us ?

P. Hen. No ; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[Exeunt all but Prince HENRY.]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
 Being so troublesome a bedfellow ?
 O polish'd perturbation ! golden care !

[5] That is, equivocal births ; animals that had no animal progenitors ; productions not brought forth according to the stated laws of generation. JOHNSON.

[6] I. e. as if the year, &c. MALONE.

[7] This is historically true. STEEVENS.

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide⁸
 To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!
 Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
 As he, whose brow, with homely biggin⁹ bound,
 Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
 Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
 That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
 There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
 Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
 Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—
 This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
 That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
 So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
 Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
 Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
 Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
 My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
 Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[Putting it on his head.]

Which heaven shall guard: And put the world's whole
 strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force
 This lineal honour from me: This from thee
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

[Exit.]

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
 Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me
 see him:

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where
 we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my
 pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

[8] *Ports* is the ancient military term for gates. STEEVENS.

The word is yet used in this sense in Scotland. MALONE.

[9] A kind of cap, at present worn only by children. STEEVENS.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence :—go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?—

Find him, my lord of Warwick ; chide him hither.

[*Exit WARWICK*]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,

And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are !

How quickly nature falls into revolt,

When gold becomes her object !

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,

Their bones with industry ;

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up

The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold ;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts, and martial exercises :

When, like the bee, tolling¹ from every flower

The virtuous sweets ;

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,

We bring it to the hive ; and, like the bees,

Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste

Yield his engrossments to the ending father.—

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long

Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me ?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks ;

With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,

That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,

Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife

With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown ?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry :—

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt CLAR. P. HUMPH. Lords, &c.*]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought :
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

[1] *Tolling* is taking toll. STEEVENS

Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !
 Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
 Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity
 Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
 That it will quickly drop : my day is dim.
 Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
 Were thine without offence ; and, at my death,
 Thou hast seal'd up my expectation :
 Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,
 And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
 Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts ;
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
 To stab at half an hour of my life.
 What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?
 Then get thee gone ; and dig my grave thyself ;
 And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
 That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
 Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
 Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head :
 Only compound me with forgotten dust ;
 Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees ;
 For now a time is come to mock at form,
 Harry the fifth is crown'd :—Up, vanity !
 Down, royal state ! all you sage counsellors, hence !
 And to the English court assemble now,
 From every region, apes of idleness !
 Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum :
 Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
 Revel the night ; rob, murder, and commit
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more :
 England shall double gild his treble guilt ;
 England shall give him office, honour, might :
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care ?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

[2] Thou hast confirmed my opinion. JOHNSON.

[3] i. e. Curator. A bold figure. So Eumæus is styled by Ovid, *Epist.* 1 :
 "—immundæ curæ fidelis haro." TYRWHITT.

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my tears,
 The moist impediments unto my speech, [Kneeling.
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown ;
 And He that wears the crown immortally,
 Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more,
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,
 (Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
 Teacheth,) this prostrate and exterior bending !
 Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart ! if I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die ;
 And never live to show th' incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed !
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 (And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)
 I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it. *The care on thee depending,
 Hath fed upon the body of my father ;
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in med'cine potable :⁴
 But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
 Hast eat thy bearer up.* Thus, my most royal liege,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head ;
 To try with it,—as with an enemy,
 That had before my face murder'd my father,—
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride ;
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
 Give entertainment to the might of it,
 Let God forever keep it from my head !
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it !

K. Hen. O my son !
 Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,

[4] There has long prevailed an opinion that a solution of gold has great medicinal virtues, and that the incorruptibility of gold might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. Some have pretended to make potable gold, among other frauds practised on credulity. JOHNSON

That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed ;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown ; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head :
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation ;
For all the soil⁵ of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand ;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances ;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace : all these bold fears,⁶
Thou see'st, with peril I have answered :
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument ; and now my death
Changes the mode : for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort ;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd : which to avoid,
I cut them off ; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land ;⁷
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.

[5] *Soil*—is spot, dirt, turpitude, reproach. JOHNSON.

[6] *To fear* is often used by Shakespeare for *to fright*. STEEVENS.

[7] The sense is : *Of those who assisted my usurpation, some I have cut off, and many I intended to lead abroad.* This journey to the Holy Land, of which the king very frequently revives the mention, had two motives, religion and policy. He durst not wear the ill-gotten crown without expiation, but in the act of expiation he contrives to make his wickedness successful. JOHNSON.

How I came by the crown, O God, forgive !
And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;
Then plain, and right, must my possession be :
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter prince JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK, Lords, and others.

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father !

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son John ;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk : upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.—

Where is my lord of Warwick ?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick !

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to God !—even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem ;
Which vainly I suppos'd, the Holy Land :—
But, bear me to that chamber ; there I'll lie ;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Glostershire. A Hall in SHALLOW's House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Shallow.

By cock and pye,⁹ sir, you shall not away to-night.

—What, Davy, I say !

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you ; you shall not be excused ;

[8] This is a true picture of a mind divided between heaven and earth. He prays for the prosperity of guilt while he deprecates its punishment. JOHNSON.

[9] This adjuration, which seems to have been very popular, is used by other writers, as well as by Shakespeare in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Ophelia likewise says, "—By cock they are to blame."—Cock is only a corruption of the Sacred Name, as appears from many passages in the old interludes. Gammar Gurton's Needle, &c. viz. *Cocks-bones*, *cocks-mounds*, by *cock's-mother*, and some others. The *pie* is a table or rule in the old Roman offices, shewing in a technical way, how to find out the service which is to be read on each day. A printing letter of a particular size, called the *ptica*, was probably denominated from the *pie*, as the *brevier*, from the *breviary*, and the *primer* from the *primer*. STEEVENS.

excuses shall not be admitted ; there is no excuse shall serve ; you shall not be excused.¹—Why, Davy !

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy ; let me see :—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. —Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus ;—those precepts cannot be served :² and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the headland with wheat ?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook ; —Are there no young pigeons ?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid :—sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had :—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair ?

Shal. He shall answer it :—Some pigeons, Davy ; a couple of short-legged hens ; a joint of mutton ; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir ?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well ; A friend i' th' court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy ; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir ; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor ; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir : but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave, is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years ; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave

[1] The sterility of Justice Shallow's wit is admirably described, in thus making him, by one of the finest strokes of nature so often vary his phrase, to express one and the same thing, and that the commonest. **WARBURTON.**

[2] *Precept* is a justice's warrant. To the offices which Falstaff gives Davy in the following scene, may be added that of justice's clerk. Davy has almost as many employments as Scrub in *The Stratagem*. **JOHNSON.**

against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the Page.* Come, sir John. [*Exit SHALLOW.*

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow.—Bardolph, look to our horses.—[*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves as master Shallow.³ It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent,⁴ like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master:⁵ if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions,⁶) and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest, with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow.

[*Exit*

[3] He had before called him the starved justice. His want of flesh is a standing jest. JOHNSON.

[4] That is, in union, in accord. MALONE.

[5] That is, admitted to their master's confidence. STEEVENS.

[6] There is something humorous in making a spendthrift compute time by the operation of an action of debt. JOHNSON.

SCENE II.—*Westminster. A Room in the Palace. Enter WARWICK and the Lord Chief Justice.*

War. How now, my lord chief justice ? whither away ?

Ch. Just. How doth the king ?

War. Exceeding well : his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature ;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had call'd me with him :
The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know, he doth not ; and do arm myself,
To welcome the condition of the time ;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter Prince JOHN, Prince HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WEST-
MORELAND, and others.*

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry :
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen !
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort !

Ch. Just. Alas ! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

P. Humph. Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember ; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy !

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier !

P. Hum. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed :
And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow ; it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation :
I am the sorrier ; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair ;
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul ;
And never shall you see, that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.—

If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King HENRY V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow ; and heaven save your majesty !

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear ;
This is the English, not the Turkish court ;⁷
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry, Harry : Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you :
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad :
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too ;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
Yet weep, that Harry's dead ; and so will I :
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me :—and you most ;
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not. [*To the Ch. Just.*

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No !

How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me ?
What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
Th' immediate heir of England ! Was this easy ?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten ?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father ;
The image of his power lay then in me :
And, in th' administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,

[7] Not the court where the prince that mounts the throne puts his brothers to death. JOHNSON.

[8] That is, Was this not grievous ? Shakespeare has *easy* in this sense elsewhere. JOHNSON.

The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment ;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought ;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench ;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person :
Nay, more ; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours ;
Be now the father, and propose a son :
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd ;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son :
After this cold considerance, sentence me ;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,—
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well ;
Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword :
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words ;—
*Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son :
And not less happy, having such a son.
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.—*You did commit me :
For which, I do commit into your hand
Th' unstained sword that you have us'd to bear ;
With this remembrance,—That you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand ;
You shall be as a father to my youth :
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd, wise directions.—
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;—

My father is gone wild into his grave,
 For in his tomb lie my affections ;
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,¹
 To mock the expectation of the world ;
 To frustrate prophecies ; and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now :
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea ;
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament :
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation ;
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us ;—
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

[To the Lord Chief Justice.

—Our coronation done, we will accite,
 As I before remember'd, all our state :
 And (God consigning to my good intents,)
 No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,—
 Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Glostershire. The garden of SHALLOW's house. Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, Page, and DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard : where, in an
 arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graf-
 fing, with a dish of carraways,² and so forth ;—come,
 cousin Silence ;—and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and
 a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren ; beggars all, beggars all,
 sir John :—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy ; spread,
 Davy ; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses ; he is your
 serving-man, and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, sir
 John. By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper :—
 a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down :—come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah ! quoth-a,—we shall

[1] *Sadly* is the same as soberly, seriously, gravely.

[2] A dish of apples of that name.

JOHNSON.

GOLDSMITH.

*Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise heaven for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,³
And lusty lads roam here and there,*

[Singing.]

So merrily,

And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence,
I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; [Seating BARD. and the page at another table.] I'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit: proface!⁴ What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; 'The heart's all.⁵ [Exit.]

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing.] *Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all;
For women are shrews, both short and tall:*

'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,

And welcome merry Shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think, master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

[Setting them before BARDOLPH.]

Shal. Davy——

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.—

[To BARD.] A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [Singing.] *A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;*

And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry;—now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come;

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou wantest any

[3] This very natural character of Justice Silence is not sufficiently observed. He would scarcely speak a word before, and now there is no possibility of stopping his mouth. FARMER.

[4] Italian from *proface*; that is, much good may it do you.

HANMER.

[5] That is, the intention with which the entertainment is given. The humour consists in making Davy act as master of the house. JOHNSON.

thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief; [*to the Page.*] and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes⁶ about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy——

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee:—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bar. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry.—[*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks? [*Erit DAVY.*]

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.*]

Sil. [*Singing.*] *Do me right,
And dub me knight?*

Samingo.

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court, let him come in.—How now, Pistol?

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pis. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be; but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

[6] This was the term by which an airy splendid, irregular fellow was distinguished. The soldiers of king Charles were called cavaliers from the gaiety which they affected in opposition to the sour faction of the parliament. JOHNSON.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news ?
Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [Sings.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons ?
And shall good news be baffled ?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir ;—If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways ; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian ? speak, or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth ? or Fifth ?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office !—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king ;
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth :
When Pistol lies, do this ; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.⁸

Fal. What ! is the old king dead ?

Pist. As nail in door :⁹ the things I speak, are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph ; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day !—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What ? I do bring good news ?

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots ; we'll ride all night.—O, sweet Pistol :—Away, Bardolph. [Exit. BARD.]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me ; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow ; I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses ; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends ; and woe to my lord chief justice !

[8] To fig, in Spanish, *higas dar*, is to insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger. From this Spanish custom we yet say in contempt, "a fig for you." JOHNSON.

[9] This proverbial expression is oftener used than understood. The door nail is the nail on which, in ancient doors the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison to any one irrecoverably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morie*, that is with abundant death, such as reiteration of strokes on the head would produce. STEEVENS.

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also !
*Where is the life that late I led,*¹ say they ;
Why, here it is ; Welcome these pleasant days. [Exe.

SCENE IV.

London. A street. Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICKLY, and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave ; I would I might die, that I might have thee hanged : thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me ; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her : There hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on ; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal ; an the child I go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that sir John were come ! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miscarry !

Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again ; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me ; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer ! I will have you as soundly swung for this, you blue-bottle rogue !² you filthy famish'd correctioner ! if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.⁴

Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O, that right should thus overcome might !
 Well ; of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come ; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay ; come, you starved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death ! goodman bones !

Host. Thou atomy thou !⁵

Dol. Come, you thin thing ; come, you rascal !

Bead. Very well. [Exeunt.

[1] Words of an old ballad. WARBURTON.

[2] A *nut-hook* was, I believe, a person who stole linen, &c. out at windows, by means of a pole with a hook at the end of it. Hence perhaps the phrase *By hook or by crook*, which is as old as the time of Tusser and Spenser. STEEVENS.

[3] A name, given to the beadle, from the colour of his livery. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right with respect to the *livery*, but the allusion seems to be to the great *flesh fly*, commonly called a *blue-bottle*. FARMER.

[4] Probably the dress of the prostitutes of that time. JOHNSON.

[5] *Atomy* for *anatomy*. STEEVENS.

SCENE V.

A public place near Westminster Abbey. Enter two Grooms, strewing Rushes.

1 Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 Groom. It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation : Despatch, despatch. *[Exeunt Grooms.]*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and page.

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow ; I will make the king do you grace : I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by ; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol ; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. *[To SHALLOW.]* But 'tis no matter ; this poor-show doth better : this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night ; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him : thinking of nothing else ; putting all affairs else in oblivion ; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est* : 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance, and contagious prison ;
Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand :—

Rouze up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in ; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[Shouts within, and the trumpets sound]

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.
Enter the King and his Train, the Chief Justice among them.

Fal. God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!⁷

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

C. Jus. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;
 How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!
 I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
 So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
 But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
 Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
 Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
 For thee thrice wider than for other men:—
 Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;⁸
 Presume not, that I am the thing I was:
 For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
 That I have turn'd away my former self;
 So will I those that kept me company.
 When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
 Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
 Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,⁹—
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
 Not to come near our person by ten mile.

[7] The word *imp* is perpetually used by ancient writers for progeny. *Imp-ya* is a Welch word, and primitively signifies a sprout, a sucker. STEEVENS.

[8] Nature is highly touched in this passage. The King having shaken off his vanities, schools his old companion for his follies with great severity: he assumes the air of a preacher, bids him fall to his prayers, seek grace, and leave gormandizing. But that word unluckily presenting him with a pleasant idea, he cannot forbear pursuing, it: *Know the grave doth gape for thee thrice wider*, &c. and is just falling back into Hal, by an humorous allusion to Falstaff's bulk; but he perceives it immediately, and fearing Sir John should take the advantage of it, checks both himself and the knight with—*Reply not to me with a fool-born jest*; and so resumes the thread of his discourse, and goes moralizing along to the end of the chapter. Thus the poet copies nature with great skill, and shows us how apt men are to fall back into their old customs, when the change is not made by degrees, and brought into habit, but determined of at once, on the motives of honour, interest or reason. WARBURTON.

[9] Mr. Rowe observes, that many readers lament to see Falstaff so hardly used by his old friend. But if it be considered, that the fat knight has never uttered one sentiment of generosity, and with all his power of exciting mirth, has nothing in him that can be esteemed, no great pain will be suffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live honestly and maintained by the King, with a promise of advancement when he shall deserve it.—I think the poet is more blameable for Poins, who is always represented as joining some virtues with his vices, and is therefore treated by the Prince with apparent distinction, yet he does nothing in the time of action: and though after the bustle is over he is again a favourite, at last vanishes without notice. Shakespeare certainly lost him by heedlessness, in the multiplicity of his characters, the variety of his action, and his eagerness to end the play. JOH.

For competence of life, I will allow you ;
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil :
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
 We will,—according to your strength, and qualities,—
 Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
 To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—
 Set on.

[*Exeunt King, and his train.*]

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, sir John ; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this ; I shall be sent for in private to him : look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement ; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how ; unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word : this that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours ; go with me to dinner.—Come, lieutenant Pistol ;—come, Bardolph :—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter the Chief Justice, Prince JOHN, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet ;
 Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak : I will hear you soon.—
 Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.*

[*Exe. FAL. SHAL. PIST. BARD. Page, and Officers.*]

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's ;
 He hath intent, his wonted followers
 Shall all be very well provided for ;
 But all are banish'd, till their conversations
 Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire,
 We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
 As far as France : I heard a bird so sing,
 Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
 Come, will you hence ?

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY A DANCER.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'sy: last, my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say, is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France, where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with Desdemona, "O most lame and impotent conclusion!" As this play was not, to our knowledge, divided into Acts by the author, I could be content to conclude it with the death of Henry the Fourth:

"In that Jerusalem shall Harry die."

These scenes, which now make the fifth Act of *Henry the Fourth*, might then be the first of *Henry the Fifth*; but the truth is, that they do not unite very commodiously to either play. When these plays were represented, I believe they ended as they are now ended in the books; but Shakespeare seems to have designed that the whole series of action, from the beginning of *Richard the Second*, to the end of *Henry the Fifth*, should be considered by the reader as one work upon one plan, only broken into parts by the necessity of exhibition. JOHNSON.

END OF VOL. III.

f
h

